

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR,

**MIRROR OF THE BELLES LETTRES,
MUSIC, FINE ARTS, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.**

IMPROVED SERIES.

VOL. III.



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ADDRESS.

WITH the present Number we conclude the Third Volume of the Improved Series of the LADY'S MAGAZINE. Though we feel confident that the contents of the volume itself afford a sufficient proof that no exertions on our part have been spared to give to our miscellany a decided superiority over the ephemeral publications whose unavailing rivalry serves us as a foil, we trust that the arrangements made for our subsequent Numbers will merit not only a continuance of the support we have already received, but even a more extensive share of patronage.

Our countrywomen, probably from a degree of mental superiority, find little inclination or leisure to bestow on the inventive caprice of the mode the time or study which our fair but more frivolous continental neighbours devote to that pursuit: the latter we are consequently obliged to follow as our guides through the various changes and revolutions which take place in the empire of fashion. With regard to this department, we doubt not our agent in Paris has ere now concluded our arrangements for ensuring to our future Numbers a display of taste, elegance, and, above all, of *novelty*, which will place the LADY'S MAGAZINE beyond the reach of competition. Our subscribers, or, in other words, the fashionable world, will thus be enabled to dispense with the paltry French publications to which our less zealous contemporaries have

recourse, and which have hitherto been considered as patterns of the prevailing Parisian modes. We are aware that our intentions cannot be carried into effect without considerable expense to ourselves; but increased patronage demands from us increased exertions.

The engravings which, in addition to the fashion plates, form the embellishments of the *LADY'S MAGAZINE*, we confidently assert, may challenge comparison with those of any publication. On the character of our literature the public press has already pronounced its opinion, and classed it with that to be found in the pages of the highest periodicals of the day. We can only add, that we shall endeavour by our future efforts to justify the continuance of such commendations.

We this month substitute a gift titlepage, instead of the beautiful embellishment which appeared in our two former half year's volumes. We might satisfactorily account for the substitution, did we not feel a reluctance to enter into matters of private and personal detail, in which the majority of our readers could feel but little interest. Moreover, a full and minute explanation, though it would most assuredly tend to the discomfiture of one of our contemporaries and would-be rivals, would compel us to descend to his level; and we respect ourselves too much to stoop to the slightest expression of personality, even for the sake of exposing ridiculous pretension, and conduct that well deserves a harsher appellation.

June 1. 1831.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE, FOR JUNE, 1831, IMPROVED SERIES.

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THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

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MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

Improved Series.

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1831.

No. XV.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY,—ENGLAND'S GLORY.

BY T. H. CORNISH, ESQ.

From a Volume, just published, entitled "BRITISH MELODIES; OR, SONGS OF THE PEOPLE."

(*Vide* Illustration.*)

I SING the Tree of Liberty—
Believe me, 'tis no joke, Sir;
The best e'er found on British ground—
I mean our native oak, Sir.
The body fair we may compare
To our right royal King, Sir;
The limbs so great, to men of state—
Are they not just the thing, Sir?



The bark so rough, so stout and tough,
Is like our legislation;
The leaves so gay, I joy to say,
Are emblems of the nation.
Its spreading root each way doth shoot,
The body to protect, Sir;
The fibrous claws I deem the laws,
Which some folks much neglect, Sir.

Some scions few, of pois'nous huc,
Have dar'd to spring around, Sir,
This goodly Tree of Liberty
To stab with deathly wound, Sir.
But Providence, our great defence,
With merciful prevention,
And arm of might, preserv'd this oak,
And blighted their intention.

Your glasses fill, and, with good will,
All drink this noble toast, Sir;—
"May this Oak Tree for ever be
Each loyal Briton's boast, Sir;
May this tree last, without a blast,
Through time's great revolution;
May Heaven defend, unto the end,
Our King and Constitution!"

LETTERS ON MUSIC.

ON THE MUSIC OF THE EGYPTIANS AND THE HEBREWS, OF THE GREEKS AND ROMANS. — MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE art of singing, like that of speaking, is derived from Nature; it is the result of organisation. We have therefore no necessity to resort to fable, in order to ascertain the origin of music; and still less ought we to adopt the opinion of certain authors, who have asserted that the imitation of the songs of birds led to the discovery. Man has, in fact, had no other guides towards the invention of music than his own passions. In what situation soever he may be placed, he feels the necessity of giving expression to the emotions of joy or grief. Thence by an inevitable result have proceeded accents, and consequently music.

There is nothing to justify the supposition that all the arts have had but one origin. The mystery which envelopes the early history of infant nations should excite our distrust of the absurd fables with which modern credulity has been abused on this subject. Besides, each nation has its own particular tradition; and it would be difficult to prove that the fabulous legends of one country are more entitled to credit than those of another. It cannot, at least on principles of philosophical argument, be contended that the different nations whose inhabitants overspread the vast surface of the globe have received from the same inventors the first rudiments of their arts and sciences; and yet everywhere, even in the isles of the Southern Ocean, is music cultivated, though differing from ours. This diversity suffices to prove that vocal and instrumental music were discovered simultaneously in different places, and were not, as some have supposed, the result of communication between the various nations amongst whom those arts were held in estimation.

Ancient records successively handed down to modern generations have demonstrated that, during even the most remote ages, the arts and sciences flourished in Egypt. The writers of antiquity assert that Moses and Pythagoras were instructed by the Egyptian priests in the rudiments of musical knowledge. Nevertheless, according to Diodorus of Sicily, the latter people in general were little addicted to music, — a statement rather

at variance with the fact, that in the beautiful paintings of the tombs of the kings at Thebes may be seen numerous representations of players on different instruments, and particularly on the harp. From a passage of Strabo, however, it appears certain that musical instruments were not allowed in the temples or at the sacrifices, and that the voices of the singers were without accompaniment.

During later times, the researches made in Egypt by artists and men of science have led to the discovery of many instruments, either represented on monuments or actually existing; but no manuscripts have reached the present age affording the slightest information as to the elements of the musical system adopted by the Egyptians. All that has been written on this subject, when thoroughly investigated, will be found to rest on no stronger foundation than that of conjecture. It has been asserted that the Egyptians discovered an intimate connection between the notes of the gamut, the order of the planets, the days of the week, and the hours of the day; but no historic monument or tradition authorises this opinion, which the Abbé Roussier seems to have borrowed from Dionysius Halicarnassensis, and from which he draws a chain of conclusions as though the fact were indisputable. Perhaps the discoveries lately made in the art of deciphering the hieroglyphics will one day afford some useful information as to the true musical system of the Egyptians. Meanwhile it were idle to hazard conjectures in support of which no positive evidence can be adduced.

The musical performances of the ancient Egyptians were necessarily limited to occasions of festivals, religious ceremonies, funerals, and the amusements of domestic life, for they had no theatres nor public games. There is little evidence that their musical professors were required to exert their skill in aid of the dance, the Egyptians being a grave people who had no taste for that exercise.

The stringed instruments discovered amongst the monumental remains of Egypt are of three sorts. The first comprises the semicircular and triangular

harp, which were of different sizes, and were furnished with a greater or less number of strings. Those in general use were provided with ten strings, such as may still be seen on the façade of the great temple of Denderach, and in the little temple of Medinet-Abou : but in the paintings of the catacombs these instruments are sometimes represented as having twenty-four strings. The second sort of stringed instruments is the lyre, with three or four strings ; this, however, was less common than the former. Instruments belonging to the third species were the most common ; and in form bore some resemblance to our modern guitars. The particular name of each of these instruments is unknown but the generic appellation is *Tc Bouni*. In the museum at Paris is exhibited a triangular Egyptian harp, to which are still attached the remnant of the ancient strings.

The different species of wind instruments in use amongst the ancient Egyptians were four in number. The first was the long and straight flute, termed *knoué* or *konoué*, and made of a single piece of the plant called *lotus*. The second, the particular name of which is unknown, but which was more rare than the first, was the curved flute, composed of a portion of the *lotus* and the horn of a cow. The third instrument of the flute kind was the oblique flute, so called from the position in which it was usually held by the performer. Apuleius has spoken of the trumpet as being the fourth species of wind instrument known to the ancient Egyptians : it is probable, however, that they had no precise appellation by which to distinguish instruments of this class ; for the *Quobtes*, their descendants, are obliged to employ the Greek word *salpinx* to designate the trumpet, so often mentioned in Scripture.

When Egypt had been subjugated by foreign invaders, her original manners and usages gradually gave place to those of her conquerors. The most remarkable change that took place in this respect was effected after the conquest of the country by Alexander ; and during the reign of the Ptolemies, the manners, tastes, arts, and sciences of the Greeks were universally predominant in Egypt. Ptolemæus Auletes, father of Cleopatra, having a decided predilection for the flute, was, of course, imitated by the supple courtiers of the day. Under Cleopatra, Egypt be-

came a Roman province ; consequently the feeble remnant of her ancient customs was soon wholly lost, and the musical instruments of the Egyptians were replaced by those of the Romans.

The sacred writers, and many even of the profane historians, having alluded to the music of the Hebrews in terms of unmeasured panegyric, modern connoisseurs must feel considerable regret at the impossibility which exists of ascertaining how far such eulogiums are just ; or, to speak correctly, how far they coincide with modern notions on the subject of musical science. The book of Genesis ascribes to Jubal the invention of the first musical instruments known ; and in the history of the patriarch Jacob, mention is also made of vocal and instrumental music ; we may, however, infer, that previously to their establishment in Egypt, the Jews possessed but little knowledge of music as a science. During their lengthened sojourn in that country, they must necessarily have made some progress in the arts of the Egyptians, and probably have adopted their musical instruments ; but the destruction of Jerusalem and of the temple, and the dispersion of the Jews over the face of the earth, having unfortunately destroyed every vestige of information that might otherwise have reached us on this subject, a few scattered details mentioned in the Bible form the sole materials of the historian. These Scripture passages have given birth to much comment and conjecture, but have communicated no precise ideas with regard to the state of Hebrew music. Besides, it is evident, that having wandered in the deserts of Arabia, for a period of forty years after their departure from Egypt, the Jews could have devoted but little attention to music till after the conquest of Palestine.

Several passages of the Bible may serve to prove that music was cultivated chiefly by women, who invariably united to it the amusement of the dance ; this practice, too, is conformable to the manners of Eastern nations at this day. The dance adopted during remote ages was probably a grave and solemn pantomime, as we are told that the dancers were accustomed to accompany their exercise with vocal and instrumental music ; thus it is said that David played on the harp whilst dancing before the ark. The long and peaceful reign of Samul was highly fi-

vourable to the arts, and especially to music, which appears to have been taught in public schools, designated in Jewish histories by the name of *schools of the prophets*. But more particularly under the reign of David was music improved and cultivated: that monarch, who was himself an excellent musician, consecrated the art to religious ceremonies, and established a band of musicians for the service of the temple.

On the authority of the slight data contained in the Bible, various authors have hazarded positive assertions with regard to the nature of the musical instruments in use amongst the Hebrews. Some have even imagined that they were acquainted with the organ,—an instrument not invented till about 1500 years after the reign of Solomon. By his order, several thousand instruments were constructed for the dedication of the temple,—a ceremony which took place with considerable pomp, and which is the last event commemorated in the Bible as connected with the subject of musical instruments.

If we may form a judgment from the Psalms of David, the lyric poetry of the Hebrews, both from the beauty of its imagery, and from the sublimity of its inspirations, was peculiarly adapted for music. Nothing can be more pathetic or better calculated to excite the enthusiasm of the musician than the Lamentations of Jeremiah. Nevertheless, on this subject we are again driven into the field of conjecture; for the custom of marking music by written notes not having existed amongst Eastern nations, no vestige of Hebrew song has been handed down to modern times.

Although, during the prolonged captivity of the Jews, a taste for music sensibly declined amongst that people, a remnant of the art still existed till the last days of Jerusalem. Tacitus has described the Jewish priests as skilled in the performances of the flute and tambour. Many passages of the Bible prove that the Hebrews, during their feasts, indulged in the use of musical instruments; that such instruments were employed in funeral ceremonies, is a fact which can admit of no doubt. The poorest amongst the Israelites, as the Rabbi Maimonides asserts, would have considered it disgraceful, had a deceased relative been attended to the grave with less than two flutes.

The details furnished by Herodotus, Diodorus of Sicily, and other ancient historians, concerning the music of the Medes, Persians, Assyrians, and Babylonians, are extremely vague, and insufficient to convey a correct idea of the state of the art as it existed amongst those nations.

The opinion entertained by the Greeks, that music was an immediate gift from heaven, and consequently as ancient as the human race, naturally gave birth to many fabulous histories on the subject. Most of their musical instruments were supposed to have been invented by Apollo, Mercury, Minerva, Pan, &c. Thus, the lyre was attributed to Mercury, the *cithara* to Apollo, the flute to Minerva. The poetic imagination of the Greeks, who delighted in the marvellous, led to the supposition that Orpheus, by the melody of his voice and the exquisite sounds of his lyre, had tamed the wild animals of the Thracian mountains; and that Amphion, by the aid of music, had built the walls of Thebes. Even in later historical periods, the same love of the marvellous was displayed on every subject connected with music. At one time we read of Terpander appeasing a popular tumult at Lacedæmon by the music of his lyre; at another, of Antigenides, who, by his performance of the Harmatian air at a banquet, inflamed Alexander to such extravagance of phrensy, that the conquering hero suddenly seized his arms, and was on the point of attacking his guests; again, of Pythagoras, said to have calmed an infuriated drunkard by the aid of a soft and modulated air on the flute. These fables, however, prove neither the musical skill of the Greeks, nor the influence exercised over them by the art itself, but simply their exquisite sensibility for the arts in general.

The forms of the musical instruments known to the Greeks have been transmitted to us through various monumental relics, basso relievos, paintings, and antique vases; and the different species of these instruments, together with their application, have been explained to us by numerous passages from the writings of historians, poets, and philosophers. The word lyre is a generic term employed to designate every species of instrument furnished with vertical strings: it was, however, more particularly applied to those of large dimensions, round at their

base, and which were usually attached to the shoulders by a strap, or held between the knees of the musician. This species of lyre was called *phorminx*. When made of a large tortoiseshell (in Greek, *chelone*), it was denominated *chelys*. The smaller lyre, square at the base, and which the performer generally supported on some article of furniture, was called *cithara*. The original lyres and citharas had but three strings. The impracticability of executing instrumental music with instruments so limited may be easily imagined, the three sounds of these lyres serving merely to guide the intonations of the poet when reciting his verses. At a later period, however, the strings of the lyres and citharas in general use were increased to the number of seven, some had even twelve; but such instruments were adopted only by the more skilful artists.

Oblique-stringed instruments were of Eastern invention, and resembled the *nablam* of the Assyrians, or the *kinmor* of the Hebrews. They were sometimes called *trigones* from their triangular shape, but the correct name of their class was *barbitos* or *barbiton*; some of them had forty strings. The lyre and the cithara were often played with one hand, but the *barbitos* invariably with both, on account of the number of its strings.

Flutes and trumpets were the only wind instruments with which the Greeks were acquainted. The most ancient form of the flute, the invention of which was attributed to Pan, was called *syrinx*. It was composed of several pipes of different lengths, joined together with wax, and which, not being pierced in the side, emitted the same sound. This rude species of instrument is to the present day rather popular amongst our ambulatory musicians. A discovery having been afterwards made, that a reed or pipe laterally pierced could produce several different sounds, a long and straight flute was constructed, and denominated *monaula* or *simple flute*. With regard to the trumpets of the Greeks we have but little to guide our researches. The forms of those represented on their monuments were straight; and it would appear that such instruments were used only in martial music. On many of the Grecian basso relievos may be observed cymbals, and tambourines to which are attached little bells.

Till the decline of the republic, the Romans held instrumental performers in slight estimation, and indeed altogether neglected the study of music, which they employed only in religious sacrifices. Nevertheless, after the conquest of Greece an important change took place, Rome and Italy being then inundated with Greek musicians. A taste for music kept pace with the arts of luxury subsequently introduced, and at last even Nero prided himself on the skill with which he played the cithara. But in the theory and practice of music, the Romans could never rival the inhabitants of Greece; and during the commotions which afterwards disturbed the empire, the art rapidly declined.

The moderns possess no musical treatise actually composed by any of the authors who flourished during the Roman empire. The only work on the subject of the ancient Roman music, and which has been handed down to us, is that of Boëce, in five books, but written when Italy had already been subjugated by the Goths, and when the empire of the West existed but in name. This work affords much valuable information on the music of the fifth century, but throws no light on the state of the art in Rome during the reigns of Augustus and his successors. Every thing, however, justifies the belief that the system was the same as that of the Greeks.

The musical instruments observed on the monumental relics of ancient Rome and Italy are in form precisely similar to those used among the Greeks at the same period. On all of them may be remarked the lyre, the cithara, the simple and double flute, the cymbals, the trumpet, and the tambourine. The frequent intercourse which the Romans maintained with the people of the East, and with the Gauls, introduced into Rome other instruments; such as the oblique flute, the bag-pipe (*tibia utricularis*), and the curved horn. The hydraulic organ, invented at Alexandria by Ctesibius, was also known to the Romans. Vitruvius has left a description of this ancient instrument, which has sadly perplexed his various commentators.

Monumental remains of the highest antiquity, lately discovered in Egypt, satisfactorily prove that the stringed instruments, the upper extremity of which terminates in a handle, were known to

the Egyptians long before their use became general in Europe. That the Romans adopted them after the conquest of Egypt is improbable; no Latin poet, orator, or historian, having made the slightest mention of such instruments, no trace of which has been discovered amongst the remains of antiquity with which modern nations are acquainted. The researches made at Pompeii and Herculaneum afford additional evidence in favour of this supposition.

In the middle ages, the incursions of the Moors into the south of Europe, and the establishments founded by them in Spain, introduced into the instrumental music of our ancestors the varieties of the lute and the guitar; the latter having made its way to Europe through Spain, and the former through Italy. After the wars of the Crusades, these instruments became generally known, and adopted by the professional musicians who had followed the knights to the Holy Land; a fact which is fully established by the works of the poets and romance writers of the twelfth century. The lute appears to have been held in higher estimation than the guitar, and to have been invented by the Arabs; who, deeming it the instrument *par excellence*, gave it the name of *c'oud*, which is a general term for musical instruments of every class. The Turks, confounding into one word the article and the noun, *el-c'oud* (*l'c'oud*), have vitiated the proper orthography, and write and pronounce the word *laoutah*. The Spaniards, who received both the instrument and its name from the Moors, have adopted a less corrupt pronunciation and orthography in the word *laouto*, written by the Italians *leuto*, afterwards *luto*, by the French *luth*, whence comes our term *lute*. Its form is that of a pear cut lengthwise, and flattened towards the base. The front of the instrument is flat, the back convex. The European lute, though but slightly differing in form from the original lute or *c'oud*, is totally dissimilar as to the mode in which it is stringed and attuned. Being an instrument of great difficulty, and requiring a considerable degree of suppleness and execution in the left hand of the player, its use has been wholly abandoned during the last sixty years. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, France, Ger-

many, and Italy could boast many celebrated performers on the lute. Amongst the most remarkable in France, were the two Gaultiers, father and son, who flourished during the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV.; in Germany, Besard, Drauffel, and Baron; in Italy, Conti, and Petrazzi.

The Arabs place implicit faith in many marvellous traditions concerning the miraculous effects of the lute when touched by skilful hands. One of their most singular legends is that related of their celebrated philosopher *Al Farabi*, or *Fariaby*, whose execution on the lute is said to have given him the power of exciting his auditory to laughter or tears, and even of lulling them to sleep. On this subject D'Herbelot has the following story, originally taken from Arabian writers:—
“A musician belonging to the court of *Sahen-ben-Ebâd* one day presented a lute to this great man (*Fariaby*), who immediately commenced playing in a style so admirable that all present were seized with the most lively transports of joy: the strain soon after changing, the audience burst into tears, and finally fell fast asleep. Taking advantage of their profound lethargy, the musician hastily traced these words on the handle of his lute: ‘*Fariab* came, and grief was no more.’ He then retired, and never again made his appearance. On awaking from his trance, *Sahab* immediately ordered a strict search to be made after the wonderful performer, but in vain; and during the remainder of his existence, the monarch ever experienced the keenest regret at the ill success of his enquiries.”

The mandolin is almost the sole instrument of the lute kind in use amongst musicians of the present day. The back of this instrument is rounded like that of the lute, but the handle bears a great resemblance to that of the guitar. In Italy some of the mandolins are furnished with three strings, others with five. The *calascione* or *colascione*, a small instrument with a long handle, and belonging to this class, is much in vogue amongst the Neapolitans. It is played by means of a quill held between the forefinger and thumb of the right hand, and has generally three strings, but sometimes two only.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, lutes, which are now almost exploded from European music, occupied the most distinguished place in private

concerts (*musica da camera*), and were generally used to accompany madrigals, national airs, convivial songs, &c. adapted for several voices. Many of the representations of concerts painted by Titian, and other masters of the old Italian school, display groups of singers, and performers on stringed instruments.

Amongst the Turks, the Persians, and the Arabians, a species of stringed instrument is in vogue, to which no European instrument, except, perhaps, the ancient

cithern, or German guitar, can be said to bear the slightest analogy. This Eastern instrument, called *tanbour*, is divided into five classes, viz. : the *tanbour kebyr tourky*, or great Turkish mandolin; the *tanbour charqy*, or Eastern mandolin; the *tanbour boulghary*, or Bulgarian mandolin; the *tanbour bouzurk*, or great mandolin; and the *tanbour baghlamah*, or little mandolin. These instruments differ from each other principally in size, their melody presenting little variation.

SONETTO DEL GUIDICCIONE.*

A L'ANNO PASSANDO.

OR che l'etade mia piu verde e gita
Veloce come nebbia innanzi ai venti,
E' fra mille sospia, pianti e tormenti,
Si fugge il poco avanzo di mia vita;
M'aveggio ben, che qui cosa gradita
Non e, che faccia noi lieti e contenti
E se pur sparge nostre voglia ardenti
Nel suo primo apparir quasi e sparita.
Ne pero passo ancor, la strada manca
Che 'l mio valor da se tra via gia manca
Lasciando, volger ver la destra i passi;
Ma tu che tutto vedi alto signore
Soccorre ai miei desir tramosi e lassi
Che presso esser mi sento all' ultime ore.

TRANSLATION, by Miss AGNES STRICKLAND.

TO THE PASSING YEAR.

AMIDST repeated sighs and ceaseless strife
The summer season of existence past,
And driven like clouds before the stormy blast,
Fly the frail years that now remain of life;
Now I perceive, made wiser by decay,
How fleeting every joy and pleasure here;
Scarcely the fruits of all our hopes appear
Before they melt in tears and fade away.
Nor of ourselves alone can we depart
From the dark paths of ill, and take the right;
But thou, O Lord! whose all discerning sight
Reads the deep secrets of the human heart,
Calm by thy aid my grief's corrosive power,
Whose strife pursues me to my life's last hour.

* Guidiccione, Bishop of Fossembrone, wrote in the brilliant era of Italian literature: his works are scarcely known to the English reader. He died in 1550, aged 42.

CHATELAR'S LAMENT.

"Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fevers into false creation!"

BYRON.

No more shall this forsaken heart
With kindred throb reply to thine;
Thy lips have breathed that we must part —
A distant grave is mine;
But when the glance of thy blue eye
Seems coloured by yon beaming star,
Thou wilt remember with a sigh
The fate of Chatelar!

When lutes are touched by gentle hands
Upon the breathless star-lit sea,
Or when the song of festal bands
Recalls thy thoughts to me,—
To me if *one* alone be given,
One sacred thought when thou art far,
Its fond appeal shall rise to heaven
For injured Chatelar!

But, oh! thy lovely lips have breathed
Their withering mandate o'er my heart,
And their last mournful tone bequeathed
The fatal words—"to part!"
But *yet* thy feverish pulse will beat
Beneath a less benignant star,
And those dear lips will then repeat
A prayer for Chatelar!

G. R. C.

SUNLIGHT.

From "ENTHUSIASM," a Poem, in the Press, by Miss SUSANNA STRICKLAND.

DIDST thou e'er,
On mossy bank or grassy plot reclined,
Watch the effect of sunlight on the boughs
Of some tall graceful ash, or maple tree?
Each leaf, illumined by the noontide beam,
Transparent shines. — Anon, a heavy cloud
Floats for a moment o'er the car of day,
And gloom descends upon the forest bowers:
A ray steals forth, and on the topmost twig
Falls like a silver star. — From leaf to leaf
The glory spreads, shoots down the rugged trunk,
And gilds each spray, till the whole tree stands forth
Arrayed in light! —

THE PRIVATEER.

AN ADVENTURE NEAR THE CAPE DE VERD ISLANDS.

DURING the invasion of Spain by the French, in 1823, the fast-sailing copper-bottomed French trader the *Marsouin*, commanded by the worthy Captain Gonidec, and bound for the Isle of Bourbon, rode at anchor a few leagues below Bordeaux, in the river near Pauillac. In that inconvenient town were congregated several passengers about to embark on board the different vessels which were stationed in its harbour from the various ports of Brittany, and which waited but for a fair wind to weigh anchor. Whilst in expectation of the moment that was to consign them to three of the most intolerable nuisances in the catalogue of human misery — a floating prison, salt pork, and society more numerous than select — a number of *voyageurs* from every part of France might each morning have been seen hovering near the purlieus of the *cslaminee* most in vogue, and with the aid of the *petit verre* sedulously repelling the attacks which dull care, for form's sake, occasionally permits himself to make on the temperament of a Frenchman. Others, more philosophically inclined, crowded to the jetty, for the important purpose of gazing at the steam-boat from Bordeaux, which usually landed a few passengers at Pauillac, and then continued her voyage towards the baths at Royan.

"Friend," cried a young Provincial, divorcing the stump of a cigar from his lips, and accosting a fisherman, who was busily employed in washing his nets on the beach, "can you inform me of the name of that vessel? — there, the steam-boat is just alongside of her."

"That brig yonder?" said the fisherman, with a significant shrug; "*ventre de loup!* she is no other than the devil." A start, evidently intended to express unutterable things, and belonging to that class of looks which our Gallic neighbours term *ébahi*, did full justice to the Provincial's amazement.

"Monsieur is an *esprit fort*," resumed the old weather-beaten fisherman, whose deeply-scarred visage announced that its owner had in his youth followed a more glorious career than that of a landlubber. "You gentlemen," added he, "that never looked upon a bigger wave than may be seen on your *cuisse* of a river, the *Ga-*

ronne, may be as incredulous as you please; but when an old tar, like me, opens his mouth to speak, he must know what he says. Those mountains yonder, that look like clouds, are inhabited by sorcerers and amphibious imps. By the mass!" continued he, piqued at the sceptical smile of his auditor, "I've seen them myself — in hazy weather, or of a dark night — scudding along in their open pilot-boats that danced like bladders on the black billows. Once, as we cruized near the Spanish coast, under Admiral Villeneuve (peace be with him!), one of those demons, before my own eyes, performed so extraordinary a feat that I foresaw we should get a drubbing from the lubberly John Bulls; and sure enough, in two days came the business of Trafalgar. *Vive Dieu!*" exclaimed the tar, as he had nearly spun out his nautical yarn, "shall I ever forget that dreadful day?"

"But what was this wonderful feat, as you call it?"

"As I call it!" said the sailor: "so will you, when you hear it. Only fancy a vessel suddenly appearing in the midst of us, crowding sail, and going at the rate of ten knots an hour, wind right an end."

At these words the Provincial burst into a loud laugh; at the same time, by way of palliative, courteously presenting his snuff-box to the tar.

"You may laugh," cried the latter, in a tone of solemnity not unmingled with anger, yet accepting the proffered pinch; "but she was a brig precisely like that yonder, except that she carried English colours. But your demon ships can hoist any flag. — Softly, by Saint Surin! there is the captain of the fiend-ship in earnest conversation with him of the *Marsouin*: if I mistake not, Monsieur intends to sail by that vessel?"

"I have already engaged my passage on board the *Marsouin*."

"Then take a fool's advice, and be off the bargain, or you have no better chance than a poodle swimming out to sea in a gale. You have probably some piastres to lose: better throw away twelve hundred francs than sail with a captain who walks arm in arm with the devil."

We know not if this abrupt dialogue

will serve to introduce the personages who figure in the veracious sketch which we purpose to lay before the reader. Indulging in the hope that in these busy times we industrious story-tellers may be allowed to present our heroes *sans cérémonie*, we dash at once into the thick of our narrative, commencing with the enumeration of certain outward and visible signs, which distinguished the individual to whom we have already alluded as engaged in animated discourse with the very respectable captain and supercargo of the Marsouin. He was a little thin but muscular man, with black hair, sallow complexion, and singularly piercing eyes. His slow and solemn gait resembled that of a Spanish Don. A blue great-coat, with its ample volume of skirt, enveloped his nether man, whilst the upper part of the garment was closely buttoned across his chest. This style of costume, displaying no other portion of his habiliments save a few coils of black cravat approximating towards his chin, gave birth to many injurious doubts with regard to the stranger-captain's ability or inclination to indulge in the luxury of clean linen. A terrifically broad-brimmed hat nearly shaded his features, and seemed to have been originally adopted in consequence of the wearer's habitual exposure to the scorching rays of a southern sun. The long-winded remarks of Gonidec simply requiring an air of seeming attention, without drawing on the hearer for a reply, the fiend-captain (for by that popular appellation shall we occasionally distinguish him) lent one ear to the proser, and with the other eagerly listened to the shrill whistling of the wind, apparently about to shift to another point of the compass. At that moment a boat approached the jetty, decorated with the word *Indus* painted in neat white letters on her stern, and the captain of that vessel, which then lay at anchor in the river, the redoubtable Rudner, at once the terror and delight of all the *estamniets* for leagues round — a very Paris among the Helens of Pauillac — jumped nimbly ashore.

"Right, old Gonidec!" cried he of the Indus, "you do well to make a friend of honest Martin (the patronymic which the fiend-captain was pleased to assume): nothing like prudence; we cannot pry into futurity, and 'tis as well to be on civil terms with these buccaneers, especially in the confounded narrow creeks near the

Antilles. I like their maxim of 'Live and let live.' What say you, friend Martin, is not that your motto?"

Forced by courtesy to interrupt his hitherto impenetrable silence, the stranger-captain replied to the interrogatory in a tone of politeness which, however, savoured of diabolical irony. His accent was that of a well-educated Spaniard, intimately acquainted with the French language. Addressing himself to the commander of the Indus, — "You do me much honour, Captain Rudner," said he; "mine is, to say the truth, a tight little vessel enough; and though the command of the Louisa is not over brilliant, yet as long as the trade in furs and skins goes well, I must needs be content."

"Furs and skins!" exclaimed Rudner; "come, that's good. Gonidec, my old boy," added he in a low voice to his comrade, "I should be sorry that our hides were one day to enrich the cargo of our friend here. What say you to breakfast, lads — on board Gonidec's ship? 'tis your turn, you know, my hearty; and besides, my cook is sick, positively incapable of collecting two ideas or two dishes together. To'ther day, you must know, the rascal went ashore, and returned on board as drunk as an owl, or a lord; so drunk, in fact, that I was obliged to keep myself sober to look after him. Losing all patience, I collared the dog, quite in my own way, and shook him so handsomely that he tumbled head foremost through the hatchway, which unluckily had been left open, to the bottom of the hold, where, I warrant me, his head found rather an uncomfortable pillow on the shingle ballast. I feared, at first, that I had done for him; but there is a special Providence, though, truth to say, the poor turnspit's bruises have left him little better than a dead man. So now, lads, when I wish to breakfast comfortably, I am obliged to trespass on my friends."

As it is impossible to account for tastes, we pretend not to explain the insurmountable feeling of disgust with which the tone of Rudner's conversation apparently inspired the Spanish captain. Having eyed the gallant commander of the Indus from head to foot, whilst a sinister contortion of his visage expressed at once his anger and disdain, the choleric little Don, or devil, turned his back upon his companions, and preserved an unbroken silence. Meanwhile the

old captain of the Marsouin, who secretly winced from the spur applied to quicken his hospitality to somewhat of a generous pace, acquiesced in the self-invitation of his comrade, with a grimace intended to represent the smile of good-fellowship; and the impenetrable Rudner, mistaking the silence of Martin for an unequivocal testimony of admiration, continued in his former strain.

"Do you know," cried he, with the loud self-complacent laugh of one about to utter a capital joke — "do you know how I succeeded in training to habits of obedience my varlet of a cabin-boy, Pierrot, the young dog who serves me in quality of barber, amanuensis, and butler; in short, my factotum?"

"*Parbleu!*" replied Gonidec, "I suppose you tossed him overboard, or keel-hauled him, as you threatened to do the other day."

"You are wide of the mark, old heart of oak! I simply related in his hearing a queerish sort of adventure that happened to me in Spain, when I served with the marines; a droll incident, I promise you. You shall hear all about it," added he, seizing Gonidec and the Spaniard each by an arm, spite of the latter's marked and increasing dislike to the society of the narrator.

"You must know," pursued Rudner, "that we had overrun the whole of Catalonia. — What splendid pillage! — convents, châteaux, churches, — nothing escaped us. 'Twas a glorious sight, to see the monasteries turned into barracks; our brave lads the while tossing off the *lacrime Christi* of the reverend fathers from their goblets of chased silver." Here the worthy Gonidec, with every symptom of horror, devoutly crossed himself. "Well," resumed Rudner, without noticing the pious gesture, "we came at last to a fortified castle, which stood a most gallant siege. It was called — plague take it! I never can recollect its outlandish name. We burned it to the ground, and put every inmate to the sword — men, women, and children; not one living soul was allowed the slightest quarter, with the exception of a grey-headed chieftain, whose life we momentarily spared, in order to learn the secret of his treasures. Methinks I see the intractable old fool at this moment. His features bore an uncommon resemblance to yours, Signor Don Martin. Persuasions, threats, pro-

mises, all were vain; nothing could induce him to open his lips or unlock the recess in which his doubloons were concealed. In this emergency, a bright thought struck me; one, that did my modesty but permit me to blazon it, would doubtless exalt me to the topmost elevation on the ladder of promotion — I ordered the unreasonable Hidalgo to be surrounded with cartridges, petards, bombs — *sacrament!* he was crammed with combustibles like a fire-work on a gala night: — still he was obstinate, and the next moment away he went like a sky-rocket into the clouds. By the way, I had forgot — one of his sons escaped; and, as I bear no malice, I trust the lad may have continued his race; for, *sang Dieu!* he was of noble and right valiant blood."

At this period of Captain Rudner's narrative, the lieutenant of the Marsouin, who had previously joined the party — a youth new to the delights of warfare and social butchery — uttered an exclamation, in which the expression of incredulity struggled to obtain the mastery over that of indignant feeling.

"You seem to doubt me?" responded Rudner, unwilling to relinquish one jot of the renown attached to the conception and execution of the brilliant achievement, with the details of which he had just gratified his hearers; "and yet, by the saints! 'tis no tale; 'tis not less positive than that my ship is called the Indus, or that my name is Rudner. Let me see, can I not recollect the name of the château?"

"I can assist your memory: was it not Guipuscoa?" coldly demanded the Spaniard, who during the commencement of Rudner's story had displayed unwonted agitation, but who had speedily recovered his usual phlegm.

"Guipuscoa — right — precisely so: Guipuscoa. But, Signor Buccaneer, how, in the devil's name, came you acquainted with the château?"

"Of that hereafter," replied Martin, whilst an undefinable expression beamed from his keen dark eye: "for the present, suffice it to inform you that you are not the first French marine whom — Martin has encountered."

"Indeed! well, the brave cannot meet too often! — But, as I was about to say, I told that same story — you may hear it again another day — to my cabin-boy, barber, amanuensis, and factotum on

board the *Indus*, with a promise, moreover, that his first serious infraction of discipline would entitle him to a similar chastisement. I am amazingly punctilious, friend Martin, on points of discipline. You can scarcely imagine the good effect my hint has produced on Pierrot; he is quite an altered lad. At the slightest *faux pas* on his part, I have only to nod to my lieutenant, with a look directed to the gunners, and the boy frisks and bounces as though he had a score of lighted crackers in his wake. Ha! ha! ha! depend on it, honest Martin, nothing is so beneficial to young minds as wholesome severity; and, by the mass! Pierrot knows by this time that his captain is a rough jester."

The intrepid and humane Rudner terminated with a hearty slap, vigorously applied in token of amity, between the shoulders of Martin, who seemed to have taken sudden and deep root in his new friend's esteem. Had the Spaniard been less firm on his timbers, this unexpected and cordial mark of affection would have indubitably capsized him. As it was, his visage assumed a scarlet glow, somewhat resembling the hue of an astounded turkey-cock's crest. With difficulty he contained his rising wrath; whilst Rudner endeavoured to soften the effect of his bearish familiarity by a few words of explanation and compliment. "Friend Martin," said he, "here is my hand; 'tis a bold and a steady one, and will ever be at your service. Something tells me we shall meet again—near the Antilles for instance, or the great Archipelago. Gonidec, my lad of wax, follow my example; form an alliance offensive and defensive with Signor Martin,—who, I trust, will forget neither of us, time and place duly serving."

"Rely upon it, Master Rudner," responded he of the brig *Louisa*, "you will ever hold an important place in my recollections. Your story has impressed me strangely. We *may* meet again, and I trust we *shall*, it matters little if beneath a European or an Indian sun. Till then, farewell;"—and a smile of indescribable expression, the first that during the dialogue had unbent his features, hovered on the sarcastic Spaniard's lip. Shortly afterwards his comrades took leave of him, and bent their steps towards the village. Left to himself, Martin, with the aid of a clumsy horn, slung

from his shoulder, hailed his vessel, which was anchored at some distance; and whose crew could scarcely have heard his voice, Stentorian as it was, had he *spoken with* the *Louisa* in the usual manner. No sooner was this signal given, than a light skiff was detached from the brig, and rowed towards the jetty with incredible swiftness. The six men who plied the oars had often been remarked by the inhabitants of Pauillac, as possessed of singularly ferocious aspects; and moreover as being the only individuals of the *Louisa's* crew ever seen on shore. Always the same faces—and such faces too! It was, in truth, an awful mystery. No marvel that the simple villagers at once wrote down the wearers of such visages as the acolytes of Old Nick.

The wind still continued unfavourable to the outward-bound vessels the respective captains of which eagerly watched the first propitious opportunity to weigh anchor. Ere the wished-for breeze had sprung up, the fiend-brig, as she was termed, had during a dark night slipped her cable and disappeared. Unbounded were the amazement and dismay of the oldest sages of Pauillac at this inconceivable event. It was the talk of the place for an entire week. The Methusalems of the port were unanimous in their explanations of this sudden departure. There was in their opinion but one personage who could have enabled the *Louisa* to be off in such weather. At length the wind veered about, and the traders commanded by Rudner and Gonidec left the river. As far as the Cape de Verd Islands, in the latitude of which the *Indus* and the *Marsouin* parted company, the passage was delightful. For some days the *Marsouin* had made a good run: when within sight of the island of Saint Anthony, Gonidec was struck with the appearance of a brig to larboard, apparently holding the same course as his own vessel, than which she was a much better sailer. Night coming on, the brig was no longer visible; but at daybreak, just as the *Marsouin* had doubled a narrow cape, she was again discerned in the offing. The breeze freshening, Gonidec, who recollected the words of Rudner, and dreaded the privateers that infested the creeks near that coast, gave orders to crowd all sail. The brig, whose crew evidently watched his

manceuvres, immediately gave chase; and at every moment gained upon the Marsouin. All on board the latter vessel soon recognised the redoubtable Louisa, and with inward terror distinguished the blast of Martin's well-known horn. In a few minutes a speaking-trumpet conveyed the following significant greeting from the brig:—"Hilloah! Ho! you of the good ship Marsouin;—hilloah! Captain Gonidec—Lieutenant Mauriceau—lie to, or I'll blow you into the air."

Gonidec having quickly obeyed the command, boats from the pirate brig came alongside of the Marsouin, to take her captain, passengers, and crew, on board the *General Riego*; the real name of the vessel which at Pauillac had been designated by the more peaceful appellation of the good Louisa. On boarding, Gonidec, to his unspeakable consternation, observed the body of a man hanging in chains at the main-yard. So blackened and disfigured was the corpse, that at first sight it seemed that of a negro. Under the influence of a horrible fascination, the captain of the Marsouin silently contemplated the miserable remains, that held out to himself no enviable perspective, when Martin familiarly tapped him on the shoulder. "What think you of my flag?" demanded the pirate. "Ha! ha! ha!" yelled he, with a true anthropophagus laugh; "I have my whims; by Saint Jago! methinks Rudner the bold never looked to so much advantage as in that copper cravat."

"How long has he been suspended?" asked Gonidec; who, though well nigh bewildered with horror, instinctively affected a sort of unconcern, in order to disguise his sensations.

"How long? what! you think he looks rather suble—eh? The truth is, that he has been subjected to a slight experiment. I wished to try on himself the effect of his excellent recipe for training naval factotums. The process is admirable. I afterwards hanged him for show—merely out of luxury." Then assuming a tone of gravity:—"Captain Gonidec," said the Spaniard, "you are my prisoner—as was your friend Rudner three days since."

"And I am, doubtless, reserved for a similar fate!"

"No: though a bitter foe to your nation, I respect the persons of individuals. Hear me—I am by birth a Spaniard, and liberty is my idol. You once ravaged our soil—you now threaten our constitution and our freedom. Have at your commerce in return. Friend Gonidec, I confiscate your vessel, hull, and freight. And now, quick, provisions for my crew; who, as you may perceive, are rather more numerous than you imagined at Pauillac."

"All that I have is yours;" sullenly observed Gonidec, to whom this blow was utter ruin.

"True—most true;" replied the impassible Spaniard, "but I must again be troublesome: your log-book, that I may inscribe my name and quality."

The ship's company belonging to the Marsouin had brought it with them. The pirate having opened it with the air of a man of business, wrote the following words:—"This day, the 14th—1823, near the Cape de Verd Islands, the fast sailing trader the Marsouin, Captain Gonidec commander, was visited and confiscated by me, Don José Martinez y Guipuscoa, Grandee of Spain, Knight Commander of the Order of Malta, and Captain of a Privateer in the service of the Cortes. N.B. None of the crew were hanged."

The name of Guipuscoa will at once unravel the mystery of the noble pirate's barbarity towards the unfortunate Rudner, and explain his comparative clemency in favour of the crew of the good ship the Marsouin. Gonidec, who had so miraculously experienced the tender mercies of the Corsair, on arriving at his destination favoured his ship-owner with a letter describing the particulars of his singular adventure. The ship-owner, who had a genius for tortious speculation, had insured his vessel at a sum much beyond her actual value, and was consequently an immense gainer by the catastrophe. "Come, come," said the worthy man to Gonidec, on his return, "we have all of us cause for gratitude: you have escaped hanging, at least for the present; and I—: but not another word." 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."

PAUL.

THE FEARLESS TRUMPETER.

BY G. R. CARTER, ESQ.

"Lo! the gleam of our banners
 Is purple and bright,
 And the plumes of our spearmen
 Are sunny with light;—
 On the heath they await us—
 The peasants and churls—
 To dispute the proud battle
 With barons and earls;
 But each bosom shall gladden,
 Each heart shall rejoice,
 As yon mountains reply
 To the trumpeter's voice.

"There are rich clouds adorning
 The blue fields of heaven,
 But away like the storm-waves
 Of ocean they're driven;
 And *thus* shall base peasants
 Retreat before peers,
 And resign you the battle,
 Ye bold cavaliers!
 When with spurs gleaming redly,
 And plumes waving free,
 Ye shall welcome the voice
 Of my trumpet and me.

"What care I for battle?
 A grave on the heath,
 With the balm of wild roses,
 Shall hallow my death.
 What care I for maiden?
 Is aught so untrue
 As the heart that pleads passion
 From eyes of deep blue?
 Leave love to pale cravens,
 And pamper'd compeers;—
 While there's fame, let us win it,
 My bold cavaliers!"

On they swept like the tempest
 O'er dark seas of pine,
 And a banner defended
 The wings of each line.
 But the cravens and peasants
 Before them were driven,
 Like trees by the whirlwind
 Borne upward and riven;
 And the trumpeter darted
 Through legions of spears,
 Crying — "Here's for King Charles
 And his brave cavaliers!"

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY HENRY PLUNKETT, AUTHOR OF "ROSALIE, A TALE OF ITALY."

If thou would'st stoop to wake a string
Which nought but grief can play;
If thou wouldst plume thy syren wing
To lure—and to betray;
If thou would'st bruise a shiver'd reed,
Or break a shatter'd heart;—
I will not blame the causeless deed
That wings so keen a dart.

I may have been a tearful slave
To love's bewildering sway—
My fate was cast upon a wave
Which no control could stay;
I may have bow'd my haughty will
To passion's heartless joy,
But yet I deem'd thee faithful still,
And lov'd thee as a boy.

I dreamt an angel heart was mine,
Its passions and its fears;
I thought that angel heart was thine,
And blessed it with my tears:
But I have proved how deep the ban
Which curbs the spirit's flight;

- The youth hath merged into the man—
The dreaming into blight!

To love is to endure—but pride
Once scorn'd will plead no more.
As pearls which ocean's billowy tide
Bears onwards from the shore,
Even so the heart which slight hath spurn'd,
Sinks into feeling's wane;
The hope that grief hath once inurn'd,
May never germ again!

I may have lived for this—for all
That grief's worst scorn can wreak,
I may have marked to sorrow's call
Each ling'ring heart-string break;
But, oh! if thou wilt faithless prove,
May thus thy fate be dealt,
Even as I—to live—and love,
To feel—as I have felt.

CHRISTINA AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

"Oh! I were damned beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity."
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*.

"THIS way," cried Arwed, entering with noiseless pace, and cautiously introducing a stranger enveloped in a large coarse cloak in the Italian fashion. The

most profound silence reigned in the long obscure corridor through which the last-mentioned personage, following the young page his conductor, directed his stealthy

steps towards the queen's apartment. The lateness of the hour, the air of secrecy and even of terror observable in the stranger's movements, his large hat flapped over his eyes, the appearance of his Italian costume, exposed to view as he occasionally arranged the ample folds of his mantle, which fell loosely around his person, — all betrayed to Arwed the more than ordinary importance of the affair in which he figured as the unconscious agent. The proverbial curiosity of a page tormented him with an unconquerable longing to penetrate the mystery which had induced his royal mistress, at such an unwonted hour, to grant an audience so contrary to etiquette.

At the extremity of the corridor, the stranger and his youthful guide paused at the door of Christina's apartment. "Now, boy," said the Italian, suddenly addressing Arwed, "you must leave me: my conference with the queen must be strictly private."

"Then," replied the prying page, "it must be confined to the queen's chamber; for I have received her majesty's orders to keep guard in the corridor."

"Be it so; but I may reckon on your silence? I have your promise?"

"You have my oath; I have sworn it on the cross, though, methinks, that guarantee is superfluous. My word might suffice."

"True, Arwed; I doubt not your fidelity: but the levity of youth — some heedless expression — might disclose all; and, boy, there is much at stake. The peace, the honour of your mistress would suffer from the slightest indiscretion. Retire to the further end of the gallery, and keep good watch. I must remain at this door till it be her majesty's pleasure to open." The page silently retreated; and, with his arms folded across his breast, the Italian continued to walk to and fro in front of Christina's apartment, pausing from time to time, as if to catch the sound of footsteps within.

The moment, so long, so ardently desired by Sentinelli, was at hand: vengeance was already within his grasp. His hated rival, undone by his own imprudence, stood upon the brink of destruction. The disgraced courtier could not forget that he had once occupied the place which Monaldeschi now enjoyed, but from which the latter was in his turn about to be hurled. Rank, power, and

almost kingly privilege, had been Sentinelli's: — all had been ravished by his wily successor, whose influence had banished from his sovereign's presence the discarded favourite. Monaldeschi reigned supreme in that very court where once Sentinelli had been all in all; — the source of honour, wealth, prosperity; the channel through which flowed the tide of royal favour. But the hour of retribution was near; and he who had long set fortune at defiance, was now to learn how unstable is the greatness based upon the treacherous foundation of a sovereign's caprice. At the period of which we write, the heroine of Sweden, whose career may truly be termed the romance of life, — Christina, whose adventurous existence commenced on the throne, and terminated in the seclusion of devotion, — was a visitor at the court of Louis XIV., who had appointed the château of Fontainebleau as the temporary residence of his illustrious guest. Queen and votary of pleasure; petticoat philosopher; Atheist and bigot; "every thing by turns, and nothing long;" this extraordinary woman had already excited the attention of Europe, not more by the masculine vigour of her character, than by her voluntary abdication of the throne of Gustavus, for the enjoyment of philosophic but ideal liberty. Though despising, or affecting to despise, the splendours of royalty, Christina was still surrounded by a species of court, in which Monaldeschi had long occupied the foremost place. Presuming on the partiality of his royal benefactress, and lulled into fatal security by the lengthened continuance of prosperity, the favourite had abandoned his habitual caution, and, in a private correspondence with a former mistress of Cardinal Azzolino, had madly betrayed certain secrets of Christina, in terms the most revolting to female pride. Whether by means of bribery, or through the effect of accident, these documents of conviction fell into the hands of Sentinelli, who instantly resolved to avail himself of an opportunity so favourable at once to his ambition and revenge. He privately transmitted to Christina a copy of certain portions of the accusing letters, at the same time declaring his readiness to appear in person, and at the peril of his life to substantiate his charges of treason against Monaldeschi. The queen, whose irritable jealousy was easily roused, accorded the

audience, which, for the sake of greater secrecy, and in order to disarm all suspicion on the part of the favourite, had been solicited for the hour of midnight.

"Insolent, haughty rival!" exclaimed the Italian, as he slowly paced before the door of Christina's apartment; "thy hour is come, — thy fall is certain. Didst thou imagine that Sentinelli would tamely repose in the obscurity to which thou hadst consigned him? Didst thou not dream of his return to crush thee? Tremble; for thou art in thine enemy's power! He holds these letters, — thine own signature — the damning evidence of thy guilt. Christina shall see them — shall condemn thee: no earthly power can save thee. The pride of a sovereign, the feelings of a woman, are not with impunity thus outraged. Soft! I hear the tread of female footsteps. No; not yet: would the moment were over!" Again he paced the gallery, but with hurried, agitated steps. As the crisis approached, doubts and fears seemed to shake his purpose. He calculated the chances of female weakness; of affection long centered in one beloved object, and, spite of conviction, clinging to its withered hopes: he trembled at the magic power of oaths, of sighs, of tears. One look might destroy his work of vengeance, and bury the artificer amid the ruin of his fabric. "The stake is deep," added he in a resolute tone, "and the game is far advanced: I will not now throw up the cards. Hush! come one comes."

The door of the queen's apartment was suddenly opened, and the Countess Ebba, the favourite attendant of Christina, appeared in the gallery, to usher Sentinelli to the presence of her mistress. It was an eventful moment for the wily Italian. The mind which he sought to entangle in his snare was cast in no ordinary mould. The slightest deviation from his well-concerted plan — a momentary forgetfulness of his wonted self-possession — one hasty, unadvised word — by exposing to the keensighted Christina the baseness of his motives, might hurl him to the bottom of the precipice, on whose edge he had already placed his unconscious victim. Sentinelli felt the necessity of devoting all his energies to the task he had undertaken: he felt that fortune, fame, existence, depended on that one brief audience; that he must leave that presence an acknowledged favourite, or

a baffled traitor. The very hazard of his design nerved him to its skillful execution; and in his smooth and apparently serene countenance could be traced no sentiment, but that of deep devotion to the interests of her whose worldly name he was destined to load with execration, whose eternal soul the contact of his infamy was about to fester with that worse than adder's venom — the poison of remorse.

With subdued agitation, yet with the workings of jealous frenzy fearfully imprinted on her pale features, the queen received the midnight assassin of her peace. She was seated on a sofa placed in a sort of alcove, and, on the entrance of Sentinelli, waved her hand to her attendant, who instantly retired. Christina was still in the prime of life: her age was about thirty; and the diadem of royalty, though no longer encircling her brow, seemed to have stamped it with the divine and indelible seal of majesty. Her countenance, though impressed with secret chagrin, was distinguished by an air of haughtiness mingled with an expression of philosophic indifference to form, at once evincing the imagination that ever took its hue from the impulse of the moment, and eminently characteristic of one whose life was a practical illustration of the Epicurean code. In respectful attitude, the Italian awaited permission to commence his insidious tale. "A truce to this idle etiquette," said Christina: "have I not deposed it with my crown and sceptre? Speak, and be brief; whence come you? and with what intent?"

"Your majesty sees before you one whose motives — whose zeal, in other days, were too apparent for question; one —"

"No more, Sentinelli. Other days! said you? Know you not, that day succeeds day, and yet each resembles not its forerunner? Speak at once; I like not this mystery. Why have you sought this audience, at midnight, and by stealth? Honesty of purpose needs not borrow the mantle of darkness."

"Alas! gracious queen, truth reaches not the ears of royalty unimpeded in its course. He that would serve faithfully, must sometimes serve secretly. I come to undeceive your majesty; to withdraw the veil that so long has screened a traitor."

"Whom do you accuse?"

"Monaldeschi."

"Count, these are but words; and if they rest not on strong proof, are empty as the air that conveys them to mine ear. Give the accusation form and substance."

Sentinelli's wishes were crowned: his prey was beneath his fangs. Nevertheless his countenance betrayed no triumphant exultation. He even imparted to his features, on ordinary occasions so impassible, an expression of sorrow, almost of contrition, for the pangs which he inflicted.

"Would to Heaven," he exclaimed, after a pause, "these eyes had not beheld the proofs which your majesty requires! These letters," added he, presenting a packet to the queen; "these letters but too well support my assertions. The traitor's own hand has stamped his infamy, has stained this paper with vile jests on your majesty's sacred person; has divulged secrets which——: but I offend you, queen."

"No, count," replied Christina with forced composure; "proceed; I can hear all. Speak plainly; proclaim the outrage to which I have been exposed. Think you this heart will feel a woman's weakness? See you on this cheek the traces of a woman's tears? Speak—am I not calm?"

"Aye, madam, but your faithful servant boasts not the courage of your majesty. He cannot fashion his lips to pronounce the traitor's audacious railery. He dares not profane your royal ears with insults more atrocious than the coarse gibes with which the veriest debauchees jeer the frail partners of their midnight orgies. There are certain mysteries which have served as the text of the ingrate's ribaldry, but to which this faltering tongue presumes not to give utterance."

"How! Sentinelli," cried the queen, breathless with shame and rage. "Has the traitor dared——? but enough; give me those letters."

Sentinelli's heart beat high with hope. Dissembling his eagerness, he respectfully, and with a well-assumed air of reluctance, delivered the fatal packet to Christina, who perused it in silence. The Italian marked her burning cheek—her pale, quivering lip. His triumph was complete,—his vengeance was assured.

After the lapse of some minutes, the queen, with appalling composure, fixed

her eyes on the count. "He shall read those letters," said she; "there—on that spot—and die! You will take with you Landini, Ostrachi, and—I may reckon on you, Sentinelli?"

"My duty is to obey your majesty. Rely on my fidelity, and the devotion of your followers."

"By the blood of Gustavus!" said the queen, pacing the apartment in strange disorder, and heedless of Sentinelli's presence; "this royal front, on which the diadem once glittered, is not yet bowed down to the earth in abject lowliness: this arm, that once wielded the sceptre of kings, is not yet impotent to smite. The deed of treason was done in silence—in darkness; when Heaven winked at it. The vengeance of Christina shall be open, glaring as the light of day. The haughty Mazarin, with his crooked policy, will doubtless tell me of the laws of France, of his sovereign's violated prerogative. Away with him! I owe his master no allegiance. Monaldeschi shall die. Were each drop that courses through the traitor's veins a life—he shall die! But," added she mournfully, "his soul must not perish. In the grave there is no falsehood—no treason. Count, for a few moments I would be alone. Acquaint the holy Father Lebel that I would speak with him. If he has obeyed my summons, he is by this time in attendance: my page will conduct you to him. Use despatch; and on your return with the prior, I shall again be in readiness to receive you."

Sentinelli quitted the apartment, and in a few minutes re-appeared with the prior of the convent *des Mathurins*. The venerable ecclesiastic, to whom Arwed, in the early part of the evening, had delivered a message from the queen, had promptly obeyed the invitation. "Albeit that he was devoted to his heavenly Master, the will of an earthly sovereign, in the pious man's opinion, was entitled to some weight. It was his to speak peace to the afflicted; to soothe the sickness, whether of body or of mind, that courted uneasy slumber on a couch of state, or writhed in anguish on a bed of straw. Full well he knew that the monarch, not less than the most despised of his subjects, might wear a smiling outside, and within a heart cankered with care. He was a man familiar with

sorrow: he had himself been smitten with its iron rod: he had communed with it in the palace, in the cloister, in the hovel where the persecuted of this world, and of this world's law, lay their weary heads and die. He had taught the powerful and the wealthy—him to whom life had been as a long summer's day—to quit the scene of his enjoyments; but still oftener had his pious counsels or his active charity enabled the wretch to bear yet a little longer the burden of existence. The good things of life had been sparingly bestowed on him, but for his reward he looked elsewhere; nor was he destined to tarry long. The hand of time indeed pressed heavily on his head. The gradual decay of his well employed faculties, his snow-white scattered locks, his trembling limbs, betokened that he had almost attained the shrine of his pilgrimage, and warned him that brief was the span which yet remained between the expectancy and the enjoyment of another state of being, eternal as the Deity, and radiant as His heaven.

With the agony of the lowly in condition and the meek in spirit—with the deep contrition of the self-accused penitent, who, standing afar off from the altar of his God, silently invoked the mercy which they of this world denied him—with the guilty confessions of the forlorn and the forsaken of their fellows,—the holy prior was familiar. To such had he often whispered the peace that reigned in his own pure bosom; such had he cheered with the hope of those brighter worlds to which himself led the way. But little had he to do with the prosperous and the proud ones of earth. Little had his ministry in common with the elect of fortune. Above all, with what services could the humble pastor approach the rulers of the land—those that feasted in palaces, and wore the gorgeous purple of empire? Such were the involuntary reflections of Lebel, as, in obedience to the mandate of Christina, he visited a scene of splendour so foreign to his ordinary avocations, and to the austerity of his monastic order.

"Holy father," said Christina, scarcely noticing the prior's profound obeisance, "accompany me to yonder gallery; I would speak with you in private;" and the queen, followed by Lebel, hastily retired to the corridor.

"Your high office, father—the severity of virtue which by general report is yours—assure me that I may speak in full confidence; that you will keep inviolate under the seal of confession the fearful secret which I would reveal."

"Your majesty may banish all apprehension; or if an oath——"

"No, father; I would not wound your sacred character with the insult of a doubt." A momentary pause ensued. "I am a wretched sinner," resumed Christina with a painful effort,—“but treason has been busy with me. Read these letters, and then, with your own lips, pronounce the culprit's fate."

"Gracious queen," said Lebel, "our passions are treacherous counsellors. I pray your majesty to weigh against the offence the pleadings of mercy. Remember that the King of kings is the God of peace and pardon."

"Then to Heaven let the traitor address himself, for on earth forgiveness is impossible. Read these letters; take them with you, and return to-morrow. In the solitude of the cloister meditate on these foul passages: then judge if black ingratitude can carry treason further."

"I rejoice to see your majesty thus far disposed to justice. Yes, queen; I will read this packet, and ponder on its contents. I have your royal assurance that you will give no orders touching this matter till my return to-morrow night?"

"Nay, father; to-morrow morning, for I will have it so; and let your coming be secret. My signature, conveyed to you by Arwed, shall be your warrant."

"I obey: but once more, queen, I beseech you to reflect that sovereigns are God's vicegerents upon earth. And, oh! could we see with His eyes the crimes which here are expiated with blood, how should we then pity the blindness and loathe the cruelty of human justice, which quenches the breath of life so lightly!"

"Prior," exclaimed Christina with impatience, "Monaldeschi is a traitor! Know you not that criminals less vile have been broken on the wheel? Return to-morrow morning; fail not to bring with you those letters; and, as you value your eternal peace, let no other eye than yours rest on their hateful contents."

Farewell, father, till to-morrow. You will then know all."

Conducted by Sentinelli, who, during the above conference, had remained in the queen's apartment, the prior left the palace. Christina, racked by the torments of jealousy and shame, threw herself on her couch. Sleep was long a stranger to her eyes; and when at last, exhausted with conflicting passions, her senses had sunk into fitful slumber, the most gloomy visions assailed her imagination. * * * *

"God!" cried Christina, as the bright sunbeams darted into her chamber; "were the sleep of death like this! But no: in the grave all is calm—all forgetfulness. There, no startling dreams can scare the slumberer. There, the mouldering clay wakes not to a new morning—nor cheats the worm of corruption's feast."

* * * In a few moments, Monaldeschi, with a courtier's smile, and nothing doubting, made his appearance before his offended mistress. Under his dress, his person was secured by the coat of mail which he usually wore when hunting, as a precaution against the danger of a random or misdirected shot.

"Marquis," said the queen, "what think you?—we have a traitor near us. Christina is the victim of the most odious, the most unexampled perfidy."

"Your majesty betrayed! Who is the guilty wretch? Can it be that Mazarin——?"

"No; the traitor is of my household: trampling gratitude and honour under foot——"

"Ah! Sentinelli, doubtless: and yet, methinks, the favour which your majesty once lavished on him might shame even treason from its purpose. The offence is monstrous."

"Ay, Monaldeschi; seems it not so to honour, to integrity like yours? What think you of an insult the most unpardonable? What punishment should be reserved for the wretch who taints my fair fame; who with cowardly barbarity aims his odious calumny against a woman and his sovereign?"

"What punishment?"

"Ay, marquis, what punishment?"

"If Sentinelli has thus calumniated your majesty, no torture can be equal to

the crime; 'twere absolute mercy to inflict the punishment of——"

"Death? Monaldeschi; wouldst thou not say so?"

"Yes, queen——of death!"

"Then be it so: you have pronounced the culprit's fate."

"I am devoted to your royal will: this arm shall be the minister of your vengeance, and this steel——But why does your majesty fix your eyes on me with such penetrating expression? Doubt you my loyalty——my zeal?"

"Monaldeschi, search the depths of your own heart. Whom have you this instant condemned? Unsheathe your weapon, and do justice on your vile self. Die by your own hand, if shame cannot strike you dead. Look on these letters, traitor. Ha! does the sight of these guilty characters at length astound you?—You tremble, marquis."

"Your majesty, that is not my hand-writing: my countenance may well betray the indignation which I feel."

"Say rather, the terrors of your guilty conscience. Monaldeschi, I would forfeit the remainder of my earthly term—with my own hand would I shed the blood that flows in these veins, could such sacrifice but absolve you from the foul crime that stains your soul. Speak—confess all—disarm me with the tears of penitence.—Did you not at Rome write letters similar to these?"

"No, queen; he who has affixed my signature to this heap of slander is an impostor. Your majesty is acquainted with my hand-writing; and can you, on evidence so slight, so false, give ear to the concealed enemy who dares to traduce my name? I am innocent."

"Innocent! Did you not at Rome write the originals of these copies? Dare you deny these infamous expressions that have flowed from your pen? Innocent! Feel you not the tortures of remorse? Glows not your cheek with the blush of shame? Monaldeschi, 'tis appalling to know, to feel the certainty that one so trusted is a traitor! Confess your guilt; assume at least that merit in mine eyes. Save yourself;—it is yet time."

"Your majesty will not pronounce me guilty on the feeble testimony of these papers: deign to produce the originals; confront me with my accusers."

"Monaldeschi," said the queen with solemnity, "you stand on the threshold of eternity: yet a moment more, and repentance comes too late; — avow all; — the sword of vengeance hangs over your head — ay, Monaldeschi, by a single hair. — What! will nothing touch you? Will you not avow *one* crime?"

"Towards your majesty I have none."

The sound of footsteps was heard in the adjoining gallery. Christina seemed to listen with a mixture of anxiety and dread. "Quick, marquis!" said she; "you have but another instant; all subterfuge is vain. By the heaven that shines on the just and the unjust! if, when that door shall open, your guilt remain still unavowed, you are lost! — Quick! they come! — God of justice! it is no longer time!" exclaimed Christina, as the prior and Sentinelli entered the apartment, while the soldiers of the latter posted themselves in the corridor.

At sight of this unexpected cortège Monaldeschi was overcome with terror. "Queen," said the prior, "I am here at your command: what would your majesty?"

"Justice, holy father! From lips like yours, that know not to deceive, the voice of truth will speak with double force. You are our judge. Give me the letters which I this morning confided to your care."

The prior produced the fatal packet. Monaldeschi was thunderstruck. "Now, traitor," said the queen to the latter, "here are your own letters: know you this handwriting?"

"Heavens!" cried the conscience-smitten marquis; "can I believe my eyes? Your majesty — ah! queen, behold me at your feet! Treason the most infamous —"

"Marquis, 'twas in truth a deed of treason. See you these expressions? — Sentinelli, you know my orders."

At these words the Italian made a signal to the guard assembled in the corridor. Three of the soldiers entered the chamber. Monaldeschi threw himself on his knees. "Pardon! pardon!" shrieked he, in the accents of despair: "my sovereign! at your feet I kneel for mercy!"

Christina answered not a word; and seizing him by both arms, the soldiers of Sentinelli dragged the shrinking victim from the chamber to the corridor. "Hold!" cried the prior. — "Queen!" continued

the man of God, "listen not to the suggestions of your wrath: I beseech you to put off this execution. Resume a sway more glorious than the monarch's rule — be the sovereign of your own passions."

"Sentinelli!" exclaimed the queen, "order your men to sheathe their swords. Now let the traitor speak. — Holy father! you that would plead for him, bear witness that I use no unseemly haste; I thirst not for vengeance. You mark his confusion: he cannot justify himself. Fulfil your sacred ministry; confess the prisoner, and be brief: his moments are numbered."

As a last resource, the prior ventured to intimate that Christina, having voluntarily abdicated the privileges of sovereignty, and being moreover in the territory of Louis XIV., his most Christian majesty might consider the self-authorised and summary accomplishment of her vengeance as an assumption of his own royal power.

"I am not his subject," replied Christina haughtily; "nor have I, with the throne of my ancestors, abdicated my own respect and esteem. Think you the breath of man can efface the seal which the Divinity hath set upon this forehead?"

"Not so," resumed the holy father; "but the God of life and death will one day weigh in the same balance the monarch and the subject. Banish from your bosom the baneful passions of revenge, of cruelty, of pride; or the stamp of sovereignty will be as the brand of Cain, to mark that stern brow for the execration of mankind, ~~here~~ — for the wrath of Heaven hereafter."

"Prior, you but waste these bold words. Speak to yon prisoner of his salvation: for, by my wrongs! each precious moment that you lose endangers his immortal soul."

The prior abandoned all hope. "Inexorable queen!" exclaimed he; "majesty of blood! could you by this act, this one act, regain the throne, 'twere better to wear a crown of thorns, than at such a price to purchase empire. You have doomed these aged eyes to witness a deed of horror which posterity will judge; you have spurned these scalding tears; you have renounced the God of mercy, to offer sacrifice on the altar of your pitiless idol. Vengeance is *your* God! but you will one day feel the pangs that rend the

spirit parting from its mortal frame. At that dreadful hour, you, too, will sue for mercy: may you not sue in vain! Adieu — perhaps for ever! I leave you to the dominion of your worldly passions; I go, to join my prayers with those of your victim; to turn his hopes from the feeble sovereign that can but punish, to the Eternal Power that loves to pardon!"

The last words of the prior had apparently wrought a deep impression on Christina. Perhaps, too, a lurking sentiment of compassion for Monaldeschi's youth might have pleaded in his favour. "Stay, father!" cried the queen; "a moment's pause;" — but the vengeful hand of Sentinelli had too well interpreted the orders of his mistress. A piercing shriek was heard from the gallery. As the wretched prisoner supported himself against the wall, Sentinelli aimed a thrust at his heart, but the ar-

mour which Monaldeschi wore under his clothes deadened the force of the attack. The ill-fated man seized the blade with his right hand; and, in withdrawing it, the Italian inflicted a deep wound on three of his fingers. Perceiving that the victim was momentarily protected by his coat of mail, his assassin stabbed him in the face. The marquis, though not mortally wounded, fell to the ground.

A loud and increasing tumult from without now reached the ears of Christina. The governor of the palace, accompanied by an escort, arrived in haste, and having, in the name of his royal master, Louis XIV., protested against the bold usurpation of his majesty's prerogative, ordered the execution to be instantly suspended. It was too late: the work of vengeance was accomplished — Monaldeschi was no more.

ASMODEUS.

MAXIMS OF ELEGANT LIFE.

THE church recognises seven capital sins, and admits but three cardinal virtues. We have, then, seven principles of remorse, and only three sources of consolation. Sorrowful problem for human nature! The rule of elegant life is, however, still more severe, for this is its dogma.

Good taste has but one mode of proceeding. Bad taste a thousand.

The constituent principle of elegance is unity.

Unity cannot exist without propriety, harmony, and relative simplicity.

To constitute elegance, neither simplicity, harmony, nor propriety, when separately taken, will suffice. The mysterious combination of all three is required. In analysing the offences against good taste, whether as regards dress, furniture, or conversation, we shall find that these triple laws of the unity of elegance have more or less been infringed. External existence is an organised system which represents a man as exactly as the colours of a snail are reproduced on its shell. In elegant life every thing is in connection and at command. If M. Cuvier only sees a frontal,

a maxillary, or a crural bone, he immediately designates the species of animal to which it belongs — whether antediluvian, herbivorous, or carnivorous. Never is this naturalist deceived. His genius has penetrated the mysteries of animal life.

Even so, in elegant life, a single chair will determine the taste of whole series of furniture — as a saddle gives the immediate idea of a horse. Every fortune ought to have its proportionate base and summit; and the George Cuvier of elegance should be able to tell the exact amount of figures in a man's income by his pictures, his stud, his damask silk curtains, his mosaic mantelpieces, his Etruscan vases, his timepieces, surmounted by statues chiselled by the hand of the first artists. Show him a single cup, and he will describe a boudoir, a chamber, a palace.

A man of moderate fortune, without any of these things, may nevertheless be elegant, if his taste dictate unity, harmony, and propriety, in every thing pertaining to him.

To know the mind of the mistress of a house, it is sufficient to cross her threshold.

Neither avarice nor want of means can for an instant remain concealed. Some affect a devotion to elegance, while they try to combine it with a thousand little parsimonious expedients, far more offensive to the eye of taste than that rigid and uniform domestic economy which results from principle. These pretenders resemble unskilful mechanists, whose theatrical decorations display the coarse materials of which their gaudy puppets and tinsel scenery are formed. They are evidently unacquainted with the following maxims.

Nothing is so essential to elegance as to conceal its means of existence; and All that reveals economy is inelegant.

Economy is in truth one of the principal means; it is the nerve of good administration; but it resembles the oil, which, while it gives suppleness and sweetness to the wheels of a machine, must neither be seen nor heard.

Inconvenience is not the sole punishment endured by the wealthy niggard; he really descends from his sphere, and places himself on a level with those grovelling souls who, without the means, aspire to greatness.

Who has not encountered, both in town and country, those aristocrats, whose expenses in dress far exceed their income; and who, for want of an equipage, are obliged to calculate their visits, their pleasures, and their duties, by the almanac? Slave to her bonnet, the lady dreads the rain; and the gentleman thinks the dust and sun bode mischief to his new coat. The barometer is less subject to change than the conduct of such beings: they will hurry from the most pleasant scene or party at the appearance of a cloud; should their fine array happen to be wetted or soiled, mutual recriminations ensue; they enjoy nothing, for every expedition ends in trouble and repining. A lady, before she seats herself in a carriage, if seen to draw up her gown, be she rich or poor, may be considered as belonging in spirit to the class of parsimonious pretenders to elegant life.

Accordance between the manner of

living and the fortune of an individual produces ease of manners.

He who follows this maxim, uses and enjoys all that he possesses: he has no luxuries incompatible with his means. His carpets are not covered with green cloth, and if he has a carriage, he enjoys a drive without consulting the thermometer: should these things be injured, money will replace them; for a man of sense and refined education is never betrayed into the ostentatious absurdity of purchasing an article which his income will not permit him to renew without the loss of his temper and peace of mind. Put a vase or a clock in a case, bag up a lustre, or cover your satin divans with brown holland, and you resemble that worthy attorney, who for a Christmas-box presented to his wife some silver candelabras, with strict injunctions that the thick gauze which enveloped them should never be removed. We repeat that a man of taste freely enjoys all his possessions. Like Fontenelle, "*il n'aime pas les choses qui veulent être trop respectées*." Have we not the example of Nature; who, knowing that her splendour will be renewed, fears not to display it every day? To the man of occupation, days devoted to the reception of guests are times of high solemnity; those periodical seasons are sacred. On such occasions, chairs and sofas are divested of their *deshabilles*, carpets are uncovered, lustres unhooded, silver salvers and candelabras emerge from their secret recesses, and all is bustle and agitation. On the contrary, the man of elegance is always the same: his temper, dress, and all about him, are ever accessible; nothing disturbs his tranquillity; to compare small things with great, he is as impassible as the famous Dessin, who, when suddenly apprised that the Duke of York had arrived at his hotel, coolly replied, "Put him in number four."

No sooner had simplicity of dress superseded the cumbrous attire of the middle ages, than the dawn of elegant life began to appear. A portion of the sums formerly lavished on the heavy magnificence of gold and jewels, was expended on the comforts and conveniences of life, and families were no longer disinherited by the cost of a coat.*

* In the beginning of the sixteenth century, a coat made for Marshal Bassompierre cost 100,000 crowns. A Frenchman of the present day cannot spend more than 15,000 francs on dress, without rendering himself an object of ridicule.

This species of civilisation has made the most rapid advances in England, that country of the comfortable, in which all the *matériel* of exterior life is considered as a vast vestment, changeable according to the caprices of fashion. The great leaders of the mode have continually new carriages, new horses, new furniture: their very diamonds are new set.* Nevertheless many of them would do well if they gave more consideration to the succeeding maxim.

Luxury is not so indispensable as elegance.

A man of taste ought always to reduce his wants to simplicity.

Prodigality of ornament destroys effect.

In all things a multiplicity of colours is inelegant.

Labour, when compared with natural elegance, appears as artificial as a wig contrasted with a head of hair.

Notwithstanding their simplicity, our maxims cannot be too closely examined

by the votary of elegance; yet let the neophyte of fashion be assured that good taste results not from the knowledge of its rules, but from habits of observation. A man ought to practise this science with the same degree of ease with which he speaks his mother tongue.

It is dangerous to stammer in the regions of elegance.

Have you not often remarked those demi-fashionables who with all their might endeavour to be agreeable; who are in agonies if their dress differs in the slightest point from the last fashionable print, and who are ready to faint after uttering a false concord? in the next maxim let them read their condemnation.

Dandyism is a heresy in fashionable life; it is, indeed, but the affectation of elegance.

When a man becomes an exquisite, he converts himself into a piece of mere drawing-room furniture; a puppet, ingeniously contrived to mount a horse, seat itself in a boudoir, and even bite the head of a cane—but a thinking being! No! no! He who cannot distinguish elegance from mere fashion is a fool. Elegant life neither excludes deep thought nor science; it consecrates them.

* That the mania for new fashions often produces the most vulgar and tasteless conduct, even in persons of rank and family, will be abundantly proved by the following anecdote:—A learned divine, who, were his name mentioned would be immediately recognised as one of the ornaments of the Church of England, among other intellectual possessions had acquired much antiquarian knowledge. He had heard that the unfortunate James II., on the point of embarking for France, had withdrawn from his finger a valuable ring, and given it to a gentleman of family, who had faithfully attended his master through all his perils subsequent to the landing of the Prince of Orange. "Farewell," said the royal exile; "take this ring; let it be handed down to your heirs as a memorial of your fidelity to your king in the worst of times." A few years ago the learned divine already alluded to was informed that the lineal descendant of the loyal gentleman was still in possession of the ring, which had for ages appertained to the royal house of Stuart. Inspired with the zeal of a true antiquary, he longed to behold and touch this relic of a princely line. Having prevailed on a mutual friend to invite the young gentleman to dinner, the virtuoso was placed next to him at table, and, after a few preliminary observations, introduced the mention of the ring, which he expressed the most ardent desire to see.

"Your wish," replied the fashionable young gentleman with the utmost courtesy, "shall be instantly gratified; I always wear James the Second's ring;" and drawing a beautiful gem from his finger, he placed it in the hands of the eager antiquary.

"Here must be some mistake," said the latter, surveying the ring with a look of disappointment; "this is evidently a mere modern toy; the setting and cutting are of very recent date: this cannot be the Stuart gem."

"Pon honour, Sir, the very same. When it came into my possession it was encumbered with a huge heavy chased setting; it had not been touched for ages. I sent it to my jeweller, who had it newly cut and fashionably set; it was then fit for me to wear. It is reckoned a prodigiously fine stone: pray, Sir, examine it at your leisure."

"Many thanks," replied the antiquary, returning the profaned relic with a low bow; "my curiosity is fully satisfied."

It not only teaches the art of enjoying every hour of the day, but it forms a taste for lofty and refined pleasures alone.

A man of refined taste does not assume a mastership over what he possesses.

For instance, a highly-finished gentleman does not on all occasions say, "My carriage;" "My horses;" "My house;" "My servants:" content with the consciousness that they are his, he does not ostentatiously assert his rights at every moment; he rather seems to partake them with all around him. This noble doctrine implies another maxim not less important than the preceding.

Admit a person to your house, and you suppose him worthy of moving in the same sphere.

In elegant life no superiorities exist; no power above power.

People of polished manners constitute, in truth, the natural aristocracy of a country, and ought to receive and pay all courtesies with perfect equality.

An elegant man is the humble servant of none, even in epistolary formula. By way of digression, while we are on this topic, we recommend the perusal of *Les Lettres de Montesquieu* to such as are not gifted with the art of gracefully finishing a letter. This illustrious writer displays the greatest flexibility of talent in his manner of concluding the most trifling note. What person of taste would not turn with disgust from the absurd monogrophy of "I have the honour to be, &c."*

In society, talent, power, and fortune confer equal rights; but the last, if unconnected with the first, sinks into contempt.

It is a mark of exceeding bad taste, to mock and depreciate the industrious classes, or rudely to interrupt an artist in his employment.

Both taste and feeling dictate the foregoing maxim. Who would torment the honey bees?

They who search diligently, will find morality as well as elegance in these our maxims, which may be called the ethics of polite life. We will conclude them with

three portraits, drawn from existing individuals; each portrait being the likeness of a class of persons belonging to the fashionable world.

A man of family takes possession of his fortune and commences his fashionable career. His equipages are in excellent taste; he gives the best of dinners; every thing around him is modish; he follows the usages of society in his slightest phrase; and even in matters of comparatively little consequence his furniture is in unison, and his household in perfect discipline. He adapts himself to the tone of the age; no *outré* speech or even gesture can be laid to his charge. He is a methodist of elegance. The *savoir vivre* of such a man is entitled to some praise. His classis, as Lord Clarendon would say, is a numerous one.

There is, however, a higher grade in the world of elegance — one which, to charm, depends not on mere personal observances, but which invokes the aid of mind and talent. He who may be ranked in this class is, perhaps, as much an egotist as his neighbour above mentioned, but has the art of throwing a graceful veil over his self-love: he can even speak of himself without exciting disgust! He possesses the magic key which unlocks the heart of man — profound knowledge of character, and the sagacity whith to render it subservient to his own views. There are many authors whose light of genius pierces the inmost folds of the human heart, but who, like Goldsmith, are unable to make the slightest practical use of their knowledge. The master of elegance, whose character we are considering, reads at a single glance the peculiarities, the weaknesses of mankind, and pleases by being all things to all men: he is an artist with artists, old with the old, profound with the learned, a very child with children, and has that air of devotion to the fair which enchants all women, when such homage is tendered them by a man whom they are forced to respect, and of whose superiority they are conscious. Enter his home, and you will find every thing graceful, fresh, *récherché*, and even poetic. You share his pleasures, his luxuries; and, if not equally gifted with fortune, you feel it not while in his society. He pleases, he seduces all within his enchanted circle. Yet let not

* A hint to officials. — *Ed.*

the narrow-minded being, whose pleasures are centred solely in individual gratification or in moral turpitude, hope to imitate such a man; for the politeness which is not based on true benevolence of heart and temper is but a stiff mask, for ever slipping off when ruffled by the slightest collision.

The character just sketched is a noble of God's own creation, improved by cultivation and experience till he approaches as nearly to perfection as human nature, by its own assistance, can reach; in a word, a finished gentleman:

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for all that."

In general society, a woman of truly finished mind and manners may be met with more frequently than an elegant man. Brought up in habits of self-denial, in purity, and gentleness, and early taught to curb the outbreaks of temper by the aid of religion, woman encounters not the inward difficulties experienced by man in bending his stubborn nature to the graceful rules of polished life. She charms us entirely; let us, therefore, analyse her ways and means of captivation. She knows when to speak, and when to be silent; she pays a delicate attention to such as converse with her,—an art seldom practised by men of talent, who are frequently unaware of the influence exercised by the "mute angel of attention," if we may use the eloquent expression of an English poetess.

An elegant woman has no absorbing mania for particular subjects of conversation; she neither harangues nor disputes; she can, if she please, maintain a discussion with proper spirit; she knows the exact moment when to stop; her words are happily chosen, her language is pure, her railery graceful, and her criticisms

contain no secret sting. Far from contradicting you with the ignorant confidence of an ill-bred girl just free from school, she seems willing to find both truth and good sense in your conversation. Her temper is even, her air gracious and smiling, her politeness natural: her attentions are neither servile nor fawning; and you leave her, satisfied both with yourself and her. Attracted within her sphere by an inexplicable power, you find all things that environ her stamped with the impress of her graceful mind. In intimacy she seduces by a tone of *naïveté*: she is natural. To please, she needs not the aid of effort, luxury, or display; and, in the rectitude of her simplicity, her sentiments delight you, because you know that they are the language of heartfelt conviction. She is frank, but not blunt; for she wounds the self-love of none: moral wrong alone, and that forcibly apparent, can excite her frowns or severe remarks. She takes human nature as God made it; pardons mere foibles and follies; and though, from a quick perception of ridicule, her lip will sometimes smile, and her eye sparkle, yet the benevolence of her heart suppresses the utterance of sarcasm. She is aware of one truth of which the mass of mankind are ignorant,—that very silly people can succeed in ill-natured repartee, and obtain credit for wit. She is considerate and agreeable to persons of all ages; and exerts her talents alike to please her own sex, and to charm that which she seems born to rule. Her exquisite *tact* prevents her from irritating any; and they who would deliberately insult her, must, indeed, be brutal. She is both tender and gay; a help in time of trouble, and a sure consolation in the hour of distress. All are irresistibly led to love her; and happy are they who gain her affections!

DALILA THE CRAFTY, AND HER DAUGHTER ZEINEB.

A TALE OF THE BAGDAD POLICE.

In the time of the Khalif Haroun al Raschid, there dwelt at Bagdad two dexterous thieves, one named Ahmed ed Deouf,* and the other Hassan Schouman.

The great Haroun, who, it is well known, had a strong inclination to raise from obscurity talent of every description, and who acted on the maxim of "Set a thief

* This Ahmed ed Deouf, elsewhere called the Kourid, is first mentioned in the tale of Alischar and Smaragdine, published in the December Number of the Lady's Magazine; he

to catch a thief," thought proper to employ these two men in his new police. He gave to each of them a yearly allowance of a thousand pieces of gold, and placed two bands of forty men at their disposal. To the one was intrusted the security of the city of Bagdad, while the other was ordered to exercise a strict surveillance over the banks of the river Tigris. The Emir Khaled, who was appointed *wah*, or lieutenant of police, traversed the city with these two new authorities, to announce that they were the Khalif's public officers, and were so to be considered by the people of Bagdad. At that time an old woman, named Dalila the Crafty, dwelt in Bagdad, with her daughter, who was called Zeineb the Cheat. This girl, as soon as she heard the proclamation, ran to her mother.

"Mother!" exclaimed she, "here are fine times for rogues: that hang-dog, Hassan Schouman, and that wretched Ahmed ed Deouf, who was expelled as a common cheat from Cairo, and took refuge at Bagdad, are for the future to march, one on the right, and the other on the left hand of the Khalif, as his officers; they are to enjoy the privilege of appearing at court; and are, moreover, to receive a yearly pension of a thousand ducats each: while we, whose talents are so superior in our vocation, may starve for want of encouragement, for aught the Khalif cares."

These words made a profound impression on the mind of Dalila, and of her husband, who had formerly been in the service of a *cadi*.

Dalila was a perfect sorceress in the matter of knavery and roguish tricks. The serpent was not more cunning; and Satan himself might have taken lessons from her. Her father had formerly held a place at the court of the Khalif. He had charge of the royal carrier pigeons, — a post of great trust and profit, and which, on his death, was not continued to his family. The cessation of an office so lucrative rendered them extremely discontented, and awakened no little spite and rage within the bosoms of Dalila and her daughter, when they heard of the advancement of the two thieves.

"Well, mother," said Zeineb, "if court favour is to be obtained by knavish tricks, we may hold up our heads with the highest. I will answer for it, that in a few hours you can make all Bagdad ring with your name."

"We shall see, my daughter; and yet it is difficult to imagine a bold exploit that will surpass the doings of Ahmed ed Deouf and Hassan Schouman, those two master thieves. Nevertheless, we shall see — we shall see."

Muttering these words to herself, she put on a large flowing vestment of wool, and girded herself with a broad cincture of the same material, took in her hand a basin and an ewer with holy water, and put in the bottom of the ewer three pieces of gold. She next equipped herself with an enormous rosary, garnished with green, yellow, and red beads. In this disguise of a devotee, she traversed the city, reciting her prayers and orisons at the highest pitch of her voice, and casting her glances around in search of dupes. She arrived at last in a wide street, where she halted under a grand portico, surmounted by a cornice of marble; the gate was of sandal wood, ornamented with strong rings of bronze. This was the palace of one of the Khalif's great officers — the Emir Hassan, surnamed the Ill-behaved, for with him the blow generally preceded the word. He was married to a young and beautiful woman, but had no children. One day Hassan the Ill-behaved returned from the bath, and, surveying himself in the mirror, perceived at least half a dozen grey hairs in his beard. This discovery gave rise to a crowd of anxious thoughts; he remembered that all his brother nobles had been attended to the divan by at least one or two of their boys, and he reflected that grey hairs had already overtaken him, ere blessed by Allah with an heir to whom might descend the honours of his tribe and line. Full of these thoughts, he rushed into his wife's apartments, and, with the utmost violence of words and manner, reproached her for being childless.

"These reproaches," replied his wife, "ought not to be levelled at me, but at destiny, that did not ordain thee to be a

appears to have been a noted character, and was doubtless a personage of real life. This most curious tale, which throws great light on the domestic manners and customs of the Arabians, is evidently of more modern composition than those translated by Galland; this we gather from the mention of coffee, which, to the best of our recollection, does not appear in the published Arabian Tales.

father. If thou wert a man of pious and holy life, perhaps Allah might grant thee the boon thou desirest; but how can he who bears the appellation of Hassan the Ill-behaved expect to have such a favour accorded to him?"

To this speech Hassan made a rejoinder, that proved how well his surname was deserved; and the discussion waxed so loud and violent, that it reached the ears of Dalila, who stood praying beneath the lattice in an audible tone, and thinking in her heart that the dispute boded her some good.

"Listen," said the young wife of the Emir, "to that holy woman, who is surrounded by the benedictions of Heaven, and whose prayers are never addressed to Allah in vain; let us endeavour to obtain the benefit of them. Go," she continued, to one of her slaves, "tell the old sheik, our porter, to kiss the hands of the pious woman now praying in the street, and say to her that I desire her presence instantly."

The slaves obeyed the orders of their mistress; and the porter accosted Dalila, whom he took for a holy woman. He would have kissed her hands, but she obstinately refused this mark of homage. The porter, who for more than three months had not received a drachm of his wages, begged her to pour a few drops of holy water, from the ewer, on his hands, in order that they might bring him good luck in this world, and happiness in the next. Dalila complied with his request, and with the holy water out came the three pieces of gold she had put into the bottom of the ewer. The porter would have restored them to her.

"Preserve me from the riches and vanities of this world," cried she, rejecting the money. "Some pious soul has privately slipped this alms into my ewer of holy water. Allah has destined it for you; receive it in the place of that thy master oweth thee, and which thou darest not demand, lest he should overwhelm thee with heavy blows."

"Ah!" exclaimed the porter, as he admitted her, "this is what I call a holy and wise woman!"

The wife of the Emir would have ordered her slaves to serve a sumptuous banquet to the devotee; but Dalila declined it, declaring that she kept a continual fast, and did not eat oftener than thrice in the year. "I only come," she added, "to alleviate your affliction, and to give you my advice, according to the

wisdom with which Allah has endowed me."

The youthful spouse then recounted her troubles to Dalila, who appeared perfectly familiar with them, having heard the dispute as she stood under the lattice.

"My daughter," said she, "the best counsel I can give you is to obtain the prayers of my uncle, the holy sheik Abon Hassan, surnamed the Father of Burdens. He is thus named, because all run to him for counsel in their afflictions. He alone can aid you in this matter."

"But how am I to implore his prayers," said the wife of the Emir, "seeing that I never go out, and know not where to seek your uncle, the Father of Burdens?"

"Come with me," replied Dalila; "I will conduct you to the holy sheik, and plead your cause to him; you will soon reap the blessings that ever attend his prayers."

The wife of Hassan the Ill-behaved was splendidly attired; and ever and anon did the pretended devotee cast a greedy eye on her rich bracelets and necklace, which she already considered as her own.

The porter demanded of his mistress the reason of her leaving the house. "I go," she replied, "with this holy woman, to request the prayers of the good sheik Abou Hassan, the Father of Burdens."

"May Allah bless and guide your footsteps!" said the porter; "that holy woman knows the troubles of all good people, and how to relieve them; she has given me three pieces of gold!"

"My daughter," said Dalila to the lady, "follow me at some distance, that you may not be impeded by the crowd of people who will importune me for my prayers."

Thus they proceeded, Dalila somewhat in advance of the lady, till they reached the bazar. As they passed the shop of a young merchant called Adi Hassan, the old woman said to the Emir's wife,—"Walk on slowly, my daughter, and in a few moments I will overtake you."

Having retraced her own steps, she found the young merchant standing in ecstasy before his own door, and perfectly transported with the figure and mien of the young lady who had just passed him.

"Peace be with you, Adi Hassan!"

said Dalila; "the beauty on whom you have been gazing is my daughter, whom I have suffered to walk in the street for the first time. Her father has left her a considerable dowry, and I think it time to find her a good husband. I have cast my eyes on you for a son-in-law. You can hardly find a better match than my daughter, who possesses the three great requisites — talent, wealth, and beauty.

"Mother," replied the merchant, "for the first two requisites I am willing to take your word; but as to the third, I shall judge with my own eyes, and must see her unveiled before I strike the bargain."

"Leave that to me," said Dalila; "we shall contrive some means of seeing her. Follow me at a distance."

The young merchant hurried into his house, attired himself in his best apparel, put a purse of a thousand ducats in his girdle, and then followed the old woman.

Dalila next went into the shop of a dyer close by, and greeted him him thus: — "Peace be with you, dyer Mohammed! see you not that young woman, and at a little distance a young man? these are the children that Allah has bestowed on me. The house in which we live is very old, and threatens to tumble down every day. My children are obliged to abandon it while undergoing repair, and I have come to hire a room in your house as an abiding place for them."

"You could not have come to a better person," said the dyer, "and are as welcome as the foam to the coffee; I have many apartments which I only use when the caravans arrive loaded with indigo. I do not expect them for some months, and you can occupy them till that time."

"Oh!" replied the old sorceress, "I do not want them for more than a month or two, till my house is repaired. You shall have no reason to complain of my generosity, for I have the spirit of a true Arab."

"Take these three keys," said the dyer: "the largest, which is crooked, opens the street door; the second, the chamber; and the smallest, the little room through the chamber."

Dalila, having received the keys, beckoned to the Emir's wife, who was still waiting in the street; and unlocking the door, invited her to enter the dyer's house.

"My daughter," said she, "this is the dwelling of the holy sheik, my uncle; and of my son, who is about to embrace the calling of a dervise: come up till I can prepare him for your arrival; in the mean time, I must inform you that his austerity and sanctity are so excessive, that he abhors the sight of jewels, and all splendid ornaments; you must therefore divest yourself of your diamonds, otherwise, instead of listening to your petition, he would fly on you in a fit of holy indignation, and tear off your necklace and bracelets. Let me advise you to give them to me, and I will convey them out of his sight."

The young lady, who was as simple as she was beautiful, immediately unclasped her jewels, and gave them to Dalila, who, as she clutched them, could scarcely conceal her joy. She then hurried to her other dupe, the young merchant, whom she found waiting below, impatient to behold his intended bride. Dalila advanced towards him with a look of disappointment.

"Adi Hassan," she said, "I have in vain used all my authority to prevail upon my daughter to receive you unveiled; her modesty is so invincible that she refuses compliance with my commands; but as she is very devout, she would unveil if she supposed you to be a holy sheik. You can obtain a sight of her face only by assuming the character of a religious hadgi just returned from Mecca; and that you may play the part with tolerable accuracy, I will lend you this long woollen cloak which covers my dress: the rosary you must wind round your wrist."

The young merchant eagerly complied with this proposal. Having thrown aside his pelisse and girdle, without casting a thought on the money contained in the latter, he attired himself according to the directions of the deceitful serpent, who ushered him into the outer chamber, where she advised him to wait till summoned. She then pounced on her prey, bundled up Adi Hassan's habit and money, with the jewels, and betook herself to the dyer's shop.

"I hope," said the dyer, "you are satisfied with the apartments?"

"Yes," replied the old woman; "I have already brought thither my children and their goods, but they have not yet thought of purchasing any thing to eat. Will you do me the favour of taking this

piece of gold, of going to market, and providing us with bread, meat, and other viands?"

"Willingly," said dyer Mohammed, and trotted away to fulfil the bidding of his respectable inmate, who promised to mind his shop till his return.

Just afterwards an ass-driver passing by was called by Dalila.

"Conductor of asses," she said, "do you know this shop, and my son Mohammed the dyer?"

"Perfectly well," was the reply.

"Poor young man!" continued Dalila in a doleful tone, "his worldly affairs are going wrong: he has sent for me, his old mother, to help him in his difficulties. My advice is, that he instantly convey his goods out of the reach of his rapacious creditors, by concealing them in my house; so load your asses with what you see before you."

The ass-driver hastened to obey, and in a trice loaded his asses with the most valuable contents of the shop. Dalila told him she would lead the asses to the place of their destination, and return for another load, whilst he, for more speedy conveyance, packed up the bulkier articles.

"Here is a pretty beginning, daughter Zeineb!" cried Dalila, when she had displayed her prizes; "as our proverb says, 'At the first crack of the whip I have started four ninnies;' the wife of the Emir, the young merchant, the dyer, and the driver of asses."

"Bravely done!" replied Zeineb; "but in a few hours we shall find Bagdad too hot to hold us."

When the dyer returned to his shop with the provisions, he found the ass-driver hard at work tearing up the planks and benches on which his cloth was wont to be extended: not a piece of cloth had Dalila left in the shop.

"What art thou about, conductor of asses?" cried the dyer.

"Be thankful, dyer Mohammed," said the ass-driver, "that thy mother and myself have saved from the paws of thy creditors thy goods and household stuff."

"What art thou raving about, man of asses?" shouted Mohammed in a tone of consternation; "my mother has been in her grave these fifteen years, and I have not a debt in the world!"

"Make no mystery about the matter," said the ass-driver, in a confidential tone:

"I know all about thy bankruptcy: meanwhile I should be glad if thy mother and my asses would return; I have another load ready."

At this the dyer flew into a violent rage, and began to belabour the driver of asses, who, in his turn, became alarmed for the safety of his animals: his anxiety, together with the pain of the blows, caused him to raise a most hideous outcry. A crowd of neighbours was speedily collected to the spot: each of the disputants rushed to tell his story first, and to prove that he was in the right.

"Do you know this old woman?" said one of the neighbours to the dyer.

"Extremely well," replied Mahommed; "her son and daughter are now abiding under my roof."

"Oh, well!" answered the neighbours, "then you will soon hear tidings of the asses, and of the merchandise."

While the dyer and ass-driver were holding this dispute, the wife of the Emir, and Adi Hassan, the young merchant, experienced the most lively impatience; one to behold the holy sheik, the other to see his future spouse.

At last, tired of waiting, Adi Hassan opened the chamber-door, and found himself in the presence of the young lady.

"I salute you, my affianced!" said he, gazing with the utmost admiration on her lovely face, which was unveiled: "where is your mother, and the dowry which she promised me?"

"My mother has long been dead; but yours promised me that the holy man, Abou Hassan, Father of Burdens, should soon appear."

"How!" exclaimed Adi Hassan; "the old woman who changed my pelisse for this devout habit, is she not your mother? I am astonished!"

"I am no less so than yourself, if she is not yours!"

"Some secret understanding evidently exists between you," returned the young merchant; "but you must immediately restore my garment and girdle which have vanished with the sorceress your mother, or you will fare the worse."

"What!" exclaimed the young lady, "would you render me accountable for your own folly and credulity? I leave every one to judge which of us is most likely to hold intelligence with this old woman, who, by false pretences, has, I fear, carried off my jewels."

During this altercation, in came the dyer and the ass-driver.

"Where is your mother?" demanded both the new comers, in a breath.

"She is no mother of ours," with one accord replied the others, who, in turn, recounted their adventures.

"Ah, my shop!"

"Ah, my asses!"

"Ah, my thousand pieces of gold!"

"Ah, my diamonds!"

Such was the chorus of lamentations

heard at the conclusion of these recitals. Dalila's dupes then separated: the young lady went home to Hassan the Ill-behaved, to communicate to him, as she best might, the loss of her jewels; while the merchant Adi Hassan, the ass-driver, and the dyer, appeared before the wali to complain of these rogueries.

"Go," said the wali to Ahmed ed Deouf, the head of the Bagdad police; "search the town for this old serpent, and bring her before our tribunal."

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE MOUNTAINEERS.

KEEN blows the winter's chilling blast,
With clouds the sky is overcast,
The snow-storm, see, is coming fast,
And all around is cheerless;
Downward, the hardy mountaineer
Through devious path is seen to steer
Towards home—to all he loves so dear—
With blithesome heart, and fearless.

And as the well known path he winds,
That chilling blast he nothing minds;
Nought to intimidate he finds,
Although by night o'ertaken;
Accustomed he alike to meet
Stern winter's cold and summer's heat,
With cheerfulness can either greet,
And fortitude unshaken.

Darkly the awful tempest lowers,
Descending now in driving showers,
The mountain torrent downward pours,
By nought is he affrighted.
Fearlessly on he tracks his way,
Seeking to catch the cheerful ray,
Whose very glimmering shines so gay
To traveller benighted.

Behind he leaves the mountain stream—
Descries that welcome glimmering beam
Through latticed casements taught to gleam—
The cottage door is entered.
His wife he clasps, his child so dear;
O happy, happy mountaineer!
In them thy every joy and fear,
Thy every care, is centered.

THE DEEP—DEEP SNOW.

A WINTER SONG OF THE MOUNTAINEERS.

HASTE on—haste on, nor heed the storm;
 The thought of home our hearts shall warm,
 Though loud the wild winds blow:
 Then droop not yet, our mountain song
 Shall cheer us as we pass along
 Across the deep—deep snow.

And should some way-lost traveller hear
 Our voices stealing on his ear,
 'Twill joy his heart to know
 The mountaineers are near at hand,
 To guide him through a stranger land,
 Across the deep—deep snow.

Then speed we on—the sleet falls fast,
 The trees are bending to the blast,
 The air is thick below:
 But one more leaguc of toil and pain,
 And then—our mountain home we gain,
 Beyond the deep—deep snow.

Review of Literature, Fine Arts, etc.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

GERMAN POETICAL ANTHOLOGY, preceded by a concise History of German Poetry, and short Notices of the Authors selected. Second Edition. *By A. Bernays.* Treuttel and Co., Hurst and Co., &c.

IN reviewing this useful work, it were foreign to our purpose to enter deeply into the subject of German poetry or German literature in general. On these points the introductory essay prefixed to Mr. Bernays' work will afford ample instruction to the learner, while it may guide to more extensive sources of information the student who has already made some progress. We cannot, however, dismiss this interesting subject without a brief notice of some of the most celebrated German writers, who by their genius imparted a vigorous direction to the literature of their country; for which the sublimity of their conceptions, aided by the bold and generally romantic graces of a descriptive style may be said to have founded a new era. We feel the more

disposed to this task, as, from the long list of names, to each of which, in the prosecution of his design, the author of the German Poetical Anthology was obliged to devote a portion of his space, his notice of each has been necessarily limited, and as those whom we shall select for the consideration of the reader have exercised a most important influence on their national literature.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, a servile adherence to the ancient classic models prevailed throughout the literature of Europe. The influence at that period exercised by France, and the spirit of imitation with which the Germans were justly reproached, tended to the degradation of their literature, and produced, even from their most gifted writers, but cold and feeble copies of the French models, then universally admired. Gellert, Gottsched, Cronegk, and other German authors of some distinction in their day, confined themselves to spiritless translations from the French, without reflecting that the difference of language,

feelings, and customs must eventually check the growth of the exotic which they designed to naturalise on the German soil. The first amongst the authors of that country who imparted a tone of originality to her literature was Lessing; a poet who to a lively imagination united an aptitude for study and reflection, and who successfully combated the sterile theory founded on a formal adoption of classic rules. His judicious criticisms and his original compositions, exemplifying precept by practice, traced a new career for the dramatic authors of Germany, and laid the foundation of her literary revolution, in the glory of which his name is associated with those of Klopstock, Schiller, and Goethe. Though inferior to the great authors amongst whom we have momentarily classed him, it is no mean tribute of praise to Lessing to designate him as a useful fellow-labourer in the cause, ennobled by the efforts of writers who, standing unrivalled amidst their own countrymen, influenced even the literature of foreign nations, and whose works will be admired so long as the inspirations of genius can sway the feelings, improve the heart, and excite the enthusiasm of civilised man.

The celebrated author of "The Messiah," from the outset of his literary career, was ranked by his admiring countrymen as scarcely inferior to Milton. Klopstock was not gifted with a fertile imagination, but rather with the enthusiastic disposition which forms the distinctive character of German writers, and to which he united habits of reflection and unwearied research. To his poem of "The Messiah" criticism has objected a certain austerity of conception, and the unnecessary introduction of theological subtleties. From many of Milton's defects he is free, though gifted neither with the sublimity nor the originality of the English bard; to the treasures of whose poetry he is probably indebted for the inspiration which gave birth to his grand work, "The Messiah." This partial advantage is explained by the fact that Klopstock flourished a century later than Milton, and that during the interval antiquity had lost much of its factitious charm, whilst philosophy had emancipated religion from the trammels of ignorance and superstition. As a lyric poet, Klopstock had few equals amongst his con-

trymen; his odes display a degree of originality not always perceptible in his epic compositions. The boldness of his inversions often renders his style obscure; he seems, in a word, to have sacrificed clearness of conception to force of expression. This, however, is scarcely a defect in the eyes of a nation habituated to the discussion of abstract truths, even under the light and gracious form of poetry. Madame de Staël, in her admirable work on German literature, has done ample justice to the genius of Klopstock, and through the medium of a French translation has familiarised her readers with many of his most beautiful odes.

Though differing essentially from Klopstock, both in the nature of his studies and in the character of his genius, Schiller occupies a no less elevated rank amongst the authors who have shed lustre on the literary annals of Germany. He is known both as a historian and a poet; though to the inspirations of his muse he is principally indebted for his distinguished reputation. His most finished works, published towards the end of the last century, consist of two volumes of poetry and a number of dramatic compositions. His genius, unlike that of Klopstock, was dedicated neither to religious nor political subjects: his poetical effusions had their source in the profound sensibility of his nature, or, to quote the expressive language of Byron, in "the freshness of the heart." As a tragic writer his place is incontestably marked amongst the master spirits of his age. In his first essays he seems to have followed the track, and to have imitated even the defects of Shakespeare. Most of his dramas have a foundation in modern history; and the reader who is acquainted with his beauties finds some difficulty in deciding for which quality he is more worthy of admiration, for his patient industry, or for the happy facility with which he embodied the annals of the different nations whose records have furnished the outline of his compositions. Among his *chefs-d'œuvre* will be found "The Robbers;" "Fiesco;" "Intrigue and Love;" "Don Carlos;" "Joan of Arc;" "The Bride of Messina;" and "William Tell." A critical analysis of his works has been given with so much spirit by the celebrated authoress to whom we have already alluded, that we must

refer to her pages the German student who seeks more ample and interesting details on so difficult a subject.

Goethe, who may be termed the Nestor of German literature, has long been known through one of the most brilliant productions of his youth, "The Sorrows of Werter." In alluding to this work, we must be understood as speaking solely with reference to the vast mental power which it displays, and as wholly avoiding all discussion on the oft-argued subject of its questionable morality. It were difficult to say in what species of composition this writer is least admirable: history, romance, the drama, literary criticism, poetry, have by turns exercised his genius and proved its extent. To the theatre his talents have been much devoted; and whether in the portraiture of existing national manners, or of those which characterised Germany during the middle ages, no dramatist of the present day has more nearly approached perfection. Among the most remarkable of his plays are "Götz von Berlichingen;" "The Count d'Egmont," and "Faust;" but from the peculiar nature of their excellence, even highly gifted writers could scarcely hope to imitate them with success. In lyric poetry Goethe, though in some respects inferior to Schiller, is distinguished by his originality. In his romances, as in many of his other productions, he has ably developed his opinions on literary and philosophical questions.

We have selected these writers for the most prominent subjects of our notice, chiefly from the consideration that they have contributed to a greater extent than any of their contemporaries to introduce and cherish amongst their countrymen a taste for national literature. Since the system of imitation adopted by the early German writers has been abandoned, the progress made by that people has been immense. In lyric poetry, especially, no modern nation can boast a greater number of remarkable authors. To the distinguished names on which we have already dwelt many others, might be added, did we not fear to prolong our remarks to an undue extent. Our omission on this point is amply supplied by the clear and summary view of German literature with which Mr. Bernays opens his interesting treatise. We now conclude with a cordial recommendation of his work to the perusal of every German student, who

will derive solid instruction from the prefatory observations on German poetry, as well as abundant gratification from the many beautiful selections diffused throughout the volume.

THE DOCTRINE OF UNIVERSAL PARDON,
by Andrew Thomson, D.D. late Minister
of St. George's Church, Edinburgh.
8vo. Wm. White & Co. Edinburgh.
Longman & Co. London. 1830.

SCARCELY had Mr. Erskine promulgated his opinions upon the subject of universal pardon, than there arose in Scotland, and particularly in Edinburgh, a religious and acrimonious controversy. Even in the French capital greater alarm could not have been created by the unexpected sounding of the tocsin during a season of supposed tranquillity, than was felt by the Kirk upon the publication of Mr. Erskine's work. In addition to the fame acquired by the display of his powers as an advocate, he had gained a high reputation as the avowed author of *Internal Evidences*; a work, however, far too astute to be useful to the general reader: one, indeed, in which the investigator finds his steps clogged with accumulations of reasonings, and his course through the mazy intricacies of argument upon argument so retarded, that the small and meagre octavo is far more to be dreaded than a huge folio.

It is, nevertheless, a work which displays considerable merit and depth of reasoning. To overcome the effects visibly produced upon the community by the second production of so able a writer, viz. the essay "On Universal Pardon," Dr. Thomson, whose lamentably sudden death is recorded in our present number, exerted the utmost efforts of his zeal and energy.

The church of St. George's at Edinburgh was the arena chosen for the display of those surprising faculties for which the late reverend gentleman was so justly celebrated. At the termination of the year 1829, and the beginning of the past year, the sacred edifice was crowded on each succeeding Sabbath, by the rank and fashion of the northern capital; and none perhaps, but those who were present can form a just idea of the gifted powers of the reverend divine, under such circumstances, con-

tending against an acute reasoner, admired by his numerous and distinguished followers, and maintaining principles the contrary of which he deemed unscriptural, and therefore untrue. Dr. Thomson writes in his preface:—

When I began the following course of sermons, I certainly had no intention to publish them, nor was it my purpose to enter so largely, as I have ultimately done, into the discussions with which they are occupied. But finding, as I advanced, that the sentiments, which it is their object to refute, were more prevalent than I at first suspected, and anxious to guard my congregation against such erroneous doctrines and such perversions of Scripture as were afloat, I felt myself called upon to enlarge my original plan.

With reference to Mr. Erskine's printed opinions on the particular subject now before us, Dr. Thomson continues:—

Like his former volume, it is extremely rambling in its observations, and altogether incapable of being analysed. I have endeavoured, however, in my notes, to make such remarks on what is contained in both productions as to show that their author's reasonings are as inconclusive, and his interpretations of Scripture as perverse, as his opinions are unsound and mischievous.

Without offering an opinion of our own upon the particular point, it might seem as if Mr. Erskine had threatened a mastery over his antagonist, as the Doctor himself, *unceremoniously*, we might have said without any impropriety, perhaps, *uncourteously*, thus concludes his remarks:—

A minute and more lengthened exposure of his blunders might have been expedient, but enough has been said, I flatter myself, to deprive his oracular sayings of that influence which they appeared to be exercising over ignorant and inconsiderate minds.

It might here be asked, Had these sermons never been printed, could or rather would the reverend doctor have included the enlightened congregation of St. George's amongst the class of the ignorant and inconsiderate? For whose benefit, therefore, did he preach? Or if printed, is it very likely that these same ignorant and inconsiderate minds should care to know the truths conveyed to them, or to possess the power of discriminating between truth and error?

As we proceed further, however, he himself, at p. 362., answers our enquiry.

"My object," he says, "has not been so much to cure those who are already labouring under the malady; for with such argument, however appropriate and strong, seems to make the disease more inveterate; as to guard the young, the unwary, the inexperienced, who are still sound in the faith, against the danger of infection, and to provide them with adequate means of safety."

But the divines of the Presbyterian church delight much in controversy, as our tourist, in his "New Year's Day in the North," which appeared in our last number, rather frankly intimated: but when we say *controversy*, we mean the inclination for dispute upon self-opiniated principles. But here again the Doctor in part appears to meet our remarks, and we will give his own explanation; it is at p. 249.

Why, my friends, if we are real Christians, controversy is our daily, our continual occupation. We have a controversy with the prejudices of our own understandings and with the corruptions of our own hearts. We have a controversy with the world around us, that "lieth in wickedness," and amidst whose allurements and hostilities we are doomed to dwell. We have a controversy with the great enemy of our souls, "who goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." We have a controversy with all these as our spiritual foes, who are perpetually assailing us, with whom it is our duty to wage a good, and vigorous, and persevering warfare, and in contending with whom victory is recompensed with heaven—defeat has its issue in hell."

Such controversy as this, we are ready to admit, is the duty of a preacher: but there is a spirit of controversy, which forsakes the substance, and seizes the shadow. This is the controversy which *ought* to be avoided by all men, but more especially by the ministers of religion. Mr. Erskine's remarks gave birth to many pamphlets and discourses of all kinds from the clergy throughout Scotland.

The text was taken from Psalm cxxx. 7, 8. "Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him there is plentiful redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities." This single text furnished abundant matter for twelve sermons.

The preacher enters largely into the distinctions between goodness and mercy.

"The *mercy* of God must and will," he says, "extend to communicate to him (man)

the blessings that are suited to his state. And nothing can occur to frustrate that gracious purpose, or to detract either from its extent or its efficiency. On the contrary, the wisdom of God must provide most skilfully for the full execution of it: the power of God will overcome all obstacles and all oppositions that may come in its way: the truth of God will guarantee every effort that may be required for its fulfilment: and the justice of God, which, by itself, is so terrible to the transgressor, will be put forth to realise every thing that it has engaged to confer, with as much strictness and rectitude as it would have exhibited in inflicting punishment on the guilty, had no mercy interposed for their salvation."

We are thus led to the following conclusion:—

His mercy is sovereign and gratuitous, and therefore it can only be displayed when every other quality that belongs to him is fully maintained, and there is no sacrifice of the honour that is due to each, and of the consistency which pervades the whole. Whenever his mercy cannot be exercised without refusing the demands of his justice, or without bringing into question the immutability of his faithfulness, or without denying the irresistible energy of his power, or without impeaching the infallibility of his wisdom, or without throwing suspicion on the absolute purity of his nature—in these cases his mercy cannot be exercised at all; for the exercise of it would involve some shortcoming in his perfection, which is necessarily unqualified and unlimited. It is only of this attribute that it can be said, "He will have mercy on whom he will have mercy:" of every other attribute it is requisite that we predicate positive and peremptory operation. He *must* be holy; he *must* be wise; he *must* be powerful; he *must* be just; he *must* be true; he *must* be each and all of these, whatever betide his universe; and if we, his apostate creatures, cannot be the objects of his mercy, except by some surrender of the homage due to them, or some violation of the harmony that reigns among them, his mercy cannot save and cannot reach us."

Dr. Thomson then speaks of the atonement in Christ crucified, whereby

"God in his mercy laid a foundation for hope that is deep, and broad, and stable. And be your transgressions ever so aggravated, and your pollutions ever so multiplied, and your wretchedness ever so deplorable, here is a remedy for them all. But," he continues, "if you refuse to acquiesce in the dispensation by which it is appointed that these blessings should be conveyed to you,

and persevere in the ungodly course you have been hitherto pursuing, this mercy, which it so liberally offered to you, will only add to your guilt and your condemnation."

We have thus, we believe, fairly set forth the views of the learned divine upon this very important subject; and we need only mark the acumen of his writing. In these short extracts will be found the essence of the dispute, and of the subject-matter for discussion; our limits almost preclude us from entering more fully into the merits of the two controvertists. The first sermon was preached on a sacrament sabbath, of which there are generally but two in the year. On this occasion the concourse was immense, the members of other churches, for the sake of convenience, uniting with those of St. George's.

In concluding his first discourse, from which these extracts have been selected,

"Come, then, to God," he says, "with the confidence that is warranted and emboldened by the manifestation of his mercy here (at his table) brought nigh to you. Come with your prayers and supplications, that they may be preferred and answered. Come with your sins that they may be forgiven,—with your corruptions that they may be subdued,—with your fears that they may be dissipated,—with your wants, that they may be supplied,—with your miseries, that they may be exchanged for joy. Come as you are, that the God of mercy may shower down upon you, and send into your very hearts, all the rich benefits of Christ's purchase, and give you such renewed tokens of his loving kindness as will comfort and gladden you in time, and be a pledge and prelude of the felicities of the eternal world."

In his second sermon he handles the following text, "*With him is plenteous redemption*," and compares the sinner, released from the burden of his iniquities, to a debtor enlarged from his prison house. Further on he says,—

It cannot, indeed, be literally affirmed of him (the sinner) that the expiatory death of Christ has procured the actual pardon of all the iniquities which he may yet commit, as well as those with which he already stands chargeable, so that he can look upon himself as, in his existing state, equally freed from both. Such a doctrine is unscriptural, and it is as dangerous as it is unscriptural and absurd.

Upon a certain basis, this chapter supports the doctrine of universal pardon,—

as some hold a contrary and damnatory doctrine, that there are souls *born* but to perish *everlastingly*.

Here we must for the present leave this volume, replete in every part with matter of the greatest interest; its pages deserve to be generally perused and thoroughly known. On another occasion we may give extracts from the same work, wherein the preacher's powers of oratory may be more immediately apparent; the limited extracts which we are now enabled to give are designed as an humble tribute to his merit.

THE ART OF MINIATURE PAINTING ON IVORY. *By Arthur Parsey.* Longman and Co.

THOSE who have sufficient industry and application to study the information contained in this valuable little work, will derive great benefit from its instructions. It will be found an excellent compendium for such as, previously to taking lessons, desire the assistance of some technical knowledge; and also for those who, after receiving such lessons, seek to imprint them forcibly on the memory. Ladies who wish to understand the charming art of miniature painting in higher perfection than is generally inculcated by mere education practice, will do well to peruse with attention the treatise on miniature colours, and that on their combinations. We must, however, warn the student, that in our opinion the author recommends without sufficient caution the use of lamp-black, which is a dangerous and overpowering ingredient. Certainly "in all labour there is profit," or else we should condemn the study of the problems (which may be considered as mere book-filling articles), and the mechanical guidance of circles in drawing a face. There can be no harm in the practice of these lines and circles; but the only mode of obtaining freedom and beauty is to rely boldly on the eye and hand for the formation of a true and spirited outline. Of this the author seems fully aware, as we may infer from the sensible remarks with which he opens the work.

The first consideration for the juvenile artist and the amateur is *DRAWING*, which it is indispensable to acquire with some proficiency, before they indulge in the pleasing

part of colouring. The fascination of colour is so universal, that the eagerness to commence upon it hinders many from giving drawing its proper attention. Students fancy much practice with the pencil quite unnecessary; but, however great the desire may be to learn this art, they are rarely so fond of the practice of the pencil, as to continue long enough at it to find their powers in drawing adequate to their practice in colour. Colour is pleasing and impresses the mind; drawing is intense, and considered laborious — without system, to make it inviting and genial. Masters yield to the importunities of pupils, which are too often seconded by their friends, who are as anxious as the young folks to see something more showy than mere pencil or chalk drawings. The generality of masters and mistresses of seminaries, and drawing-masters, both at school and in private teaching, can scarcely venture to continue their pupils any length of time upon the fundamental principles of the art; it being so necessary, under the influence of general expectation, for them to produce something which shall court the flattery of visitors and connections; little being thought of such productions as only exhibit those rudiments of form, which alone give propriety to the earliest and the maturest efforts of genius — outline. It is to be regretted that teachers of (reputation) are not left uninfluenced by these considerations, and might advance their pupils only at those periods when their information rendered them truly fit to proceed to the next step in the art.

As far as we can recollect, the use of the scraper has never been described in any other treatise on the art. We recommend particular attention to the author's directions on this subject.

There is much truth in the concluding remarks: we extract the following passage, because experience has convinced us, that if excellent results are not always obtained from such works (and they are often faithful guides), the circumstance must be ascribed to the idleness and impatience of the student, who is generally unwilling to allow the directions a fair trial. We recollect having derived great advantage from a strict adherence to the directions for miniature painting contained in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, although the article to which we allude is by no means so luminous a guide as Mr. Parsey's treatise.

Suppose the process of a picture to go on fairly, the amateur, or the student, gains his object from description; but if, as is most likely to occur, his work perplexes him, and

difficulties, too powerful to surmount, stare him in the face, it is then the usual conclusion that the genius is defective, or the description faulty. The appearance of a picture in process is so different to what it bears in a finished state, that few on commencement are satisfied, that proceeding and finishing will effect their purpose; they desert their work, and begin again and again. Not going on, they at last despair of success. I should say, from description, go on, and in the end (if not the whole) some part will answer the expectation. On other attempts, progressive confidence will be gained, and where the conception was imperfect, perfect ideas will take its place.

For the more rapid accomplishment of this desirable end, I shall suggest a servile observance of the rules laid down; and, regardless of all appearances, to proceed (of course using the best endeavours), then, on conclusion, to criticise the work. Without a finished attempt, the amateur has no standard for comparison. It is more than likely that the subject will be too red or too blue, some parts much too light, or too dark; or lines and edges destroying the harmony, &c. Begin the same subject again; if the reds have predominated in the first attempt, introduce more greys in this — even overdo it intentionally, for contrast sake; for we learn the intermediate effects by violent contrasts.

Were we inclined to cavil, we might point out many inaccuracies of style in this little volume. The author is generally careless, and sometimes faulty in the construction of his sentences. Unfortunately for the sages who write for the benefit of this ungrateful march-of-intellect age, the public are a *leetle* squeamish, and unconsciously require the graces of perspicuous and polished diction, combined with the advantages of solid instruction. "Scribimus indocti doctique;" and, still worse, learned and unlearned are expected to write with the harmony of Addison and the precision of Swift. The very blacking manufacturers have poets, *i. e.* rhymesters, in their pay.

GUY'S *GEOGRAPHIA ANTIQUA*; or, School Treatise on Ancient Geography, upon a New Plan. W. Joy.

WE are much pleased with the arrangement adopted by the author of this excellent geographical manual. The importance of an accurate knowledge of ancient geography needs no illustration; to the classical learner it is indispensable. The

student who is deficient in this respect, finding himself unable to give a local colouring to the scenes described in the Greek and Latin authors comprised in the usual routine of school education, will peruse without interest, often with repugnance, the poets, historians, and even philosophers of antiquity. Nor will the want of geographical information, with regard to places whose names are of frequent occurrence in the works of the ancient classic authors, prove less injurious to the literary pursuits of the mere English reader; many of the translations lately published have acquired a degree of merited popularity; but such works will lose half their utility, should the reader labour under the deficiency, which the treatise now before us is, we think, well calculated to supply.

To facilitate the young student's progress, and to lighten his labour, a larger type has been adopted for the portion of the work containing a simple geographical outline, and which it is absolutely necessary to commit to memory. The passages intended for perusal only, and which comprise much interesting historical matter, have been printed in smaller characters. The practical utility of the treatise has been increased by the addition of a Chronological Table, comprising the principal events from the Creation of the world to the extinction of the Eastern Empire.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY, No. XIII.
Tacitus, translated by Arthur Murphy, Esq. Vol. iii. Colburn and Bentley.

NOTWITHSTANDING the poet's maxim, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," we must heartily recommend this volume as well as its predecessors to the perusal of our fair readers. A portion of original composition is added to supply the lost books of Tacitus. Thanks to the "Family Classical Library," a lady may now, without the slightest imputation of blue-stockings, become rich in the treasures of ancient classic lore.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE MIND. A Poetical Sketch; with Songs, Historical and Romantic. By Charles Swain, Author of *Metrical Essays*.

THE public has long been satiated with

volumes of fugitive poetry, which possess nothing beyond their external appearance to arrest the attention of the reader.

The book is taken up, carelessly glanced over, flung down, and forgotten; neither the author nor his work leave the slightest impression upon the memory.

With feelings almost amounting to aversion we submit to the task of examining one of these ephemeral productions. The genius of poetry has been too long debased by such abortive attempts of the sentimental dealers in other men's thoughts. The traffic is but too common; and we may wade through half a score of volumes without finding one original thought, one bright conception, on which the author may hope to lay the foundation of future fame.

With far different feelings we have perused the volume before us. Mr. Swain is not unknown to the public; his "Metrical Essays" established his reputation as an author of some genius and greater promise. He has not disappointed our expectations. "The Beauties of the Mind" is a poem displaying considerable power, and replete with poetic beauty. The title is unprepossessing; but more has been done than might have been anticipated from the commencement, which is in bad taste, and overloaded with epithets. We regret that Mr. Swain has not extended his subject; that he has passed so rapidly over it; but as condensation is the order of the day, his readers will have no cause to complain of the lengthiness of his poem. To be duly appreciated it must be read as a whole. We shall therefore give the two closing verses as a fair specimen of the author's powers, and leave him to plead his own cause.

When Time stands mute before Eternity,
And the God-gifted mind, new filled with
light

From living fountains, glorified and free,
Soars in transcendent majesty and might,
An angel in its first immortal flight,
Gazing upon the heaven of heavens, to find
The bliss of wings, the ecstasy of sight,
A glory amidst glories of its kind —
A disembodied soul! a re-created mind!

Then, and then only, may the clouds that
hide

The stars of inspiration burst away;
Then may the gates of knowledge open wide,
And genius find its own eternal ray.
Oh! for the coming of that future day —
The Spirit-light — the intellectual dower —
The melody of that undying lay —

The bliss — the bloom of that Elysian flower,
When Time shall breathe no more, when
tombs

Have lost their power!

Many of the minor poems which make up the rest of the volume possess great merit. "The Village Queen" is a sweet, unaffected, natural sketch. We extract the following, more on account of its brevity and sweet flowing numbers than from any decided preference which it may claim over a number of graceful little poems.

GIVE ME THE NIGHT.

Give me the night, love, the beautiful night!
When the stars in the heavens are glittering
bright,
When the flowers are asleep on their pillows
of leaves,
And no murmur is near save the sigh the
heart heaves;
When the spirit of tenderness hallows the
scene,
And memory turns fondly to days that have
been,
When the valley's sweet waters reflect the
moonlight;
Give me the night, love, the beautiful night!

Give me the night, be it starless and long,
When the gay hall is sounding with music
and song,
When the genius of poetry breathes her deep
power!
And ah! love itself is more lovely that hour,
When the dark curls of beauty more grace-
fully shine,
And the eyes, bright by day, are at evening
divine!
When all is enchantment that blesses the
sight;
Oh! give me the night, love, the beautiful
night!

THE FAMILY CABINET ATLAS. Con-
structed on an original Plan, and en-
graved on Steel, by Mr. Thos. Sterling.
Published monthly. Bull.

SINCE our last two additional num-
bers of this work have reached us, they
in every respect merit the commend-
ations which we have bestowed on their
predecessors.

AN ONLY SON. By the Author of "My
Early Days." London, 1831.

TRUTH and nature are the character-
istics of Mr. Kennedy's works, either in

verse or prose. The simplicity of the one, and the strength and beauty of the other, are strikingly developed in the volume before us. It is but too true to nature. No splendid tissue of romantic incidents is presented to the reader, to fire his imagination and awaken his curiosity. The story of "An Only Son" is an unaffected narrative of plain and touching facts. The hero is no sentimental representative of an ancient house, but the son of a respectable tradesman in a small country town, Robert Earnshaw, a living portrait sketched by a masterly hand, in which the faults and follies incidental to human nature are forcibly delineated to form the moral of the tale. In his character and history we find a thousand traits resembling our own; we enter into his situation, sympathise in his sorrows, and feel an individual interest in all that concerns him: we have felt as he has felt—thought as he has thought—and wept as he has wept. The season of childhood, with all its unsuspected cares and over-rated pleasures, the trials and temptations of youth, return to us strong in the light of memory, and on closing the volume we exclaim—This is no creation of the poet's fancy, it is reality! A spirit of benevolence, and a wish to benefit his fellow-creatures, pervades every page of Mr. Kennedy's book, which contains an admirable moral lesson both for parents and children. To the one it points out the fatal effects which an undue severity of manner, however well intended, is calculated to produce upon the mind of a child. Such consequences must ever ensue, when fear becomes the predominant passion, and love operates upon the heart only at a distance from the object to which it is bound by the sacred ties of consanguinity. Filial affection cannot exist in perfection, without confidence—without a reciprocity of sentiment and feeling; a sense of duty will not long restrain a child from sinning against a parent, whilst that parent continues to enforce his authority with severity, and to watch every action with a suspicious eye. The child becomes keenly alive to the implied distrust of the rectitude of his conduct; and, resenting such injustice, endeavours, by artifice, to elude the vigilance of the parent. Whilst Mr. Kennedy strikingly illustrates the many and great evils arising from this abuse of power in the father, he by no means attempts to

excuse the conduct of the son. Possessing a consummate knowledge of the human heart, he traces the effects produced by an erroneous education to their original cause, and does ample justice to the character both of the father and the son.

With equal truth he points out the unhappy consequences, which an injudicious and fanatical enforcement of religious duties generally produces on the mind of youth: he shows the folly of teachers, who, through mistaken zeal, render the noblest of all rational pursuits an abhorred task, by forcing it upon the memory before the reason is sufficiently matured to acknowledge and understand its worth. Religion, like the everlasting blessedness which it promises to the sincere believer, should be the reward of virtuous conduct; and under no consideration should the acquirement of its sacred truths be made the punishment of crime.

That children, whilst very young, have a more vivid perception of right and wrong, and a keener sense of injustice, than most persons are willing to admit, is a truth so admirably described by the author, that we feel pleasure in quoting his words:—

Over-severity of punishment always defeats its object—hardening, in place of mollifying, the disposition, on which equitable correction might have the most beneficial operation. It dishonours Penitence, by attiring her in the weeds of Meanness, and invests Obduracy with the *toga virilis* of Resolution. There are many points of resemblance between unsophisticated boyhood and uncivilised man: none more marked than their mutually ready discernment of, and acquiescent respect for, justice. If parents err in its distribution, it ought to be on the side of clemency. Children cannot penetrate beyond the surface; the look, the word, and the blow, are to them the ultimate signs of condemnation: when these are dealt forth in too hard a measure, they come, like men, to indulge the destructive notion that they are the victims of passion; and that the pains or privations, to which they are compelled to submit, are less the penalty of the offence than the misfortune of the offenders.

Mr. Kennedy's reflections on the evils of war are worthy of a man and a Christian; but our space is too limited to give them in extract;—they will be found amongst the gems of the volume. His

arguments against the barbarous custom of duelling are too excellent to be omitted :—

The duel — that mischievous remnant of feudal manners long denounced by the wisest and best — is falling into disrepute, though there are memorable instances to show the pertinacity with which Folly clings to whatever caters to its insatiably vanity. Over it the exalted philanthropy of religion wields no control. Its complacent insensibility is impenetrable to every weapon, save one which rarely fails in lancing even the callosity of a worldly bosom. Ridicule is the only effective instrument for bringing those to reason, whose insane pride insists on submitting the distinctions of right and wrong to a mode of arbitrament so superlatively ridiculous as the ultimate appeal of modern honour.

Satisfaction must be offered or obtained for injury inflicted or received; what satisfaction? The chance of a pistol-shot at ten or twelve paces. Are superior qualities developed by such an ordeal? Wherein does this blind periling of the person atone for the infraction of the ordinances of Heaven and the covenants of society? Why waste words? To vindictiveness, inordinate self-love, or senseless passion, the duel owes its origin and its continuance.

In tracing the progress of Earnshaw's eventful career, the moral of the tale is never obscured; and every scene presents to our serious consideration an important lesson. There is a degree of poetical justice preserved through the whole. All the trials to which the hero is exposed are the result of his own imprudence; and the friend for whom he deserts his father, his home, and country, is the chief instrument in his punishment and repentance.

It is difficult to select a detached passage from a work like this. Earnshaw's parting with his father, and the reflections which follow, are perhaps the finest scenes in the volume; but the character of Aunt Rebecca is so touchingly exemplified on the return of the prodigal, that we shall take it for our next extract :—

Leaving the wine untasted, I turned from the inn, in the direction of Thorncroft. It was pitch dark; the wind blew piercingly — the rain fell thick and wetting. I was thoroughly drenched ere I arrived at the little gate by which those who approached on foot shortened the way to the farmhouse. At first it eluded my search. In the gloom of the elements, and the tumult of my feel-

ings, I had passed it by. The hand grappled with it uncertainly. The latch had been displaced since I planted the laburnums, three years before, to grace the entrance.

Light beamed from the windows of home, — heart-gladdening light! — Hope's messenger, that outwingeth the breeze, bearing from afar, on its scaphic pinions, smiling remembrances of affection and the fireside! Cheerily rose the flame on the parlour hearth, as, mantled in shadow, I cleared a dripping pane to see if there were aught within that might allay the palpitation of the wanderer. The room was empty. Yes: my father would be superintending the horses and cattle, — his nightly custom. A piece of plain needlework hung on the back of a chair. Thus my aunt ever disposed her relinquished sempstery. She would be required in the kitchen. The familiar furniture, in its respectable old age, retained possession as of yore. There were some innovations: they were but few. A foolish drawing of mine had vanished from the wall. The clock with brazen dial-plate, — which in childhood I venerated as if it were an ancestor, — had been removed from the corner where it clicked for half a century. In its stead, a mahogany beaufet displayed its glossy front. It ought not to have been there: it wanted harmony.

Earnshaw learns that the house is possessed by strangers; that his father during his absence had died of a broken heart; that he had been buried a month previous to his return; and that his worthy aunt was living at a small cottage in the neighbourhood.

It was in Abel's cottage that I had spent the three days, when my extravagance in Glasgow produced my quarrel with my father. A servant and lantern were offered to guide me thither. Darkness and loneliness better suited the temper of my soul, and I declined the civility. Plunging through rain-pools and lanes of mud, I attained the lowly dwelling. Its owner answered my knock. Betraying no token of recognition, he informed me that Mrs. Rebecca Earnshaw was in her own room. I announced myself as the bearer of tidings from her nephew, and was invited to her presence.

Ascending a narrow staircase, I found my venerable relative, though partaking of an altered lot, still preserving all the habits and many of the distinctive memorials of by-gone times. In person she was tall and erect. The lines of age were a little deepened, and the locks which escaped the decent cincture of her mourning cap showed a more decided predominance of the silvery hue. The wakefulness of worldly care ob-

servable in her countenance; when, like Martha, she was "cumbered about much serving," had softened into the resigned expression of one who, chastened by crosses and trials, and weary of temporal mutations, had chosen "that good part which shall not be taken away."

She had been employed in the twofold occupation of knitting and reading. The volume — Willison's Balm of Gilead — elevated on a desk procured in the days of domestic tuition, to save me from stooping in my studies, lay open before her. Among other relics ranged upon a shelf, were the family Bible and the ancestral broadsword. When I crossed the threshold, she passed the glasses of her spectacles through the folds of her apron — saluted me faintly and falteringly — then fixed upon me a look of anxious and piercing scrutiny.

The collar of the dripping outside garment concealed my features: I slipped off the incumbance.

"Aunt! have you forgotten your prodigal?"

The voice thrilled through her frame as it had been the archangel's call to judgment. I was encircled by her paternal embrace. She sank into her chair. My hand was locked in her grasp, and, yielding to the pressure, I bent upon my knee. The light shone full on a face ravaged by war and wasting passions.

It was long ere she could summon power of utterance to the emotions that flooded her eyes and convulsed her lip. Her first words were — "Oh me! oh me! can this be my child?" She wrung her hands, and relapsed into a paroxysm of weeping.

"Spare yourself, dearest aunt! if but for the sake of a wretched penitent, spare yourself! — my punishment is greater than I can bear."

"Ah, Robert! Robert! how is the gold become dim! — how is the most fine gold changed! — the crown is fallen from our head! Woe unto us, that we have sinned!"

Though a woman of strong mind, it cost her a struggle before she overcame the

impression created by the effects of wounds, and affliction. The sight of the empty coat-sleeve, depending from my left side, opened the fountain of her grief afresh. It was her sole consolation that her brother had been removed ere he had drained the cup of sorrow to the dregs.

After the common impulses of nature had forced their way, religion and feminine tenderness dictated the propriety of restraining feelings that tended to crush mine. The waters of reproach retreated to their source. With a delicacy of attention of which it would have been difficult to conceive her capable, she proved herself a Christian mother; alleviating, by the gentlest sympathies, the moral heaviness that lay like lead upon my heart.

"And now, Robert," said she, "can you of a truth say — I have seen the error of my way, and, by my God assisting me, will do so no more?"

"Not for worlds would I retrace my steps, or be again as I have been!"

"Do you remember the words inscribed in the pocket-book I gave you when going to college?"

"No, aunt; no: but I am sure they were good."

"Godliness with contentment is great gain! — these were the words. Will you recollect them hereafter?"

"As long as I live! and, by divine aid, will act upon them. Instead of raising the arm of flesh, I shall henceforth endeavour to fight the good fight."

"Yes, Robert; for 'what doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'"

"Alas! if in this life I had hope, I were of all men most miserable!"

One more extract, and we resign the pen; convinced that the beauty, strength, and originality of the poem with which the volume closes, will form a sufficient excuse for its insertion here: —

How happy are they who can find in reflection,
No act that cries, 'Shame!' — no abhorred recollection;
Whose thoughts shed the light of tranquillity round them,
To cheer and support when the world hath bound them

In cankering chains.

But wretched is he whose career is in blindness;
Who joins hands with hatred, and battles with kindness;
Who, keenly alive to a fine sense of pleasure,
Abandons the cup of delight for a measure

Of poison most foul.

And such have I been, but too long to my sorrow ;
I've done that to-day which I've wept for to-morrow :
Still loving the right, and the wrong still pursuing —
Making vows to be wise, and yet madly renewing
Old follies again.

I have dreams — I have dreams, by these dull midnight embers,
Of things which my soul with reluctance remembers —
Of dear household scenes, where, at morn, drooping-hearted,
With eyes raining tears, in my boyhood I parted
From one now no more!

All empty his seat — it were vain to deplore him —
Yet I wish the deaf grave, for one hour, would restore him ;
Until, from the erring lips prized far too dearly,
He heard his son's grief that he ever severely
A fond bosom pained.

The wish is opposed by the justice of Heaven, —
'Tis right man should suffer before he's forgiven ;
And, oh ! never dagger cut keener or deeper,
Than useless regret o'er the poor silent sleeper

I see through the lattice the stars dimly gleaming,
Blest beacons of hope through a troubled sea beaming;
I turn from their light to the Being who made them,
And pray that the beauty in which he arrayed them
May one day be mine.

Thou knowest, oh Unknown ! who to name can we never !
 Who art that thou art — hast been — still shalt be ever !
 Thou knowest that thy creature, now humbled before thee,
 With his weak human sense doth sincerely adore thee :
Then hear him ! oh, hear !

Oh, hear him ! — this hour — while the hues of his spirit
Are undimm'd by the stain all are born to inherit ;
And grant that, unmov'd by life's joy or life's sorrow,
Man's smile or man's frown, he may act on the morrow
The thoughts of to-night!

I ask not for riches ; — for power I care not ; —
To win them as most mortals win them I dare not :
And the fame which I covet, I'll never here know it ;
I may not deserve it, — ye cannot bestow it,
Blind brothers of clay !

But guide me, O God ! in a course still improving —
As this orb round the sun in thy light always moving :
And let nought unholy arise to conceal thee
From him who, whenever he ceaseth to feel thee,
Contentment hath none.

May my life-time glide on as those night-sands are going,
To eternity's ocean, a quiet stream flowing ;
Oh, my soul ! be thy waters still pure as they now are,
Still bless'd — lest they wander — O Lord ! with thy power
To turn them to thee !

Then I'll grasp thy cold hand, mystic Death ! as the hoary
High-priest of a temple with clouds on its glory ;
And though in the portal the pilgrim may falter,
He'll forward with joy, when he thinks of the altar
Bright burning within !

SONGS FOR THE GRAVE AND GAY. By Thos. Haynes Baily; dedicated to Lady Nugent.

This long-expected volume has at length made its appearance. Many of

the songs are extremely beautiful. The following are among the best, and we believe are the only ones which have not already appeared in some of the Periodicals.

I KNOW A SPOT.

I know a spot where we scarce mark the flowers
That Spring scatters round her to tell us she's come;
I know a spot where the evergreen bowers
Are bright in all seasons—that dear spot is home.

I know a spot where in winter's rough weather
We laugh while the elements bluster and foam;
I know a spot where when met thus together
We've smiles for all seasons—that dear spot is home.

THERE IS NOT ONE FAMILIAR FACE.

There is not one familiar face,
Where many loved me once!
I speak aloud—the lonely place
Returns no kind response!
Where I and others roved I see
Another roving race;
Gay smiles are there—but ah! for me
Not one familiar face.

Where are they now, the young, the gay?
—No longer gay and young;
O'er some, too early snatched away,
The cold earth has been flung:
The rapid stream—the sheltered seat—
Each spot unchanged I trace;
But mournful is the scene—I meet
Not one familiar face!

Drama, etc.

KING'S THEATRE.—Madame Sigl Vespermann made a not very brilliant *début* in the part of Rosina, on the 5th ult., which commenced the season at this theatre. The *Prima Donna*, who is new to the British public, unfortunately laboured under the effect of severe indisposition,—at least so said the hand bills circulated through the house previously to the commencement of the performance. The fogs of merry old England, as our country has been facetiously denominated, are perhaps unfavourable to the vocal display of her foreign visitors. At all events, as far as the powers of song are concerned, the circumstance should entitle the *débutante* to the utmost extent of critical indulgence. On this head we therefore content ourselves with observing, that her voice is a high soprano, and her style extremely florid. With regard to her acting, we permit ourselves to speak with less reserve; it partakes of the *aurca mediocritas*, for which, notwithstanding our classic veneration for Horace, we entertain a most decided antipathy. How well soever the illusions of the stage may disguise the fact, Madame

Vespermann has arrived at a *certain* age. In stature she is under the middle size; her person, however, is not destitute of grace, but her features are rather expressive than handsome. Signor de Begnis, as *Don Bartolo* was greeted with the most flattering applause. Curioni, in the part of *Almaviva*, was more than respectable; but the honours of the night were reserved for Lablache, whom we should pronounce the *beau idéal* of a sprightly barber, could we by any stretch of fancy persuade ourselves that Figaro was intended for a man of weight and substance. It appears that the Directors of the Italian Opera in Paris endeavoured to open a negotiation with Lablache, for the purpose of inducing him to relinquish his London engagement. The attempt, however, proved unsuccessful. In the divertissement between the acts of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and in the ballet of *La Somnambule*, which followed the opera, the celebrated dancer, Paul, and his sister Madame Montessu, made their appearance. With the merits of the former our readers are probably acquainted; the latter, for the first time introduced herself before a British

audience, her reception from whom was as favourable as she could possibly have anticipated.

On the 12th Signor David obtained a signal triumph in Rossini's opera of *Ricciardo è Zoraide*. His voice is a combination of a tenor and soprano; his execution extremely brilliant. His acting, like that of the generality of singers, claims but feeble commendation. The applause which his performance elicited, was most enthusiastic. Mademoiselle Beck (a first appearance), sustained the part of *Zomira* with much effect. Miss Fanny Ayton, who on the preceding Tuesday had played Rosina, again appeared as Madame Vespermann's double in the character of *Zoraide*, but received from the audience a most questionable welcome.

DRURY LANE. — At this theatre, Mr. Kean, who was supposed to have bid adieu to his admirers, has favoured the public with a few "more last words." In general this mode of proceeding is apt to provoke the ire of the gods, who evince much indignation at any attempt to cheat them into sentiment or pathos, and who are by no means of such meek and spiritless dispositions as to put up with amusement when offered in an irregular or illegitimate form. We were therefore agreeably surprised to find that nothing like a *row* interrupted Mr. Kean's performance of "crook-backed Richard" — a character which he supported with little diminution of the ability and spirit which marked his best days. (On the following evening we witnessed his Shylock — we say *his*, for the part is peculiarly his own. His personification of the Jew affords but few indications of that decrease of physical power but too apparent in some of his efforts.

Fra Diavolo, under the title of the *Devil's Brother*, has been adapted for this house. The successful run which another version of this production obtained at the Olympic has doubtless familiarised most of our readers with the plot, a lengthened description of which would therefore be superfluous. *Fra Diavolo*, the hero of the piece, is a sort of Italian Macheath — the terror of the road — and, strange to say, "such a nice man!" in the ball-rooms, to which he obtains admittance through the aid of a brazen front and a clean shirt. This melodramatic opera, like its brethren of the same school, can boast a decent sprinkling of "murderers,

thieves, and other attendants," and affords the usual moral lesson of innocence protected, vice punished, and virtue rewarded. We grieve to say that these excellent recommendations found but indifferent favour in the eyes of the public.

On Tuesday 22d, the theatre was honoured with the presence of their Majesties, who witnessed the performance of *The School for Scandal*, and the Pantomime. The house was thronged by a brilliant and fashionable audience.

COVENT GARDEN. — A musical farce from the pen of Mr. Power, and the plot of which is much too complicated for description, has been performed at this house. It bears the promising title of *Married Lovers*. The author has given a spirited and amusing delineation of the intrigues and midnight adventures of which, during the regency of the profligate Duke of Orleans, Paris was the theatre. Power was a most amusing representative of Colonel O'Dillon, an Irishman, (of course,) serving in the French army. The piece was extremely successful. Much about the same time was produced another musical drama, written by Mr. Planché, and entitled *The Romance of a Day*. On the subject of the plot we may venture the observation made with regard to that of its contemporary above noticed. The principal feature in the story, is the romantic resolution of a Tyrolese count to select a helpmate from among the rustic beauties who form the female portion of his tenantry. The catastrophe, however, is more in accordance with the mode in which such matters are regulated in the drama of real life; the count at last tying the connubial knot with his fair cousin *Sophia Walstein*. The music of this piece is by no means remarkable with the exception of a Tyrolese glee, which received the honours of a double encore. Keeley presented a truly ludicrous specimen of a disappointed rural lover.

Comrades and Friends, or Life for Life, is one of the Frenchified novelties of the season. The story is a modern version of that of Damon and Pythias, and the incidents seem to rise each above the other on a graduated scale of improbability and absurdity.

Shakespeare's comedy of *Much ado about Nothing* has afforded Miss F. Kemble an opportunity for the display of

her varied powers in the part of *Beatrice*. Mr. C. Kemble was the *Benedict*. Miss Taylor is an efficient representative of *Hero*. Messrs. Warde and Bartley made the most of their respective parts; and though last, not least, Messrs. Blanchard and Keeley personated the immortal *Dogberry* and *Verges* to the life.

FRENCH PLAYS — *Haymarket Theatre*. — The attraction of the French performances, at the commencement but feeble, has been much increased by the engagement of M. Bouffé, an actor of great original merit. He has already appeared three times, and from his diversity of talent, promises to become a decided favourite. We trust that his reception will induce the managers to add a few other efficient performers to their list, which at present is rather thinly spangled with dramatic stars. Another *début* has since taken place: that of a Mademoiselle Jamain, whose powers are vastly superior to those of her sister *artistes*. This is at the best but dubious praise. Mademoiselle Leontine Fay, (whom some of the French critics have not hesitated to compare to Mademoiselle Mars) and that excellent comedian Lepointre have long been *announced*; it is high time that the promise should be realised.

QUEEN'S THEATRE. — Since the adoption of its new prenommen the business of this theatre has been conducted with great spirit. *Acis and Galatea*, *Three to One*, *Tact*, and *The Merry Wives of Barbican*, are extremely well got up — for that we believe is the theatrical phrase. The last mentioned piece is an amusing farce in one act; and in many of its scenes, as well as in its title, bears some resemblance to its Shakspearian prototype. Miss Vernon is the *prima donna* of the house.

OLYMPIC THEATRE. — A Miss Sydney has replaced Miss Foote in the part of *Leontine*, in the farce of the *Lost Son*. At the risk of compromising our reputation for gallantry, we must declare our opinion that the *habitués* of this theatre are no losers by the change.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS, MUSIC, &c. — The revolutionary occurrences of July have given a spur to the dramatic conceptions of the Parisian playwrights. At the different theatres of the capital of the *Grande Nation* we hear of nothing but

tragedies, comedies, melodramas, vaudevilles, operas; in a word, *spectacles* of every denomination, founded on events, a distant allusion to which under the Bourbon régime would infallibly have led to an acquaintance with the Procureur du Roi and his familiars, or even to something worse, if worse can be. At the Théâtre Français a five-act prose drama, entitled "*Charlotte Corday*," is in preparation. The "*Ambigue Comique*," too, furnishes what, in other days, would have been pronounced a most seditious bill of fare, with "*The Four Serjeants of Rochelle*" by way of dessert. That exemplary patriot, the Duke of Ragusa, intends, it is said, to bring an action of defamation against the author of "*Napoléon Bonaparte, ou Trente Années de l'Histoire de France*." The Marshal has a particular objection to a dramatic version of the capitulation of Paris. At the Théâtre du Vaudeville the delicate *petits soupers* of Madame du Barri, and of other beauties belonging to the court of Louis XV., are to be cooked up for the gratification and improvement of the Parisian public.

The Théâtre of the Opéra Comique is literally and most undisguisedly "playing the devil;" "*Le Diable à Venise*" being at this moment in rehearsal, and "*Le Diable à Seville*" actually drawing crowded houses every night. The subject of the last-mentioned opera has been furnished by an incident in the life of General Riego, the hero and the martyr of the Spanish revolution, who in the year 1820 repaired to Seville to hasten the insurrectionary movements.

Three new theatres will shortly be established in Paris; the *Théâtre Molière*, in the Rue Quincampoix; the *Théâtre de la Cité*, on the Place du Palais de Justice; and the *Théâtre Montansier*, in the quarter of the Palais Royal. The latter is expected to open in April. Time was when our gay neighbours, if but duly provided with their *panem et circenses*, cared little for systems of government; but times are changed.

From a calculation recently made, it appears that the expenses of each representation at the French Opera amount nearly to ten thousand francs, or four hundred pounds sterling. In this estimate the expenses incurred for the scenery, decorations, and costumes of new pieces, salaries to authors, directors, &c. are not included.

In the month of April a grand musical festival will be celebrated in France. On Easter Monday of the present year some of the most distinguished artists and amateurs belonging to Alsace and the departments of the interior have agreed to hold a musical congress, if we may hazard the phrase, at Strasburg.

A journal published at Milan, and called *The Echo*, contains the following laconic notice of a new opera in two acts (*Il Romito di Provenza*), lately represented at the theatre *La Scala*.

The Theatre.—Crowded.

The Libretto.—Not without merit.

The Music.—Long and tiresome.

The Signora Grisi.—Sacrificed.

The Signora Pisaroni.—(In the character of a page!!!) Sad reminiscence of the past.

The Signor Fornasari.—Promises.

The Signor Mari.—Out of his place.

Costumes.—*Decorations*.—Rich and tasteful.

The Fate of the Opera.—Unfortunate.

The Sacred College assembled in conclave lately issued a decree, sanctioning the opening of the theatres in the Roman states, previously to the election of the Pope. The theatre *Tordinona* opened towards the end of January with a new opera of Pacini, entitled *Il Corsaro*. This theatre, formerly known by the designation of *Theatre d'Apollon*, having been newly and splendidly decorated, and the opera having been composed expressly for the occasion, an immense crowd was attracted to witness the performance. The theatre *Vallé*, for opera and comedy, and the theatre *Argentina*, for comedy only, recommenced their representations on the 10th of January. A number of new operas are in preparation throughout the principal towns of Italy.

Rossini is at present at Madrid, to

which place he travelled in company with the banker Aguado. An important financial speculation is surmised to be the object of the latter; but the *Maestro* visits the Spanish capital for the sake of amusement, or, as the French have it, to enjoy a little *distraccion*. He is expected to return to Paris about the commencement of March.

Mademoiselle Sontag lately terminated her dramatic and musical career at Hamburg, where she gave a series of brilliant and productive concerts. The ex-prima donna then proceeded to join her husband, the Count de Rossi, who holds a diplomatic situation at the Hague.

At Leghorn an extraordinary vocalist has been announced to the lieges whom he purposes to astonish with a novel performance. He is to select a three-act opera, during the first act of which he will sing in a soprano, during the second in a tenor, and during the third in a bass voice!!!

The celebrated violinist Paganini lately left Frankfort for Carlsruhe, where he was to give a public concert. He has long expressed a wish to travel through Belgium and thence to Paris, but political events have hitherto prevented the execution of his design. Two new works, professing to furnish accurate details on the subject of his life, have recently been published in Germany. Their respective titles are as follow:—*Paganini's Leben und Treiben als Künstler und als Mensch* (Life and Conduct of Paganini, considered as Artist and as Man), by Jules Maximilian Schottky; and *Leben, Character, und Kunst des Ritters Nicolo Paganini*, (Life, Character and Musical skill of the Chevalier Nicholas Paganini), by Professor F. C. J. Schütz. The latter work contains a portrait of the wonder-working artist.

Fashions.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

SINCE the new year has commenced, fashion has gradually revived with the balls and parties, which have become exceedingly numerous; invention is alive, and again meets with encouragement.

A great change has lately taken place in walking bonnets; round hats are no

longer general in morning costume, but are confined to the dress circle. The universal shape of those worn for outdoor dress is almost square, and broad in front, and they are sloped suddenly to the ear, and are trimmed with a *ruche* of net or guimp; no bows or ornaments are worn inside the front; they are altogether

vulgar, and belong exclusively to the fifth and sixth classes. The sole addition to the inner front of a bonnet is a square quilling of net or blonde, the ends continued down the strings, which tie under the chin, or scallops of blonde fluted round the lower part of the face. Plumes are worn in preference to flowers; but when the latter are used, they are chiefly made up of feathers, or floss silk. A large flower—a favourite with the Parisian *modistes*—is formed of large bunches of white floss silk, confined with pink balls, somewhat like the heads of artichokes, but pendulous; the leaves are made of green feathers. The hat to which this flower forms an appendage is square in front, and trimmed across the crown with a band edged with broad black blonde, fastened at the top under a bow of riband. In March the use of plush will be wholly abandoned in walking costume; it is even now on the decline. So many fanciful novelties daily make their appearance in feathers, that it is difficult to enumerate them. One of the newest devices in feather ornaments is a crown of various fancy plumes made obliquely and called *à l'Inca*: it is worn at the back of the head. For walking costume, they are mixed with other plumes: the former are beautifully shaded with a fiery red; and the long tail-feathers of the king of the grouse, called in Scotland the cock of the rock, produce an elegant effect. The feathers of several tropical birds are used in evening costume; the enamelled feathers of the *colinga*, of the red dove, and of the *kohibris*, are often seen on toques and in the hair, in preference to marabouts and ostrich feathers. Birds of Paradise are worn in the caps beak to beak. Ostrich feathers when used, are much curled: four of these were seen in a blue velvet toque, which was surrounded by a large silver cord doubled and crossed, and trimmed at the back of the crown with five silver straps fastening on the rise of the front; three small curled plumes were placed on the left side.

For full dress, an original sort of hat has been invented, which may be compared to a parasol turned inside out by the wind. At present, this Chinese mode looks odd; but fashion reconciles the eye to every thing: the material is of painted silk.

A new cap, *à la paysanne*, was much ad-

mired; it was formed of five *Pæstum* roses placed between puffings of English lace: a pink blonde gauze half handkerchief, (folded so that the corner somewhat stiffened by riband wire stood up in front,) tied this pretty simple cap down under the chin, in gipsy fashion. The *Pæstum* rose is of a bright full colour; and is so called from being found only in the ruins of *Pæstum* near Naples: it is a favourite flower, and has been so for the last two months; during which flowers have been used in dress. Natural flowers, which by their chaste and subdued colouring so nearly resemble nature that they can scarcely be known apart, are the only flowers put in the hair.

The hair is worn in various modifications of the *Chinoise* costume, likewise with full clusters of ringlets on the temples surrounded by a braid of hair. Madonna curls, which are occasionally seen, form a strong contrast to the present artificial mode of arranging the hair. A chain of gold or pearls, fastened by a rich clasp, is often worn across the brow in full dress: this elegant ornament has been general for some months, and continues fashionable. A gold or silver cord is sometimes woven through the hair, and crossed twice on the brow. The cord is of considerable thickness.

In walking dresses, the colours worn are very light and tender for the season of the year. Full colours, ever disliked in Paris, are now universally exploded; the favourite hues are Adelaide blue *lilac mauve*, water green, *lie de vin*, pale wood brown, and an infinite variety of such tints, produced by mixtures in shot silks and satins. Dark fur and plush are disappearing with winter; ermine and swansdown will be worn in their place during the early spring months. Round dresses made very plainly of cachemire or satin, with ermine caps and flounces, will be worn during the next month. The sleeves are very tight to the arm, as far as the elbow, and are kept smooth by small pieces of whalebone inserted between the lining and outer material. The upper sleeve consists of two enormous beret sleeves, made very stiff, and put one above the other. Boas are of swansdown, or red or blue fox; these, of course, are not worn when other fur forms part of the dress, but when the trimmings of the pelisse are of velvet or

satin. Black satin gowns and pelisses finished with light fur are always considered elegant.

The distinguishing mark of court costume and full dress is the adoption of gold or silver fringe and ornaments to the gown; perhaps there is not a dress more elegantly simple, and yet rich, for a young person, than a robe of Swiss or Scotch white clear muslin, bordered at the hem with gold or silver fringe. Satin, either black or amethyst, is often thus worn; velvet is at present; but velvet dresses will disappear with March or before. For full dress gaze à la *Dona Maria*, figured with gold and silver, the corsage folded across the bosom, is in favour with young persons; draped corsages are still prevalent. Figured silks and satins are worn in dinner dress, open in front to the belt, with a handkerchief of blonde gauze or English lace placed within, and folded over the bosom. For morning dress, a *toute ensemble* of a chamois-coloured cachemire, with printed Turkish designs in red and brown, folded corsage, and sleeves with double berrets; the hair confined by a high tortoise-shell comb, carved in the shape of a fan, knots of black gauze riband in the hair, black blonde manchettes, and black satin shoes. For full dress, a robe of white crape embroidered with gold or silver flowers, and trimmed at the knees with a woven bordering of gold or silver cords; white plumes, and a silver cord among the curls and crossing over the brow; pearl and silver mingled for bracelets and necklace; boa of white feathers. Another full dress is of Adelaide gauze, sprigged with silver, a row of silver embroidered rings, one within another, at the head of the hem. Corsage à la *Grecque*, sleeves of tulle, with interchanged rings of silver, lie across them in bias; on the hair is a species of woven wreath of silver cords, fastened on one side by a camco agrafe. The hair is dressed with large bows on the temples. Necklace made of little camcos linked together with a net-work of silver; bracelets and earrings of the same. A dinner dress of rose-coloured striped gauze berrets; cap of black velvet, with rose-coloured gauze riband, striped with satin, and two upright rose-coloured plumes. A very light boa of rose-coloured marabouts with black tips.

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Scarcely a *toute ensemble* of full dress can be quoted that is not ornamented with gold or silver trimmings. Black blonde is still in high favour for dinner and evening dress, where much splendour is not required. The pelissons are worn very short, very full at bottom, but the breadths somewhat sloped round the waist. Long pointed epaulettes or jockies are still much worn, some of them wholly of silver tissue; when accompanying silver fringe, a thick silver cord is passed twice round the waist, the cords of which hang down to the feet with silver acorns or tassels. For ball dress, a robe of *verte naissante* striped, with violet gauze over white satin, embroidered at the knees with a wreath of violets, and their foliage in their natural colours; corsage à la *Grecque*, short sleeves in double berrets. The Parisian milliners have invented a species of net-work, light, firm, and somewhat elastic, that sustains these sleeves without danger of being crushed by the touch. Manchettes are no longer worn in dress; they are confined to morning costume, and are then of worked muslin, or more frequently of black blonde. Bracelets of enamel of silver or of bronzed gold, and large amethysts set with enamelled foliage, have been substituted for these articles in full dress.

The Queen of the French has departed a little from that simplicity of dress which was considered to have an injurious effect on the prosperity of the industrious classes. On her first public appearance this year she was thus attired:—a robe of *lilac mauve* (pink lilac), of a very clear tint, was richly worked and trimmed with the brightest silver; she wore a berret of the same silk, surrounded by a chain of diamonds; in front was a splendid diamond diadem, and three white plumes. Her necklace, bracelets, and agrafe were diamonds of inestimable value. The Princesses Marie and Louise wore dresses of white satin; their jewels emeralds, surrounded by diamonds. The Princess Louise had a garland of these stones round her fair tresses. The Princess Marie wore her hair in bands on the brow, and very high at the back; a little chain of diamonds crossed her forehead, and among the bows of hair were placed diamond pins, wrought in flowers. On another occasion these princesses wore

chaplets of red roses, placed very low on the brow.

A Spanish lady was seen at the same opera, with that fall of blonde round the corsage of the dress which is called *mantille* in Paris, and the true Spanish mantilla, or parted veil, the support to which was a golden arrow and cameo placed very high on the hair.

Painted gauze scarfs have been brought into still more universal favour than last year. Brodequins of gold and silver tissue, meant to be worn at masquerades and fancy balls, have been seen in many of the shops. Velvet and satin boots are worn, lined with fur, at present; and all the dress stockings are richly embroidered at the ankle, sometimes even with gold or silver. All cambric handkerchiefs and aprons are hemmed with very broad hems, and embroidered with the most delicate baby-work. In undress, bracelets and belts of dark morocco, worked with flowers in floss silk, are often seen.

The newest invention that has lately appeared in Paris is in furniture, a set of which has been ordered by the king for one of the saloons in the Palais Royal. It consists of mahogany sofas and chairs covered with a species of fine horse-hair, painted in oil, with large bouquets of natural flowers, as roses, dahlias, poppies, and hyacinths; the designs thus painted are rendered unalterable by a new discovery. The luxurious belles of Paris have, during the late cold weather, furnished their boudoirs with foot-baskets, lined with violet velvet, and trimmed with chinchilla fur. The favourite employment of the Parisian fair is to paint on gauze for the borders of dresses*, scarfs, aprons, handkerchiefs, screens, &c.; likewise to paint, in various elegant designs, screens formed of large white feathers.

COURT OR BALL DRESS.

THE hair is dressed in bows and braids, and ornamented with five white ostrich feathers tinged with lilac; the curls are much more full on the right side than on the left. Lilac satin dress; the body is laid in folds over the bosom, and clasped in the centre by a diamond and amethyst *Seigné*; the skirt is trimmed above the

knees with a double row of the *argentine* fringe, the sleeves are entirely covered with a deep white figured blonde, which is fastened on the shoulders by a bow of lilac gauze riband *à mille raies*, earrings, necklace, and buckle of diamonds and amethysts. White satin shoes, tied with *argentine* cord, and white kid gloves.

BALL DRESS.

DRESS of white crape over a white satin slip: the body forms *le cœur* in front, and is ornamented round the bust with three rows of narrow blonde; the skirt is embroidered above the hem at the height of the knees with *chryseon* thread and floss silk. The hair is dressed *à la Chinoise*, and ornamented with six white ostrich feathers. With this head dress, next to the left temple, a single flower with leaves made of precious stones is much worn. The flower represented in our plate is formed of rubies and emeralds. A pink *grenadine* gauze scarf is worn with this costume, earrings and *Seigné* of rubies, white satin shoes sandaled with *chryseon* cord.

COURT DRESS.

WE give another beautiful court dress, in which the hair is dressed in full curls on each side of the forehead, and in very high bows at the back, mingled with flowers. The dress is of white satin, and is bordered above the knees with a blue and *chryseon* fringe, which has an admirable effect. The corsage is made tight to the waist, and is ornamented with a very deep figured blonde. The sleeves are made *en beret*, and finished round the arm by a deep blonde. White satin shoes sandaled with *chryseon* cord: long white kid gloves.

ANOTHER BALL DRESS.

TOQUE of *Pensée*-coloured velvet, made open at the back, so as to let the hair appear: it is ornamented with pink and silver gauze riband *à mille raies*, and two white ostrich feathers tinged with pink. This head dress is most becoming; but is only fit for a very young person. Dress of pink crape over a pink satin slip: the corsage is made in full folds, fastened in the middle by a bow edged

* We have long promised ourselves the pleasure of communicating to our fair readers the most approved method of pursuing this elegant accomplishment.

with narrow white blonde; two similar bows are placed on each shoulder. Very full short sleeves, edged with deep blonde; the skirt is trimmed at the height of the knees with three rows of *argentine* and pink. A bow of pink and silver gauze riband *à mille raies* is fastened on the right side a little below the trimming, the ends of which are made to meet under the belt in front of the dress. Boa of ostrich feathers, white satin shoes, tied with *argentine* cord; and white kid gloves.

WALKING DRESS.

BONNET cut somewhat square in front, and sloped away to the ears, surrounded by a *ruche* of white floss silk and guimp. The material, both within and without, is of satin of the new colour, *lie de vin* (wine lecs), but the inside lining is covered with white crape, which gives it a tint of the utmost delicacy. All colours will be thus softened by pale lisse or crape, which will be worn in the new spring bonnets. This bonnet is trimmed with white gauze ribands and five round ostrich feathers much curled: there is no trimming of bows or blonde in front, as that fashion is now decidedly out of date. The hair is dressed in full curls, and banded next the face with two braids; a chain with cameo clasp crosses the forehead. The strings of the bonnet are tied under the chin, and bordered next the face with a *mentonnière* of scalloped lace. Were we describing Parisian fashions we should be obliged to say *British pillow lace*; and we hope our fair countrywomen will not avoid what is so fashionable on the Continent, merely because it is the product of their own neglected poor.

The dress is slightly gored round the skirt, and bordered with ermine fur. The whole bust is covered even below the

belt with a diamond-shaped ermine cape. The sleeves are tight as far as the elbow, and the upper part is a double *beret*, very large, and stiffly supported. The wrists are quite plain, without either bands or bracelets; but on cold days moveable *manchettes* of ermine mitre-shaped are worn, and white gloves, and satin boots of the same colour as the dress.

BALL DRESS.

ORIENTAL turban of Adelaide blue crape, two white plumes tinted with blue, a double cord of *argentine* or unchanging silver crosses the brow, tufts of cut gauze are placed on the right side. The skirt is of Adelaide blue crape: at the knees is a deep fringe of the *argentine*, headed by a blue and silver cord, with the same laid bias in double rows from the fringe to the bottom of the dress. The skirt is wider than ever at the bottom, but is considerably sloped round the waist. A robing corsage of blue crape is trimmed with white blonde: the front of the corsage and sleeves are of white satin*; the latter have elbow ruffles, which are met by long white kid gloves. A blue waist riband striped with satin and velvet fastens with a topaz buckle in front and descends to the fringe, where it is confined with a bow of the same, tied with silver cord. A long cord of the *argentine*, or unchanging silver, may be worn with this dress, and gives a most elegant effect when finished by tassels, or acorns hanging down to the feet. White satin shoes, sandaled with silver cords, and pearl-coloured silk stockings with embroidered clocks. Bracelets of blue riband *veloutée*, like the waist riband, with topaz clasps. The favourite colours are pale indefinite tints; all full clashing colours being considered vulgar.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF IMPORTANT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WE must, it appears, talk politics, though how to begin we scarcely know, in so singular a state of confusion are most of our continental neighbours. To

commence, however, with the affairs of France:—On the 14th a serious disturbance took place in Paris, originating in an absurd attempt made by the Carlist

* In consequence of an accident, the colouring of our plate does not exactly correspond with this description. It is hoped, however, that the details given in the letter-press will in some measure counteract the effects of the oversight, which was discovered too late for alteration.

faction to excite a counter-revolution. This notable experiment was hazarded under cover of religion (!!!) on the anniversary of the Duke de Berri's assassination. A few ultra-sticklers for the divine right of kings conceived that, during the celebration of a mass for the repose of the royal defunct's soul, some sparks of commotion might be elicited by well-directed manœuvres on their part; and, acting on this felicitous idea, proceeded, after the conclusion of their devotional exercises, to crown the bust of the young Duke de Bordeaux, which had been placed on a canopy in front of the altar. Some elderly ladies figured as the foremost among the *dramatis personæ* of this ridiculous, but, as the event proved it, rather mischievous farce. The result of so ill-timed an outrage on popular feeling somewhat exceeded the expectation of the devotees who had engaged in it; the "*profanum vulgus*" having, towards night-fall, attacked the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, which had served as the theatre of the semi-religious, semi-political ceremony. Having forced an entrance, the rioters proceeded to demolish the Duke de Berri's canopy; and on leaving the church, tore down the cross, *fleur-de-lis*, and other emblems, from the roof. They next paid a domiciliary visit to the palace of the Archbishop of Paris, broke his grace's windows, and sacrilegiously committed to the Seine his valuable furniture, richly illuminated missals, and here and there a few curious volumes less devotional, it is said, in their tendency. By the efforts of the national guards, order was with some difficulty restored. The ringleaders of the tumult had fixed upon the church of St. Roch as the scene of their exploits; but the curé of the parish, who seems to have been a sensible man, refused his sanction, and thus rendered the design abortive, — at least as far as regarded its accomplishment in the Quartier St. Honoré. The holy man probably recollected the text of Scripture, "*My house is called the house of God*," &c. Several arrests growing out of this affair have since taken place. The king has adopted the resolution of dissolving the chamber.

It appears that the Belgians find more difficulty in making, than their French neighbours in unmaking, a sovereign. The throne having been offered to the Duke of Nemours, the King of the French has

officially refused its acceptance for his son. Meanwhile the deliberations on this important subject are still pending. As involving the question of war or peace, the ultimate choice of the Belgians is of the utmost moment to Europe.

The Russians have entered Poland. General Diebitsch speaks of *convincing* the Poles with the bayonet. We have ever believed the "*ultima ratio regum*," to be a principle the soundness of which is generally but tacitly upheld among the crowned heads of Europe; but of its persuasive effect we were till now unaware. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, a king of Hungary is said to have issued to the burgesses of Ofen the following laconic proclamation:—"Mathias, Dei gratiâ Rex. Bonum mane cives. Ad regem si omnes non veneris capita perdetis. REX." Except that it wants the merit of brevity and pith, the proclamation of the gallant Russian, in point of style, nearly resembles the curious document just quoted. We are happy to state, that the enthusiasm of the Poles for liberty and independence continues unabated. Amongst all classes the feeling of patriotism seems general. The monks belonging to the convent of St. Paul Czeustochace, presented to their country the half of their treasure. Some of the younger members of the order, imitating the example of the Bernardines of Warsaw, declared their intention of forming a corps for the defence of Poland.

Prince Czartoryski has been named Chief of the National Government. A private letter from Warsaw, of the 28th instant, states that the ex-dictator Chlopicki had become subject to fits of mental alienation. Prince Stanislaus Poniatowski, brother of the former King of Poland named through the influence of Catherine II., has long been a resident at Florence; where he is much respected. His annual income amounts to 60,000 piasters, or 14,000*l.* sterling. He makes a most beneficial use of his fortune, devoting the greater portion of it to the encouragement of artists, and the rest to charitable purposes. Prevented by his advanced age (he is eighty years old) from taking an active part in the national struggle of his country, the prince has devoted the amount of one year's income to the cause of Polish independence.

A spirit of insurrection has been manifested at Modena and Bologna. At

the latter place, the insurgents are stated to have met with little or no resistance.

Cardinal Capellari has been elected Pope by the Conclave. His Holiness was born at Belluna, on the 10th September, 1765. In 1826 he was created Cardinal by Leo XII. His expression of countenance is mild and benevolent; his manner prepossessing.

The Ottoman government, it is said, are making extensive armaments by sea and land. New levies for the army are daily raised, and the troops exercised à l'Européenne. The object of these unusual preparations, which at present is supposed to be an expedition destined for Candia or Patras, will no doubt be less disguised should the conflict between Russia and Poland terminate unfavourably for the former.

In the House of Commons, a Mr. Perceval lately moved an address to His Majesty "to appoint a day for a general fast throughout the kingdom." The honourable member gave it as his opinion, that this demonstration of humility could alone avert the wrath of Heaven, which must otherwise infallibly smite the sinful inhabitants of our modern Babylon. Lord Althorp discovered in the honourable gentleman's oration decided evidence not only of good feeling but of Ciceronian ability. By way of *pendant* to this view of the question, some radical was published a notice of a meeting to be held at the Rotunda, Blackfriars Bridge, for the purpose of petitioning His Majesty to appoint a general *jeûne*—the people of England being determined to fast no longer.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM.

FEBRUARY 24. having been appointed for the celebration of the Queen's birthday, Her Majesty held her first drawing-room since her accession. Great interest was consequently excited, and all classes of Her Majesty's loyal subjects vied with each other in their demonstrations of joy. The band of the King's guard, and those of the two regiments of foot guards, were dressed in their state uniforms, and performed several delightful airs during the time occupied by the guard mounting.

At half-past twelve o'clock several right reverend prelates had the honour of being conducted to the private drawing-room of Her Majesty, who in the most gracious manner received a congratulatory address from the Archbishop of Canter-

bury. Shortly afterwards several foreign ministers were presented by the Master of the Ceremonies, and delivered letters from their respective courts.

On this occasion, the Princess Victoria, dressed with great simplicity and beauty, made her first public appearance at court. Her Royal Highness was accompanied by the Duchess of Kent and suite. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester arrived in state in three carriages, escorted by a party of the Horse-guards.

The King and Queen, who entered the Royal Closet about two o'clock, appeared to enjoy excellent health. The King was dressed in an admiral's uniform, and wore the Orders of the Garter and Bath. After some presentations their Majesties proceeded to the throne-room, where they received a deputation from Christ's Hospital; according to an ancient custom observed at the first drawing-room of each year. The deputation was headed by Alderman Thompson, the President. His Majesty, who expressed himself in the most gracious manner, seemed to take much interest in the institution.

The reception of the company by their Majesties occupied about two hours. The Russian, Austrian, French, Netherlands, and Brazilian Ambassadors were present; the Spanish, Prussian, Danish, Swedish, American, Bavarian, Neapolitan, Sardinian, Austrian Wurtemberg, Hanse Towns, and Mexican Ministers; the Brazilian Chargé d'Affaires; Le Chevalier A. Lopez de Cordoba, Secretary to the Spanish Legation; L. de Salazar and J. Curtoys, Attachés to the Spanish Legation; the Lord Chancellor, and most of the Cabinet Ministers, the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Groom of the Stole, the Secretary of State for Ireland, the Master-General of the Ordnance, the Earl Marshal, the Captain of the Yeomen Guard, the Master of the Rolls, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York; the Bishops of London, Chichester, Bath and Wells, St. Asaph, Winchester, and Rochester; the Vice-Chancellor, the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, the King's Advocate, Lord Hill, Gold Stick in waiting; Colonel Hanmer, Silver Stick in waiting; the Secretary at War, the Paymaster of the Forces, the Vice-Chamberlain, the Speaker of the House of Com-

mons, the Judge of the Admiralty Court, the President of the Royal College of Physicians, the Principal Equerry to the King, the Master of the Ceremonies, the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, Mr. Under-Sheriff Willoughby, Mr. Under-Sheriff Daniel Richardson; Sir William Richardson, the ex-Sheriff; Mr. Charles Richardson, the ex Under-Sheriff; and the Rev. Samuel Smith, Chaplain to the Lord Mayor.

The velvet which formed the train worn by the Queen was presented to Her Majesty by the Spitalfields weavers.

Sir Richard Birnie was in attendance at the palace entrance, and throughout the day order was admirably preserved by the exertions of the new police officers.

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, their Majesties afterwards entertained a select party at dinner.

The Duke of Wellington gave a grand dinner party in honour of the day to a party of twenty-six, as did also the several ministers to the persons officially connected with their several departments.

In the evening many houses at the west end and in the city were brilliantly illuminated in honour of the Queen's birth-day. We never remember to have seen such a splendid display; and the

streets were crowded with such multitudes of spectators that they were in many places scarcely passable.

THE COURT AT BRIGHTON.

During the last month their Majesties have given select parties nearly every evening; the Queen's band has been in constant attendance. The presence of the Royal Party, and the fineness of the weather, daily attracted crowds of fashionables to the drive and promenade. Several noble and distinguished personages at Brighton were honoured with invitations to the dinner parties at the Pavilion.

It was only on Monday, the 21st ult. that their Majesties returned to London. On the following evening their Majesties honoured the Theatre Royal Drury Lane with their presence, and were enthusiastically cheered by an overflowing and gratified audience.

It is said in the "Globe" that upon their Majesties' return a stone thrown at the royal carriage broke the glass window in pieces, but without doing further mischief.

It has been announced that their Majesties will shortly give a most splendid fête at Windsor, on a most extensive scale.

DEATH OF DR. ANDREW THOMSON.

It is with unfeigned regret that we announce the melancholy intelligence of the recent and sudden death of this eminent individual. Dr. Thomson assisted in the forenoon at the ordination of Mr. Ritchie to be pastor of St. Luke's parish, Demerara. He afterwards took a part in the discussion of Mr. McCaig's case at the Presbytery. He spoke nearly a quarter of an hour, with his usual tact and jocularly, and apparently in the most perfect good health. He left the Presbytery Hall about five o'clock, proceeding along Prince's-street to his house in Melville-street; Mr. Burn Murdoch met him there, and accompanied him home. Having arrived in front of his own house, he turned round suddenly, just as Mr. Murdoch was leaving him, as if to say something he had forgotten, but instantly fell back senseless on the pavement. He was immediately carried into the house, and Dr. Sibbald of

Hope-street was sent for, who bled him in the arm and jugular vein, but without effect. Drs. McWhitter, Newbigging, and Abercromby were also sent for, but all their efforts to restore animation were wholly unavailing; the reverend doctor never spoke after he had fallen, and expired in about an hour. Thus has been cut off in a moment one of the most zealous, intrepid, and efficient supporters of the Scottish church, and one of its most distinguished ornaments. Perhaps no man before him ever attained the same commanding influence over his brethren, for which he was indebted, not less to the natural acuteness and superiority of his understanding, than to the admirable tact which he possessed, and his extreme readiness of reply on all occasions. His death will occasion a blank among the members of his own profession, and in the society of the place, which will be long, in filling up.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.—Sons.

Jan. 30. At Southsea, near Portsmouth, the lady of Captain *Harry Wainwright*. — Aug. 18. 1890. At Mirzapore, the lady of Lieut. *William Edwards*, of the 18th Regiment of Native Infantry. — Feb. 2. At Duke Street, Westminster, the lady of *G. D. Cumming*, Esq. — Jan. 19. The lady of *John George Michele*, Esq. Surgeon, of Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. — Dec. 29. At St. Servan, the lady of Captain *Kirkman*. Feb. 1. The lady of *R. Bernal*, Esq. M.P. of Park Crescent. — Jan. 30. At Brighton, the lady of Sir *W. T. Blomfield*, Bart., of a still-born child. — Jan. 29. At Hartbury, near Gloucester, the lady of *R. Canning*, Esq. — Jan. 28. At Woburn Place, the lady of *T. M. Rogers*, Esq. — Feb. 5. At Golden Square, the lady of *John Mapleton*, Esq. — Feb. 3. At Upper Seymour Street, Mrs. *Lovell*. — Feb. 6. At Durham, Mrs. *William Gilly*. — Feb. 4. At Greenwich, the lady of Lieutenant *John White*. — Feb. 7. At the Ray, near Maidenhead, Lady *Phillimore*. — Feb. 8. At his Prebendal House, Canterbury, the lady of the Rev. *John Peel*. — Feb. 10. The lady of Mr. *C. F. Cock*, of Southampton Row, Russell Square.

BIRTHS.—Daughters.

Feb. 1. At Dunstable House, Richmond, Lady *Baker*. — Feb. 25. At his residence in Cumberland Street, Portman Square, the lady of *Busk Hans*, Esq. — Feb. 23. At Woolwich, the lady of *Edmund N. Welford*, Esq. — Feb. 22. At Chorley Wood, the lady of *Edmund Morris*, Esq. — Feb. 24. At 47. Gloucester Place, Portman Square, the lady of *Harry Hackshaw*, Esq. — Jan. 30. At Alford, Lincolnshire, the lady of the Rev. *Felix Laureant*. — Jan. 28. At Dulwich, the lady of Dr. *Webster*. — Jan. 29. At Gower Street, the lady of *F. Bedford*, Esq. — Jan. 26. At Badminton, the Right Hon. Lady *Isabella Kingscote*. — Jan. 26. The lady of *William Henry Elliot*, Esq. Surgeon, of Romney Terrace, Westminster. — Feb. 1. At Brighton, the lady of Lieut. Col. *Brillie*. — Feb. 6. The lady of *Edmund Blewitt*, Esq. of Gower Street. — Feb. 6. At Maids Vale, the lady of the Rev. *James Stratten*. — Feb. 14. At Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, the lady of *R. W. Carden*, Esq. — Feb. 15. At Bolton Street, the lady of Sir *P. Sydney*, M.P. — Feb. 16. At Brunswick Square, the lady of Lieutenant *Huffman*, B.N. — Feb. 15. At Portland Place, the lady of *S. G. Smith*, Esq. — Feb. 14. At 1. Brunswick Square, the lady of *J. Davidson*, Esq. of Worcester College, Oxford, M.D. — Feb.

11. The lady of *Robert Barclay*, Esq. — Feb. 19. The lady of the Rev. *Thomas Andrews*.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 29. At Llysfaen, Caernarvonshire, *William Jones*, Esq., Solicitor, St. Asaph, author of the "Primitives of the Welsh Language Elucidated," Honorary Member of the Royal Cambrian Institution, &c. to *Ann*, daughter of the late *Tristram Maries Madox*, Esq. of Greenwich. — Jan. 25. At St. Pancras Church, by the Rev. *William Thompson*, *Theophilus Thompson*, Esq. M.D. of Keppel Street, Russell Square, to *Elizabeth Anna Maria*, second daughter of *Nathaniel W'athen*, Esq. of Hunter Street, Brunswick Square. — Jan. 25. At Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, by the Rev. *F. Le Grice*, the Rev. *H. T. Wilkinson*, M.A. of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, third son of the Rev. *M. Wilkinson*, Rector of Redgrave, Suffolk, to *Caroline*, third daughter of *John Le Grice*, Esq. of Bury St. Edmund's. — Feb. 1. At St. James's Church, *George*, third son of *W. H. Phibbs*, Esq. of Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, to *Sophia*, eldest daughter of *T. H. Plaskett*, Esq. of Clifford Street. — Jan. 27. At Bromley, Kent, *Richard Rowland*, M.D. of Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, to *Eliza*, second daughter of Mr. *Taynton*, Surgeon, of Bromley. — Jan. 25. At Otterden Church, Kent, the Rev. *Charles Parkin*, Vicar of Lenham, to *Harriet Anne*, second daughter of the Rev. *G. D. Goodyear*, Rector of Otterden. — Feb. 2. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the Rev. *William Brooke*, M.A. of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, to *Elizabeth*, youngest daughter of the late *Thos. Robertson*, Esq. of South Shields, Durham. — Feb. 3. At St. Gluvias, Cornwall, the Rev. *Horatio Todd*, M.A. second son of the late *George Todd*, Esq. of Bellsize, Hampstead, to *Rhoda Maria*, youngest daughter of the Rev. *J. B. Bluett*, A.B. of Penryn. — Feb. 2. At Kennington Church, Captain *H. B. Mason*, R.N. to *Ann*, widow of Lieutenant-Colonel *George Arnould*, of the Bengal Cavalry. — At St. George's, by the Rev. *John Mereweather*, Chaplain to Her Majesty, *William Francis Browne Bohun*, of the Middle Temple, Esq. to *Mary Sophia*, eldest daughter of the late *Thomas Vardon*, of Hanover Square and Crowley House, Esq. — Feb. 8. At St. Matthew's, Brixton, by the Rev. *Edwin Progers*, the Rev. *Thomas Phillpotts*, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, only son of *John Phillpotts*, Esq. M.P. to *Mary Emma Penelope*, only daughter of the late *Ulysses Hughes*, Esq. of Gravesend, Glamorganshire. — Feb. 9. At St. James's,

Westminster, *Joseph*, youngest son of *Henry Maudslay*, Esq. of Lambeth, to *Anna Maria*, only daughter of *R. Johnson*, Esq. of Golden Square. — Feb. 8. At Colton, Lancashire, *J. I. Rawlinson*, of the Inner Temple, Esq. Barrister at Law, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, to *Mary*, eldest daughter of the Rev. *J. Romney*, B. D. of Whitestock Hall in the County of Lancaster. — Feb. 8. At the Cathedral Church at Waterford, *A. F. Wainwright*, Esq. of the 50th Regiment, to *Helen*, daughter of Lieutenant-General *Højel*, of that city. — Feb. 12. At Kennington, by the Rev. — *Evans*, *Daniel Heming*, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn Fields, to Miss *C. E. Hardman*, of High Street, Kensington, niece of *J. Jackson*, Esq. of Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, R. A. — Feb. 19. At Charlton, *Henry Thompson*, Esq. of Bathwick, to *Jane*, only child of *C. D. Wagstaff*, Esq. of Blackheath.

DEATHS.

Jan. 22. At Devonport, Mrs. *R. B. Somerville*, relict of the late Capt. *P. Somerville*, R. N. aged 69. — Jan. 11. At his house, in Oxford Road, Reading, Lieutenant-Colonel *Balcomb*, in the 74th year of his age. — Sept. 4. At Calcutta, *Eliza*, the wife of *John Henry Darlow*, Esq. — Jan. 23. *Horace William Lord Rivers*, aged 54. — Jan. 26. In Upper Brook Street, *Mary*, the wife of Lieutenant-General Sir *Moore Disney*, K. C. B. — Jan. 26. *Jane*, the wife of Mr. *Thomas Currick*, of Camberwell and Abchurch Lane. — Jan. 26. In Wilton Street, Grosvenor Place, the infant daughter of *Arthur Blackwood*, Esq. — Jan. 26. At Portland Place, *R. P. Jodrell*, Esq. F. R. S. F. A. S. D. C. L. formerly M. P. for the Borough of Seaford, Deputy Lieutenant and one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the Counties of Oxford, Derby, Norfolk, and Middlesex. — Jan. 28. At the house of her brother, *Joseph Chitty*, Esq. in Tavistock Square, *Elizabeth*, widow of the late *Jeremiah Jellicoe Thompson*, Esq. — Jan. 27. At Hampstead, Mrs. *Lambert*, aged 36. — Jan. 27. At his house, Westbourne Green, *Newcome Kemshead*, Esq. in his 68th year. — Jan. 31. In Burton Crescent, Sir *John Perring*, Bart. — Jan. 30. At Tunbridge Wells, *Dorothy*, relict of the late *Charles Jacob*, Esq. of Guilford Street, Russell Square. — Sept. 9. At Madras, Lieutenant-Colonel *M. J. Harris*, Town-Major of Madras, in the 43d year of his age. — Jan. 25. At Liverpool, *Thomas Dunbar*, Esq. son of the late Sir *George*, and brother of the present Sir *William Rowe Dunbar*, of Mochrum, Bart., M. A., and some time Fellow of

Brazenose College, Oxford. — Feb. 2. In Duchess Street, Portland Place, *J. Hope*, Esq. of Deepdene. — Jan. 27. At Brighton, Capt. *Hare*, of the Royal Sussex Militia. — Jan. 29. At Berryfield House, Bradford, Wilts, *Ann*, relict of the late *Charles Timbrell*, Esq. aged 61. — Jan. 20. At Rome, the Rev. *J. D. Ward*, of Whippingham, Isle of Wight. — Sept. 8. In India, the Hon. Lady *Rumbold*. — Feb. 2. At King Street, St. James's, *James Christie*, Esq. aged 58. — Feb. 1. At Dorset Street, Portman Square, *Caroline Rainford*, youngest daughter of *James Ensor*, Esq. aged 20. — Jan. 30. At Sudbrook Park, *Harriet Louisa*, second daughter of the Right Hon. *Wilnot Horton*, aged 13. — Jan. 22. *Thomas Hampton Symons*, Esq. of Mynde Park, in the county of Hereford, in the 36th year of his age. — Feb. 6. At Hastings, the Hon. *Frederick William Robinson*, only son of Lord Grantham. — Feb. 3. At Skreens, *J. G. Branson*, Esq. late M. P. for the County of Essex, aged 60, very suddenly. — Feb. 4. *Elizabeth Mary Morrice*, the eldest and last surviving daughter of *J. Birch*, Esq. of Upper Gower Street. — Feb. 1. At Herongate, the Rev. *H. Powell*, aged 59. — Feb. 4. At Badminton, the Lady *Isabella Kingscote*. — Feb. 4. At Woolwich Common, Lady *Robe*, relict of the late Col. Sir *William Robe*, K. C. B., of the Royal Artillery. — Feb. 8. At Bath, the Rev. Dr. *William Trail*. — Feb. 5. At Bodinton Manor House, near Cheltenham, *Anne*, the beloved wife of the Rev. *John Neale*. — Feb. 7. At Hastings, *Elizabeth*, the wife of *W. R. L. Serjeantson*, Esq. of Camphill, Yorkshire. — Feb. 8. At his residence in Bedford Square, *Edmund Larken*, Esq. in his 65th year. — Feb. 8. In Howland Street, Fitzroy Square, *Elizabeth*, wife of *William Bird*, Esq. — Feb. 30. At Munich, the Hon. *Margaret Erskine*, second daughter of Lord Erskine. — Feb. 10. At his residence, 26. Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, Captain *Peter Heywood*, R. N. — Feb. 9. In Bedford Square, Miss *Louisa Pike*. — Feb. 13. At 16. North Audley Street, Mrs. *Mary Hebard*. — Feb. 13. At Bath, Rear Admiral Sir *Edward Berry*, K. C. B. aged 62. — Feb. 16. At Harley Street, Lady *Earle*, widow of the late Sir *J. Earle*, of Hanover Square, Knt. F. R. S. aged 77. — Feb. 16. At Francis Street, Bedford Square, *W. Tucker*, Esq. — Feb. 12. At Marine Parade, Brighton, *John Williams*, Esq. — Feb. 18. At Woolwich, Mrs. *Buchanan*, aged 43. — Feb. 17. At Green Street, Enfield Highway, *Mariana*, wife of the Rev. *J. Jones*, aged 57.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR APRIL, 1831,

IMPROVED SERIES.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

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COURT & EVENING DRESSES





THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

Improved Series.

VOL. III.

APRIL, 1831.

No. XVI.

AUX POLONAIS QUI PARTENT.

BY MRS. OPIE.

At length the parting hour is come!
The tyrant lifts his flag on high,
And Poland calls her patriots home,
To *conquer* in her cause, or *die*! —

But *I* can speak no parting word
To cheer you on your path to fame,
Nor point to Sobieski's sword,
Nor breathe Kosciusko's deathless name.

My woman's heart, my Christian creed,
Love not the hero's laurelled spear,
And would the warrior's course impede,
E'en though he Poland's banner bear.

Yet, if again for deeds of blood,
In Polish hands must sabres gleam,
And Vistula's long peaceful flood
Roll on, a war-ensanguined stream;

Take the sole aid that *I* can give,
Nor you this humble aid despise—
On morning's beams, on dews of eve,
For you my constant prayers shall rise.

I'll ask that "God who heareth prayer,"
Ere yet in blood your banners wave,
To stop the war-fiend's fierce career,
And crown each patriot wish He gave!

Nor will *my* prayers *alone* ascend,
So just the cause to Poland given,
Myriads, for *you*, will suppliant bend,
And call a blessing down from heaven.

I can no more;—my song is sung;
My lyre is mute;—Loved friends, farewell!
The accents falter on my tongue;—
The rest, these starting tears must tell.



PAGANINI.

(*From the Paris Correspondent of the late Foreign Literary Gazette.*)

To the artist, the enthusiasm of admiration is scarcely less prejudicial than the malevolence of enmity. Of both, the subject of our present notice has had his full share. To solve the mystery of Paganini's wonderful talent, credulity has by turns received and circulated fictions so gross that the fabulous narratives of the olden time might in comparison pass for truths "strong as proofs of holy writ." It would seem that mediocrity, grasping the pen which traces the career of genius, can explain but by the absence of every human virtue the faculties with which superior beings alone are gifted,—that the littleness of malignant inferiority, affecting an impartial appreciation of powers whose existence cannot be disputed, would fain distract public admiration by placing in the opposite balance the agonising mental inflictions visited on monstrous and mysterious crime. Of these absurd inventions their own incongruity has consigned some to merited oblivion, while the rest have been formally disproved by estimable German biographers. The details of the latter assume additional interest from the personal acquaintance of the writers with the astonishing individual himself, whose fame, for fifteen years, has occupied the musical amateurs of Europe,—whose skill seems a sportive deviation from the beaten track of musical science,—and the secret of whose creative genius will perhaps be buried in the artist's grave.

Many of the facts relative to Paganini, and now we believe for the first time presented to the English reader, we have collected from German works of high authority and particularly from that of M. Schottky, noticed in our last Number. The knowledge of other particulars not less interesting we have obtained from peculiar sources as yet unexplored; and we trust the information now afforded, more ample than any hitherto published in English, though necessarily comprised within a limited space, will gratify our virtuosos, who, if report may be credited, will shortly have an opportunity of hearing and estimating for themselves the incomparable Paganini.

Nicholas Paganini was born at Genoa, on the 18th of February, 1784. His father, who followed the occupation of a commercial traveller, was passionately

fond of music, and could himself perform on the mandolin with sufficient skill to enable him to initiate his son in the rudiments of the art. The benefit derived from his lessons was seldom counteracted by any undue display of paternal tenderness. For the slightest fault,—for the most pardonable inadvertence,—young Paganini was often—to borrow a homely phrase—reduced to short commons, although the precocious talent of the boy seemed to proclaim the absurdity as well as the injustice of such rigour. His first musical attempts bore triumphant evidence of his irresistible and instinctive love for the art; and often did the genuine applause of an audience of children reward the infant *virtuoso* for a boldness of conception and execution unrivalled by the most celebrated professors. His enthusiasm for the violin, the instrument of his predilection, is said to have been occasioned by a prophetic vision of his mother, who declared that an angel had appeared to her, and promised to grant the accomplishment of one wish, be it what it might. The fond parent without hesitation supplicated that her child might become the first violinist in the world; and the angel instantly departed, saying that her prayer was heard. Whether the heated imagination of an Italian female was impressed with a belief in the reality of such a vision, or whether the whole was a stratagem invented by a mother's love to stimulate her darling boy's musical genius, it is not our purpose to enquire. Certain it is, that the mind of Paganini, who, from his tender years, was prone to superstition, became deeply affected with the prediction; to realise which became the grand business of his after life.

Scarcely had the young Genoese attained his eighth year, when his progress appeared almost miraculous. At this period he already performed three times each week, in the choir of the church, and occasionally at private concerts. He also paid frequent visits to his countryman Francesco Gnecco, a musical composer, whose operas had been successfully received at many of the theatres of Italy, and whose influence over the youthful artist had doubtless some share in the development of his early talent. Soon afterwards Paganini essayed his powers

of composition. Even before this period, under the direction of his father he had already written a sonata, which, however, was lost amongst other compositions of his childhood. At the age of nine years, he for the first time performed in public at the grand theatre of his native city, in which Marchesi, the greatest singer of his day, had recently arrived with the celebrated Madame Albertinotti. The former requested Paganini's father to allow the child to perform at a representation for his benefit, and, in return, promised the addition of his talents to the attraction of the first concert to be given by the young violinist. On both these occasions Paganini played his variations of the republican air, *La Carmagnola*, and was rewarded with the enthusiastic plaudits of Marchesi and the audience, who in the infant candidate for their favour had judgment enough to discern one of the future glories of Italy, that land of poetry, of music, and of song.

Incapable of longer guiding with advantage the studies of young Paganini, his father placed him under the direction of Costa, the first violinist of Genoa, who in the space of six months gave his pupil about thirty lessons. The latter, however, was unable to form himself to the method of his new master, for whose attention he felt grateful, but from whose genius his own was essentially different. Accordingly, the father determined to confide his son to the care of the celebrated composer Rolla, then living at Parma. At the moment of their arrival, Rolla being confined to his bed by severe indisposition, the visitors were ushered into an adjoining apartment. Near a violin placed on the table lay the composer's latest musical work. At a look from his father, Paganini seized the instrument, and *à vista* executed with the utmost precision a new concerto of Rolla; who, in the excess of his amazement, forgetting his illness, raised himself upright in his bed, and eagerly demanded to be made acquainted with the skilful professor to whom he was indebted for so agreeable a surprise. "Tis a child," was the reply. To convince himself of the truth of the assertion, the *maestro*, regardless of consequences, rushed from the apartment, and, unable to doubt the testimony of his own eyes and ears,—"I can teach you nothing," said he;

when he had heard the request of Paganini's father—"you must address yourself to Paër, for with me you would but lose your time."

Paër, who was at that time director of the conservatory at Parma, received the new comers with the utmost courtesy, and referred them to his old master Girotti,—formerly director of the choir at Naples. The latter admitted young Paganini amongst the number of his pupils, and during six months gave him regular lessons in counterpoint. The progress of the youth was gigantic; and twenty-four *figures*, which he composed about this period, proved that the master's instructions had not been thrown away. Shortly afterwards Paër himself took so strong an interest in his studies, that he devoted to his young protégé several hours during each day; and at the end of four months confided to his talents the composition of a duett, which was crowned with perfect success. In the sequel, Paër having been summoned to Venice, to bring forward a new opera, the connection, which had been productive of so much advantage to Paganini, suddenly ceased.

After a tour through the principal towns of Lombardy, both father and son returned to Genoa. The artist, fatigued with the strict superintendence of his paternal Mentor, and disgusted with the unmerited severity to which he was daily exposed, resolved, at the first favourable opportunity, to free himself from a restraint so revolting to his love of independence. The wished-for moment was not long delayed. On Saint Martin's day a grand musical fête was annually solemnised at Lucca, which, on such occasions, was usually thronged by an immense concourse of strangers and travellers from all parts of Italy. On one of the anniversaries of this festival, Paganini, who had then entered his fourteenth year, solicited permission to attend the celebration in company with his elder brother. The consent withheld from his respectful entreaty was granted to his importunity, and the young artist made his debut before the brilliant audience of Lucca, who hailed his efforts with unanimous applause. Simple as these circumstances may appear, they afterwards gave birth to the slanderous report of young Paganini's elopement from his father's house.

The fame and the successes of Paga-

nini now rapidly increased. The most tempting engagements were offered to him from different cities of Italy, but were invariably declined by the independent artist; who expressed his desire of rambling through Europe unfettered by any restraint upon his genius. As a proof, however, that the execution of our firmest resolves depends but little on ourselves, it may here be stated, that, spite of his roving propensities, a period of twenty years intervened between Paganini's determination to leave Italy and his actual departure. His grand tour, if we may so call it, commenced in 1828; but till that period, whether from the effect of accident or caprice, his travels had never extended beyond the Italian frontier.

It were idle to dwell upon the trite remark, that when the youth has been subjected to severity unmixd with indulgence, the man mistakes licentiousness for independence, and heartless dissipation for pleasure. Unfortunately Paganini presented no exception to this general rule. Abandoned to himself, without experience, without a friend, without an adviser, no marvel that his warm Genoese temperament should have exposed him to more than one temptation. In sad and sober truth, he formed discreditable connections; became acquainted with gamblers, "all" like Brutus "honourable men," and no less skilled in the seasonable introduction of the marked card or the loaded dice, than their unsuspecting dupe in the management of his violin or guitar. Amongst such associates, Paganini often lost in a single night the profits arising from several concerts. Fortunate it was that the talent which failed to preserve him from such errors, at least served to extricate him from their consequences. With him to want money was to obtain it in abundance, and often was the enthusiasm which he excited recompensed by the additional and unexpected gift of some rare instrument of price. Thus, at Leghorn, where he had the misfortune to lose his violin, a wealthy merchant with whom he was well acquainted repaired the accident, by requesting him to accept the loan of a genuine Guarneri. His concert terminated, Paganini hastened to return the instrument to its owner. "What mean you?" said the latter; "never will I profane the strings touched

by your fingers. The violin is yours." A similar occurrence took place at Parma. An eminent painter, named Pasini, unable to credit the reports of Paganini's astonishing facility in playing at sight the most difficult pieces of composition, on a certain occasion laid before him a concerto; the execution of which, even with all the advantage of study and preparation, required the possession of no ordinary skill. "If your performance," said the painter, "is but equal to the music, my violin changes its master." The result was not long a matter of doubt.

During a moment of youthful impetuosity, Paganini had made a vow never to sacrifice his independence by accepting an employment. At a subsequent period, however, he seemed to have forgotten this resolution, as he consented to fill the office of director of the orchestra at the court of Lucca, where the Princess Eliza, Napoleon's sister, formed around her a circle of the most distinguished artists. Whilst occupying this post, he for the first time attempted the execution of whole pieces of music on a single string, and by a strange mode of deduction, on the success of this experiment, which was witnessed with universal astonishment, was subsequently founded the story of his imprisonment for murder or some scarcely less heinous crime. It was stated that, to beguile his hours of captivity, and to soothe the torments of remorse, the prisoner had no other resource than his violin, all the strings of which were successively worn out, with the exception of the fourth. The inexorable jailor having refused to furnish him with a new set, it was added, that the musician resolved to supply the deficiency by means of his surpassing skill, and by long practice succeeded in producing from a single string effects which defied the competition of the most celebrated professors, "with all appliances and means to boot." Another version of the story, no less absurd, was, that the jailor, to prevent his prisoner from hanging himself, had unstrung the violin of all but the fourth string; forgetting that, notwithstanding this humane precaution, Paganini, if intent on suicide, might strangle himself with the aid of his bow. These ridiculous rumours, and many others equally unfounded in fact, and devoid even of ingenuity, have been formally contradicted by Paganini himself, who solemnly asserts that he has

never passed the threshold of a prison, and who, in the following simple declaration, has disclosed the real origin of his extraordinary execution on the fourth string.

"At Lucca" he states, "I directed the orchestra whenever the reigning family honoured the representation at the opera with their presence. I moreover frequently received an invitation from the court, before whom I gave a grand concert every fortnight. On one of these occasions, with a view to add variety to the entertainment, I took away two strings from my violin, and performed an improviso sonata, which I entitled *Scena Amorosa*; the fourth string being supposed to represent the lover (Adonis), and the treble string Venus. I thus established a species of impassioned dialogue, in which the accents of tenderness succeeded to the violent transports of jealousy. The success of my sonata surpassed my expectations, and at the termination of the concert, the Princess Eliza, after an infinity of compliments, observed, in the most gracious and flattering tone, "With two strings you have vanquished impossibilities; would not one suffice for talent like yours?" The idea having captivated my imagination, I determined to make the effort, and in a few weeks composed for the fourth string a sonata with variations, entitled *Napoleon*, and which I executed on the 25th August, in presence of the court. I afterwards composed several others of the same description, and as each day added to the experience of the preceding, I have at length attained a degree of facility which from length of practice is no longer surprising."

This explanation is both simple and natural; but for that very reason appears unsatisfactory to the mass, who consider romance and mystery as the inseparable attributes of genius.

The precise period at which Paganini quitted the court of Lucca, and the place of his subsequent retirement, are unknown, but from the year 1813 his biography is rich in facts. At that epoch he gave a succession of concerts at Milan, a city of which he ever speaks in terms of extreme partiality, and the inhabitants of which have been peculiarly fortunate in the frequency of his visits. His talent had now reached its meridian, and the virtuosos of Italy unanimously proclaimed him the first violinist of the age. About

this time his variations called *Le Streghe* (the Sorceresses) created an extraordinary sensation in the musical world. In the year 1814 he was appointed director of the Philharmonic Society of the *Oyfi*, which had been recently established at Milan, whither, after a short excursion to Genoa, he returned to gratify the inhabitants with the exhibition of one of the most singular contests ever recorded in the annals of music. The well-known violinist Lafont having challenged him to a trial of skill, Paganini took up the gauntlet, allowing his rival the advantage of selecting the pieces of music which were to decide the merits of each. Both artists commenced with a concerto of Kreutzer; the same which that composer had executed at Paris with the celebrated Rhodes. Then followed Lafont's variations of a Russian theme, to which Paganini responded by others of his own composition, *Le Streghe*, already noticed. The performance of the rival musicians was received with thunders of applause; and the audience, virtually appointed umpires of the harmonious contest, whilst rendering full justice to Lafont, unequivocally decided that Paganini had no equal.

The ten years which succeeded this memorable struggle were employed by Paganini in professional tours. A love of locomotion seems, indeed, a leading feature in the character of this musician, who habitually changes his abode at least once a year. In 1815 he visited Turin; in 1819, Florence and Naples; in 1821, Rome; and in 1822 we again find him a temporary resident at his favourite Milan. At the latter place, one of his admirers having enquired if, during his travels, he had made considerable progress? "So, so," replied Paganini; "I have at present no occasion for an orchestra." Upon this he commenced playing a set of variations, accompanying himself, and producing at the same instant the sound of a harp and that of a violin. He passed the years 1825 and 1826 at Palermo, where his only child, Achillino, was born. The boy, who is idolised by his father, and of whose musical organisation the latter playfully expresses his jealousy, is perhaps destined to continue the renown as well as the name of Paganini. The violent temper of Achillino's mother, the Signora Antonia Bianchi, occasioned her separation from the artist in 1828. Paganini, though

naturally averse to domestic dissensions, was unable to witness with equanimity the sad havoc made amongst his superb cremonas, which this Italian Xantippe, in her uncontrollable fits of rage, is said to have frequently shivered to atoms.

In 1827, Paganini quitted Palermo and returned to Rome, where he gave several concerts, and where Leo XII. created him a Knight of the Golden Spur,—a distinction which had been granted to Gluck and to Mozart. Loaded with honours and applause, and more than ever captivated with the charms of a wandering life, the violinist had apparently abandoned his idea of visiting foreign countries, when Prince Metternich, who had witnessed his unrivalled powers at Rome, gave him a pressing invitation to undertake a journey to Vienna. Flattered by the minister's request, Paganini speedily formed his decision, and set out for the Austrian capital, where the trumpet of fame had already sounded his praise. His first public concert at Vienna took place on the 29th March, 1828; and the performance of the musician was hailed with a degree of enthusiasm which seemed almost allied to frenzy. The connoisseurs, the first artists of the capital, Meyseder and others, were petrified with astonishment at the inimitable sounds produced from his violin. His name was on every lip—his eulogy was the theme of every tongue. His visit formed a new æra in the world of fashion; robes, shawls, head-dresses, pearls, diamonds—if invested with the charm of one magic word, Paganini—were at once naturalised in the boudoirs of ton. On one occasion the artist entered a fashionable perfumer's shop with the intention of purchasing a pair of gloves; the presiding divinity of the counter showed him some *à la giraffe*. "No, no," said the *maestro*, shaking his head, "*d'un'altra bestia!*" "Here," said the signora, "is the newest pattern,—*à la Paganini*." Even the science of eating and drinking had its share in swelling his "note of praise;" the dainty dishes of the Austrian epicures borrowing the illustration of his name, and ungratefully renouncing the patronage of former artists, of statesmen, warriors, and poets. Confectioners potted him in preserves, and crystallised him in sugar-candy. Snuff-boxes, cigar-cases, heads of canes, received a value from the likeness of his features stamped, painted,

or carved in bas relief on those ornamental superfluities. At billiards, a newly discovered hazard was named the Paganini *coup*, although the musician to whom were assigned the honours of such pater-nity declared his inability to execute the most ordinary *Carambole*. Independently of these distinctions, the inevitable fruits of popularity, others of a more elevated order were showered on Paganini: a medal was struck, for the special purpose of commemorating his visit to Vienna; that of San Salvator was presented to him by the chief magistrate, and the Emperor conferred on him the title of *Cammervirtuoso*, or virtuoso of his chapel.

An object of universal admiration—he had almost said of worship, and gifted with a magic talent, which by comparison seemed to render the fable of Pactolus' golden sands no longer a dream of the poet; it might be supposed that the felicity of the artist was complete. Envy, however, and jealousy assailed his reputation. Insidious enemies, unable to soar to the eminence on which he proudly rested, endeavoured to debase him to the level of their own reptile insignificance. The most odious reports were circulated to the prejudice of his moral character; it was asserted that he had poisoned his wife, and when proof was subsequently obtained that he had never been legally married, the murdered victim was stated to have been a fond and confiding mistress. The falsehood of this malicious though absurd charge having been ascertained, it was next rumoured that he had commanded a troop of banditti—in a word, that he had committed some deed of darkness, which he had been mercifully permitted to expiate by a lengthened and lonely captivity. No sooner had one foul aspersion been refuted, than the hydra of calumny reared her many heads more fiercely than before. Even the esteem of credulous friends was shaken by the frequency of such malignant accusations, till at length Paganini found himself compelled to insert in the public journals of Vienna a formal and solemn protest, signed by himself conjointly with the authorities of many of the towns in which he had resided. This incontrovertible document sufficed for a time to impose silence on the tongue of slander; but the remedy was not wholly efficacious; so easy is it for the grossest fable to obtain credit—so difficult for the most obvious

truth to force conviction. The careless and unreflecting crowd still yielded a sort of tacit credit to the insinuations against Paganini, which, it must be admitted, were in some measure confirmed by the melancholy expression of his countenance, bespeaking deep mental suffering, and seeming, as it were, "the title-page of a tragic volume." Fresh reports were soon industriously propagated; it was said that the tower at Mantua which had served as the artist's prison was publicly exhibited; some accounts designated Genoa, others Milan, as the scene of his former captivity; and to discover the real origin of these *on dits*, a few ardent lovers of truth took the trouble of writing to Italy. So far from corroborating the statements made against him, the answers proved nearly to demonstration that the name of Paganini had been confounded with that of a young Polish violinist, who had been staying at Milan during the period of the Italian's residence in that city. It appears that the Pole, who was named Dupanowski, overcome by the contagion of evil example, had one night scaled the walls of a solitary farm, and having for that offence been condemned to a rigorous imprisonment, was accustomed to beguile the horrors of his dungeon with the sounds of his violin, on which he was no mean proficient. The sequel of his adventures being involved in obscurity, fame, to avoid the trouble of tracing his precise course, by a species of convenient metempsychosis, again ushered him on the scene in the person of Paganini.

From Vienna our artist proceeded to Prague, where, from a spirit of opposition existing between the two cities, or, perhaps, from a motive still more paltry,—his refusal to send free admission-tickets to the leading Aristarchus of the place, he met with a less enthusiastic reception than in the capital of Austria. In 1829 he made his appearance successively in Dresden, Berlin, and Warsaw. At Berlin he was welcomed with a degree of enthusiasm which even Mademoiselle Sonntag, that queen of prima donnas, had never excited. On quitting Warsaw, in the month of July, he was stopped at some distance from the city by a numerous company of amateurs, who had laid a plan to surprise him with a friendly ambuscade. One of the party, M. Elsner, the director of the conservatory, presented him with a valuable snuff-box, bearing

the following inscription:—*Al cavaliere Nicolo Paganini gli ammiratori del suo talento. Varsavia, 19 Luglio, 1829.* Motionless with surprise, Paganini pressed the gift to his lips, and burst into tears. "Ah!" exclaimed he, "I have again found my public of Vienna!"

This extraordinary artist's progress through Germany may be said to have resembled a triumphal march. On more than one occasion, formal deputations were despatched from various towns for the purpose of imploring him to allow the inhabitants an opportunity of publicly evincing their admiration of his talents. At Frankfort, where he passed nearly twelve months, he maintained his prodigious reputation undiminished:—to increase it were impossible. At length the intelligence of his arrival at Strasburg excited amongst the French public a sensation, in comparison with which even the fever of political effervescence was absolute calmness. A nervous attack, with spasms, which occasioned a momentary interruption to his first concert in that city, served but to enhance the interest irresistibly awakened by his incomparable execution, and by the expression of inspiration which during his performance irradiated his sallow features. From Strasburg he proceeded to Colmar, and thence to Paris, where his first public concert took place on the 9th of March, at the *Académie Royale de Musique*. The unanimous and tumultuous plaudits of the Parisians have ratified though they could not add to his fame. His triumph in the capital of the *Grande Nation* has not been inferior to that which stamped his reputation at Vienna.

Paganini is not the disciple of any school—he is the founder of his own. The most skilful musicians have in vain endeavoured to discover his secret—for a secret he avowedly possesses, though, like the high-priest of the temple of Isis, he refuses to withdraw the veil which screens the sanctuary from his brethren. *Ognuno ha i suoi segreti* (each has his little secrets) was once his cold reply to an artist at Vienna who adroitly sought to penetrate the mystery. On this subject, we give the following curious anecdote, on the authority of M. Schottky, one of his German biographers.

"Frequently in my presence," observes M. Schottky, "Paganini has hinted that, when tired of his public career, he may

one day be induced to communicate to the world a secret, the existence of which is little suspected by musical conservatories;—a secret of such wondrous efficacy, that by means of it a pupil may, at the end of three years, aspire to a degree of perfection unattainable by one who, pursuing the ordinary method, should, during ten years, devote to practice the greater part of each day. Sometimes I affected to view this hardy assertion in the light of a jest; but he would then invariably repeat, in a tone of sincerity, ‘I swear to you, that what I say is the simple truth; nay, more, you have my authority to publish my promise in the most unequivocal terms. One individual, and one alone, M. Gaetano Ciaudelli of Naples, is the depository of my secret. He was at first but an indifferent player on the violoncello, and passed for a musician of the most ordinary acquirements. Having taken a lively interest in his affairs, I resolved to acquaint him with my discovery. I did so; and at the end of three days he was an altered man: I had absolutely worked a miracle in his musical faculties. Instead of a most intolerable scraper, he became a pure and delicate performer.’ Feeling somewhat indisposed to admit so extraordinary a fact on mere verbal assertion, I obtained from Paganini a written declaration in Italian, of which the following is an exact translation: ‘Gaetano Ciaudelli, of Naples, by means of a magic process communicated by Paganini (per la magia comunicatagli) has become the first performer on the violoncello at the Theatre Royal, and may one day become the first in the world.’”

The author just quoted next informs his reader that the above-mentioned writing, published with the consent of the writer, is at this moment deposited in the hands of M. Tomaschett, a musical composer at Prague. Paganini, therefore, in some sort stands pledged to his brother artists to reveal his “mystery” ere he finally quits the scene of his triumphs.

From M. Schottky's work we extract another passage, well calculated to pique the curiosity of the dilettanti: it relates to a child, named Camillo Sivori, the son of a Genoese merchant. “The youth (it is Paganini himself who speaks) had barely attained his seventh year when I instructed him in the elements of music.

At the expiration of three days he played several pieces with such facility that every body exclaimed, Paganini has wrought a miracle! After the lapse of fifteen days he performed at a public concert. It is but justice to add, that his progress was greatly facilitated by the perfect accuracy of his ear. My secret once known, artists will devote more serious attention to the study of the violin—an instrument which affords far greater resources than they are apt to imagine. My system will one day be adopted. The method at present followed, and which rather embarrasses than assists the learner, will be abandoned for mine, which requires nothing more than the regular practice of five or six hours each day. *It is, however, a gross mistake to imagine that my secret may be discovered by my mode of tuning a violin, or by my style of performance.* He that would reap the benefit of my secret must be possessed of intellect.”

With a brief description of Paganini's personal appearance, and a few individual traits characteristic of the man, we shall now conclude our task. At first sight the spectator is struck with his emaciated form—with the timid, yet penetrating expression of his countenance—with the sallowness of his features, in strange relief with the jet black hair that falls in disorder on his forehead. His dark and hollow eye, lighted up but by rare and momentary flashes of enthusiasm—his careworn visage, and the apparently enfeebled state of his health, exhibit evident indications of that desolating sorrow which results not so much from the experience of positive evil, as from a weariness of life, and the loss of all its illusions. His lips, around which occasionally plays a smile of bitter irony—his lofty forehead—his bold profile—all bear the impress of that talent which, when he touches his favourite instrument, reveals itself to his audience with a degree of intensity scarcely conceivable but to those who have seen and heard this musical phenomenon. “During my concerts,” observes Paganini, “my nature is wholly changed.” This fire of inspiration, however, is usually purchased by an increase of bodily suffering: at the termination of his performance the musician returns home feverish and exhausted, and too often expiates on a sleepless couch the triumph of genius. His energetic displays, so frequently re-

peated, so long sustained, and so astonishing when contrasted with his physical debility, afford a striking proof that the highly-gifted soul rules with despotic sway the feeble frame that ministers to its will.

Paganini's memory is not less powerful than the rest of his faculties. His own compositions he always executes from recollection, the accompaniment of the orchestra serving as his prompter. This, however, must be understood only of his own pieces; those of others he plays at sight with prodigious facility. In this manner he was accustomed, even when a boy, to perform the most difficult *morceaux*. On one occasion, during his performance at an oratorio, his music-book fell to the ground. A bystander instantly took it up; but in replacing it on the desk, inadvertently turned it upside down. Paganini, however, finished the piece without disconcerting himself in the least, and without even appearing to notice the awkward mistake.*

In his manner Paganini is simple and unassuming, moderate in his desires, and wholly free from the vanity and self-love which accompany mediocrity. Ever ready to acknowledge the ability of another, he is severe only towards himself. "I am never," observes he, "deceived by the praises of a partial audience; and am often least satisfied with myself when most applauded." When "not in the vein," he has a peculiarly happy *knack* at freeing himself from the ill-timed importunities of a certain class of dilettanti, who imagine that the inspiration of the gifted artist may be wooed with as little ceremony as the muse of a periodical poet. At Prague, where he had been cupped by a medical "*fanatiro par la musica*"—whose conversation was an odd compound of Galen and the gamut, a dose of saline draughts and sonatas,—the physician paid a last visit to his patient when on the point of convalescence. "Delighted to see you so well," said the man of blisters and purges. "I think we may allow you to touch the violin—come—try what you can do: let's see if you can handle the bow." In vain Paganini exhausted his vocabulary of courteous excuses: the doctor was obstinate. At last, losing all patience, the musician seized his instru-

ment; and after flourishing his bow in the air at a most respectful distance from the strings of the violin, quietly returned both to their usual place, exclaiming,—“What think you of my performance? you see I *can* handle the bow.” The Bohemian Esculapius was wise enough to pocket his fee, make his best bow, and retire.

As Paganini seldom practises in his apartments, his fellow lodgers in the different hotels where he has resided have generally been deceived in their hopes of catching some of his stray notes on their passage. It was at one time supposed that he adopted the plan of the celebrated Lulli; who was in the habit of boasting that his superior skill enabled him to dispense with the practice to which his brother musicians were compelled to submit. Chance betrayed Lulli's secret; a bow rubbed with soap instead of rosin having been discovered among his clothes. By this expedient, and by practising in a room the doors and windows of which were carefully closed, he had long succeeded in maintaining a reputation for spontaneous talent. Such, however, as know Paganini are aware of his contempt for such petty artifices. Even were he to practise often, his fame as a musician stands too high to be injured by a disclosure of the circumstance. But the fact, as we have already stated, is otherwise. One of his most intimate friends, a man of unimpeachable veracity, declares that for the space of two months, during which he travelled with Paganini, he constantly occupied a chamber next to his in each of the hotels at which their party stopped; and that no sounds were ever heard from his violin except those which were produced when he tuned the instrument.

Still graver imputations have been made against Paganini: he has been accused of sordid avarice, though we are at a loss to guess in what manner the charge can be substantiated against an individual wholly engrossed by his art, careless to a fault, and who has frequently been known to leave money and valuable effects exposed in his caleche in the open coach-house or even shed of a common inn. With greater appearance of reason has he been taxed with sloven-

* A similar musical feat was frequently performed by a German artist named Goldberg. See Gerber, *Dictionnaire Historique des Musiciens*.

liness, his utter indifference to all but music naturally leading him to neglect his toilette. It would, indeed, be difficult to find a man less enslaved by the tyranny of the *mode*, — a word which we verily believe is not to be found in Paganini's dictionary. He has often been deterred from joining the most brilliant society simply by the necessity of changing his neckcloth. More than once he has undergone a species of self-inflicted purgatory, by meditating a week beforehand on the torments of some unavoidable invitation. The terrible day arrived, dire have been his tribulations : he has passed hours in dressing and undressing, — in arranging and displacing, — and at length, making a desperate effort, has terminated in a few seconds an operation, which before had seemed the business of a day.

With regard to Paganini's intellectual qualities the most opposite judgments have been formed. His detractors represent him as an ignorant man, destitute of mental resources, whilst his friends, on the contrary, vaunt his acquaintance with subjects on which he himself freely professes his ignorance. From his own avowal, it appears that during his boyhood he was compelled by his father to devote ten or eleven hours each day to the violin : he cannot, therefore, have received a scientific or literary education. He has read but little, and is acquainted with no other poetry than that of Italy — with no other living languages than the

Italian and the French. Dead to the world around him, occupied but little with the now all-engrossing topic of politics, often retiring for hours together to the solitude of his apartment, where musical combinations form the subject of his day-dreams, he may be said to exist within a sphere of harmony which himself creates.

We cannot more suitably terminate our notice than by the mention of a simple fact, scarcely deserving the name of an anecdote, but which reflects credit alike on the feelings and the judgment of this extraordinary man. Whilst at Vienna, he was present at a concert, on which occasion was executed a symphony of Beethoven. Deeply affected by this sublime composition, for some moments after it was concluded he remained in an attitude of heartfelt sorrow. At length a tear started into his eye — his feelings found expression in one brief phrase — *E morto!* exclaimed he; and never, perhaps, was a nobler tribute paid to the author of *Fidelio* than that solitary phrase — than that simple tear. The day will come when some pupil — some friend, perhaps, of the Genoese artist will in turn exclaim — *E morto!* but his name will not perish; — it will live in the history of the arts — in the memory of future generations — till all that now sweetens and dignifies existence shall have ceased to charm — till the immortality of genius shall seem an idle tale.

FUDGE!!

BY ONE OF THE FUDGE FAMILY.

How oft might Burchell now apply
His favourite word to us,
While up the sacred hill I fly
Upon my Pegasus!
I do not, of this tempting theme,
Confess myself a judge,
But yet there's poetry I deem
In Burchell's word of — Fudge!

If lawyers swear that black is white,
Without a scent of fee;
If Eldon's much-lamented sight
Beyond the court can see;
If Hunt, the last of Roman race,
Was never known to budge, —
The pungent truth I quickly trace
In Burchell's word of — Fudge!

If all the trash which Nugent wrote
 The world deem'd worth a pin;
 If Southey never turn'd his coat,
 "And would have turn'd his skin;"
 If * * * * * of his own review
 The public think a judge,—
 There's something forcible and true
 In Burchell's word of—Fudge!

If Grey is not as fond of place
 As Wellington and Peel;
 If Lady Ellenborough's face
 Strikes hearts like fire from steel;
 If Brougham never sighed to wear
 The scarlet robe and gown;
 If Tom Moore sought to dupe the fair
 With songs by Tommy Brown;

If L. E. L.'s imaginings
 Are aught but tinsel stuff;
 If Porchester too often sings,
 Montgomery not enough;
 If Exeter consents to be
 Impeach'd before a judge;
 The truth then is no mystery
 In Burchell's word of—Fudge!

If Dan O'Connell is the flow'r
 Of Erin's matchless land,
 Ordain'd to crush the Norman power
 Of Byng and all his band;
 If Hunt abhors the right divine,
 And dearly loves reform;
 If Cobbet's politics are fine,
 And bode no threatening storm;

If Sams distributes gold like dirt
 Among his sonneteers;
 If Mr. —* is not pert
 When speaking of his peers;
 If, when I climb the sacred hill,
 I soon retreat or hudge,—
 I must confess there's reason still
 In Burchell's word of—Fudge!

CHARLES FUDGE, JUN.

This facetious poem is merely experimental, but others are in progress.

THE VANISHED STAR.

It has left the golden bow'rs of heaven—the boundless fields of air—
 The realms in which its sister-stars seem exquisitely fair;
 No more the lute invokes its gleam with music on the strings,
 Or hymns the sacred silent hour it brought upon its wings.

* We disclaim all personal allusion, otherwise the name of a certain sub-Editor of a certain pretending publication would have filled this vacant space of our memorabilia.

From the rich majestic crown of night its sparkling light is gone,
But lovely are the skies as when the lamp amid them shone;—
The roses bright by sunset thrown amid the liquid blue,
And the clouds whose snowy silver veil is touched with orient hue.

The wanderer sees the starry orbs around their queen above,
That to his heart recalled the dreams of renovated love;
But tearful are his eyes as they dilate on worlds afar,—
For vanished is the one he prized—his sweet companion-star!

The viewless homes—the nameless isles where grief shall never be,—
Are they to loftier spheres transferred immortally with thee?
Where Love is doomed no parting hour, and Genius has no tomb,
And Hope entwines his summer wreath with flow'rs of fadeless bloom!

And *shall* the heart lament for joys that hastened to decay,
Or mourn affection's broken chain, whose spells have passed away;
When, from the gorgeous realms of air, a world declines afar,
And heaven appears as beautiful without the Vanished Star?

Deal.

G. R. C.

DALILA THE CRAFTY, AND HER DAUGHTER ZEINEB.

A TALE OF THE BAGDAD POLICE.

(*Concluded from p. 143.*)

WHILE Dalila's dupes compared their disasters, the crafty old woman was devising new schemes of mischief.

"We must not rest satisfied with this," said she to her daughter; "before the police can follow on my track, they shall hear of some new exploit."

"Have a care mother," cried Zeineb; "Ahmed ed Deouf and Hassan Schouman are as well versed in rogues' tricks as ourselves, and will lay their paws upon us before we are aware."

"Oh," replied Dalila, "I defy the wali, the heads of the police, and their bands of forty archers, to lay a finger on me without my good pleasure."

After this pompous boast she arrayed herself in another disguise, perfectly similar to the dress of a female slave belonging to some wealthy family, and again traversed the streets of Bagdad in search of new victims. She at last arrived in front of a superb palace, before which walked a female slave, carrying in her arms an infant of about six months old. The child was dressed in a robe of gold tissue, its cap was ornamented with large pearls, a rich chain encircled its neck and in its hands was a plaything of gold, set with the finest jewels. The palace belonged to the syndic of the merchants,

who was that day celebrating the nuptials of his eldest daughter. The house was filled with troops of musicians and dancers; and the mother, wholly engrossed by the marriage of her daughter, had ordered the slave to whom her only son was intrusted to walk with the child in front of the palace. Dalila had no sooner learnt from the slave the name of the child's father, and the cause of the general joy, than she formed a plan for carrying off the infant.

"Go, my daughter," said she to the slave, at the same time putting a piece of gold into her hands, "find your mistress, offer to her the congratulations of her former slave Ommal Khair, and say that, if she will permit me, I will attend the nuptials with my children."

"Willingly," replied the slave; "but what must I do with this child? the moment he sees his mother he will weep, and hold out his hands, and disturb the whole assembly with his cries."

"Oh, in that case," said the pretended Ommal Khair, "give him to me; I will take care of him while you deliver my message."

The slave went into the house, and Dalila fled with the infant; nor did she once stop till she arrived before the shop

of a Jew, whom she knew to be a very rich jeweller, and who, as she rightly guessed, was an acquaintance of the syndic of the merchants. In fact, as soon as she entered the shop, the Jew recognised the infant, and the jewels with which it was adorned.

"What is your pleasure, and the pleasure of the syndic?" demanded the jeweller.

"You are aware," said Dalila, "that my master this day celebrates the nuptials of his daughter, but he is unprovided with a sufficient number of rich jewels for the various changes of apparel in which the bride must array herself to-night. You are therefore to send by me a pair of golden bracelets, a pair of *khalkhals**, a valuable pearl necklace, several pairs of valuable ear-rings, and some costly finger-rings, that the bride may from these ornaments make a goodly selection."

The Jew assiduously put together the various trinkets required, to the value of several thousand pieces of gold.

"I will immediately take these things to my master, that he may choose what he pleases; meantime, I will leave the infant here till my return." She then left the shop, and hurried homewards to communicate this new exploit to her daughter.

The slave of the syndic lost no time in acquainting her mistress with the message of the pretended Ommal Khair. "I know nothing of her," said the lady; "but where is my child?"

"She held it for me while I went in," replied the slave.

"Miserable wretch!" cried the mother, in great alarm, "why did you lose sight of her? go to her—lose not a moment, or my babe will be stolen."

The slave ran out of the house, but finding neither old woman nor infant, began to tear her hair, and raise the most frightful outcries. The alarm quickly spread through that quarter of the city; messengers were despatched in every direction; the syndic of the merchants ran through the streets in despair, calling for the restoration of his only son, whom he

at length recognised quietly playing in the arms of the jeweller, who stood at the door of his shop.

"My child, my child," exclaimed the syndic, "where did you find him?"

"God protect you," said the Jew, "he has never quitted my arms since you sent him to me; but I did not require such a pledge."

"What mean you? explain yourself," said the syndic.

Without loss of time the Jew presented a list of the jewels which he had sent for the nuptials by the old woman who had left the child as a pledge. The syndic was unable to comprehend a single word of the story. At this moment a sudden light flashed upon the mind of the poor Jew, who perceived that he had been the dupe of some rogue. In a transport of rage and desperation he began to tear his hair and beard. The young merchant, the dyer, and the ass-driver happened to pass precisely at this moment. In spite of their own troubles the cries and frantic actions of the Jew excited their surprise: they accordingly stopped to inquire the reason of his distress, and became convinced that he was a fellow-sufferer with themselves, and had been deceived by the same crafty old woman. The Jew finding that through these people he could gain some tidings of the hag who had tricked him, resolved to make common cause with his brethren in affliction.

"Hold," said he; "if we pursue this cheat in a body, she will assuredly recognise some of us at a distance, and be off like an arrow from a bow; but if we each take a different path, some one or other of us cannot fail to encounter her: we have only to agree upon a general rendezvous. Suppose we choose the shop of the barber Elhadi Meyound, the Mogrebin, for our point of meeting."

This proposal was instantly agreed on, and the party set out on their search. The first person who encountered the old woman was the driver of asses.

"Ah, I have caught thee, have I, old wretch!" exclaimed he; "how long hast

* The *khalkhal* is an ornament of gold or silver, which the Asiatic females wear about the ankle. The bayaderes, or dancing girls, display peculiar magnificence in these jewels, whose tinkling sound accompanies their dances, and produces the most pleasing effect. In the translation of Mignoun and Leila, by M. de Chézy, we meet with this note:—"When her delicate feet move rapidly, the silver sound of the *khalkhals* resembles the tones of the striking cymbals."—*Hammer's Notes*.

thou followed this execrable trade? Where are my asses?"

"My son," she answered, in a piteous tone, "I am a poor aged woman, have mercy on me! I have given your asses in charge to Elhadi Meyond, the Mogrebin barber, who lives at the end of the street. Wait but one moment; I will speak a word to him, and your animals shall be restored to you safe and sound, without costing you farther trouble or loss of time."

The ass-driver, more anxious for the restoration of his property than desirous of promoting the ends of justice, and determined not to lose sight of his prisoner, consented to allow her to enter the shop.

Dalila having squeezed a few tears from her eyes, kissed the hands of the Mogrebin barber, and in a sorrowful tone exclaimed:—"Alas, my good friend, a sad family misfortune has forced me to ask your aid: my son, whom you may see close by, anxiously awaiting my return, has lately been seized with a brain fever. Night and day he unceasingly cries, 'My asses! my asses!' The physicians have prescribed the application of a blister of cantharides to his temples, and have ordered his ears to be cauterised. Here is a piece of gold to defray the expense of the operation. If you will do me the favour to call him hither he will come immediately: tell him that his asses are safe in your stables, and when you have prevailed on him to seat himself in your shop, apply the remedies without a moment's delay."

"Fear not, good mother, I will manage this matter most adroitly," said the barber; who, at the same time, gave orders to the boys in his shop to heat the cauterising irons red hot. He then stepped to the door, and beckoning to the impatient ass-driver, "come in, good friend," said he, "thy asses are here."

At this welcome intelligence the conductor of asses hastened to enter the shop, and was instantly ushered into a dark obscure recess, which the poor man mistook for a stable. The barber and his assistants then seized upon him, and tied him hand and foot, whilst the unfortunate victim cried, without ceasing, "my asses! my asses!"

"Thy mother warned me beforehand of thy folly," replied the barber; "I know that night and day thou criest continually for thy asses. Have patience;

all will soon be well. It is but the work of a moment." So saying he cauterised the ass-driver's ears with the hot irons, and applied an enormous blister to his head.

After this operation had been performed on the refractory patient, who the while raved and struggled like a genuine madman, Elhadi Meyond re-entered his shop to find the mother of his victim, and to receive her acknowledgments for his success. Dalila, however, at the commencement of the unhappy patient's outcries, had decamped, with every thing valuable that she could carry from the shop, which the attendants, engaged in mastering the supposed bedlamite, had left to her discretion.

The barber, finding himself robbed, entered the place where his patient was confined, and demanded "who his mother was?"

"She is no mother of mine," groaned the patient, "but a vile cheat, who has taken away my asses, and who will, ere long, most unquestionably play you some trick."

At that instant the young merchant, the dyer, and the jeweller, entered the shop as they had agreed, and found the barber and the ass-driver in high dispute. Acquainted with his mistake Elhadi, in some confusion, unbound his prisoner, and released him from his blister. The barber joined the party, who proceeded in a body to lay their complaints before the wali, or lieutenant of police.

"We demand of you," cried they, in chorus, "the restitution of all that we have lost, unless you discover the old woman who has robbed us."

"And," replied the wali, "by what means can I discover the hag among half a million of old women in this great city?"

"Oh," replied the ass-driver, "I know her but too well: only order a few officers of police to hold themselves at my disposal, and I shall soon discover the place of her retreat."

With this request the wali complied, and, after a strict and prolonged search, Dalila was, in the morning, discovered sallying forth in quest of fresh prey. The officers led her to the palace of the wali, where they found the rest of the party reposing in the court-yard, and the new comers sitting down with them, awaited the usual hour of audience.

Dalila feigned to sleep. The five officers of police, who had passed the entire night in searching the city, were completely tired out; and thinking there were plenty of people to watch one old woman, they all went to sleep, as well as the jeweller, the dyer, the barber, and the ass-driver. Observing her guardians in this state Dalila softly arose, and with noiseless step glided into the harem of the wali. She kissed the hands of his wife, and begged to know where her husband was.

"He is yet asleep," replied the lady, "but what do you want with him at this unreasonable hour?"

"You must know," said Dalila, "he has made a bargain with my husband, who is a slave-merchant, and has agreed to pay a thousand ducats for five mamelouks, besides two hundred for two black slaves, who have not yet arrived."

These particulars Dalila, upon whom nothing was ever lost, had heard amongst other intelligence during her various prowls through the city.

"Where are the mamelouks?" asked the wife of the wali.

"Resting themselves in the courtyard: I brought them here in the cool of the morning; the wali having lent me five officers of police to guard them on the way."

The wife of the wali went to the latrine, and observing the five officers of police sitting near five young men, the jeweller, the dyer, the young merchant, the barber, and the driver of asses, she took them for the mamelouks, and said to Dalila: "My husband has in truth given me a thousand ducats to pay for these five mamelouks, should they chance to arrive during his absence at the divan; but I have heard nothing of the two hundred ducats and the black slaves."

"I am not at all pressed for money," said Dalila, "and as the black slaves have not been delivered, I will be content with the thousand ducats for those already brought, and in a day or two I will return with the others."

She spoke so coolly and plausibly that the wife of the wali, nothing doubting, paid the ducats, which Dalila triumphantly carried off to her own house.

When the wali awoke, his wife came to wish him good morning; "and," added she, "I have just paid the thousand ducats you gave me for the five mamelouks."

"Have they yet arrived?" asked her husband; "to whom have you given the money?"

"To an old woman, who has this instant brought them. Look out of the window and you will see them all sitting in a row."

Following her directions, the wali instantly recognised the five complainants, and, exclaiming, "here is a pretty piece of villany!" rushed out of the apartment.

His approach and indignant exclamations soon roused the sleepers, who began to accuse each other of neglect in suffering the old woman to escape. The wali charged the whole party with a conspiracy, and for some time all was uproar. In the midst of the debate Hassan the ill-behaved arrived with a complaint concerning the loss of his wife's jewels.

Hassan the ill-behaved was the eldest son of the wali, who having heard the robbery of his daughter-in-law, declared that he would make good the losses of the whole party if they could take the old woman.

"Give me ten of your men," said the ass-driver, "and I will undertake to conduct her hither."

The wali granted his request, and the whole party, headed by the conductor of asses, set out on the expedition.

They searched till night, and, at a considerable distance from the city, were successful enough to find Dalila on the borders of the Tigris, whither they had followed her traces. As it was too late to conduct her to prison, they bound her securely to a post by the river side, and thinking all secure till the morning, seated themselves at some distance, to rest after their fatigues.

At day-break two Arabs, well mounted, met together near the spot where Dalila was tied.

"Where have you been?" said the first, stopping to converse with his comrade.

"I have just come from Bagdad," replied the other.

"What have you been doing there?" said the first.

"I have eaten the most delicious honey-cakes ever tasted," replied the second.

"Ah," returned the other, "I have often been near Bagdad, but never in it; and I am determined to go thither di-

rectly, that I may eat my fill of those delicious honey-cakes, of which I am passionately fond."

After they had parted the first speaker perceived Dalila tied to the post, and her guards, according to custom, in a profound sleep.

"What are you doing there, old woman?" said he.

"I put myself under your protection, Sheik Arab!" cried Dalila, weeping piteously.

"Good," replied the Bedouin; "but who has tied you to that post?"

"You must know," said Dalila, "that I have a most inveterate enemy who keeps a confectioner's shop next mine, and who reviles me night and day. Out of revenge this morning, after she had given me extreme provocation, I spat on her honey cakes. She preferred her complaint to the wali, who has condemned me to stand tied to this post till I have eaten ten boxes full of honey cakes. At sunrise the first box will be brought to me, but the thought drives me to despair, for I feel the greatest aversion to that species of pastry."

"By the faith of an Arab," cried Bedouin, "I wish I were no worse off! I could then, without the trouble of going to Bagdad, satisfy myself with honey-cakes for nothing. Old woman, is it wholly impossible for us to change places?"

"By no means," replied Dalila; "you have but to unbind me, and change garments with me, and you may then remain tied here as long as you please; only take the precaution of hiding your face."

The Bedouin drew off his *bonnous*,* and unbound Dalila, who with the utmost expedition exchanged garments with him. The old woman then sprung on the Arab's horse, and returned to Bagdad at full gallop.

The noise of the horse's hoofs aroused the guard, who got up and called Dalila by name.

"It wants some time to day-break," cried the Bedouin: "could you not do me the favour of bringing me a few of

those honey-cakes, that I may make a beginning?"

The guard, perceiving that their prisoner had been changed, stood aghast at this new discovery. At that instant the wali, the police guard, and all Dalila's dupes were seen approaching the spot, in order to bring the culprit to punishment.

"Ah," said the Bedouin, when he perceived them, "here come the cakes of honey."

On perceiving the Bedouin in the place of the delinquent, the wali had almost sunk into the earth. He made the chief relate all that had passed; and the latter, informed of the trick which had been played, became furious not only at the loss of his horse, but at the disappointment which his palate had sustained.

"You are bound," said he to the wali, "to make good my excellent steed, and my valuable mantle."

"You are bound," added all the others in a breath, "to make restitution for all our losses. What is the use of a police, if such rogues are suffered to roam at large? We have repeatedly delivered her into the hands of your officers, who have permitted her to escape. The whole matter shall be represented to the Khalif, who will soon see of what use are his officers of justice.

With this proposition the perplexed wali resolved to comply; and he accordingly proceeded to the divan, followed by the crowd of Dalila's dupes, whose numbers were now augmented by the Bedouin. They prostrated themselves before the throne of Haroun, and submitted to him a statement of their mishaps, with which the Khalif was highly amused.

"I promise you," replied he to the complainants, "that all the lost property shall be restored; and I command my wali to find out this old woman and bring her before me."

"Pardon me, commander of believers," replied the wali; "but I will undertake

* The *bonnous*, which ought to be written *benisch*, is a species of surtout in fashion amongst the sheiks, heads of the tribes, and principal personages, who wear it over the *caftan*—a robe made of striped or flowered silk. The material of the *benisch* is of red or blue cloth: it is open in front, with large sleeves,—one of which is extremely wide, and long enough to touch the ground. Some are bordered, and even lined, with the richest fur.—*Les Bedouins, ou Arabes du Désert.*

no such charge, after the tricks she has played us all; I will rather resign my honourable office, than hold myself responsible for the custody of Dalila the Crafty. Were I to apprehend her this hour, by some trick she would save herself before noon from the prison and the gibbet."

"How then," demanded the Khalif, "am I to render justice, if my officers, to whom is confided the safety of my subjects, thus refuse to do their duty?"

"Let Ahmed ed Deouf undertake this affair, mighty Khalif," said the wali; "he who is so well paid, and has so little to do, will rejoice at such an opportunity of exercising his subtlety."

"Excellent!" replied the Khalif; "Ahmed ed Deouf, I charge thee with this commission."

Ahmed ed Deouf prostrated himself before the Khalif, and departed with his forty archers, the chief of whom was called Alidos the Camel.—"Believe me," said he to Ahmed ed Deouf, "you would do well to consult your colleague, Hassan Schouman, who understands expeditions of this sort better than yourself."

Ahmed, however, wished to have the sole honour of executing the Khalif's orders; and Hassan Schouman, for his part, mortified that his name had been omitted in the warrant to perform this commission, cared but little to assist him with his advice.

Ahmed ed Deouf divided his archers into four companies, and despatched each to traverse a separate quarter of the city; having first designated a particular spot as the place of rendezvous. Soon the news spread through Bagdad that Ahmed ed Deouf was making a strict search for the person whose rogueries were the general theme of conversation, and the report presently reached the ears of Dalila.

"Mother," said Zeineb, "here is a fine occasion for showing your genius. Only play Ahmed ed Deouf and his forty archers some notable trick, and you are renowned for ever," said Zeineb.

"That renown I leave for thee, my daughter," replied Dalila.

"I fear no one but that demon Hassan Schouman," said Zeineb; "and as he takes no part in the adventure, I willingly undertake it."

She then dressed herself with the utmost care, augmenting her natural beauty

by the elegance of her attire. She went to a spice-dealer's shop, situated in the most obscure quarter of the city, and requested the master to hire the shop to her for a single day. The spice-dealer, seeing her so magnificently dressed, and captivated by her delusive speech, supposed her to be a person of distinction, and willingly acceded to her demand. She took possession of the shop directly; and having covered a table with sherbets, honey-cakes, and other pastry, seated herself at the open door.

Presently, the whole band of archers commanded by Alidos the Camel re-assembled after an unsuccessful search and passed the shop. Zeineb went to meet them; and addressing herself to the leader, informed him, that she was the only daughter of the spice-dealer who had occupied that shop, and that, being left an orphan, she was desirous of placing herself under the protection of Ahmed ed Deouf. Alidos the Camel, desperately smitten with her beauty, not only complied with her request, but was persuaded to enter the shop, and refresh himself and his companions with the sherbets and pastry. So well had these things been drugged with opium by Zeineb, that, in a quarter of an hour, Alidos the Camel and his forty archers were reduced to a state of complete stupefaction. When Zeineb saw that they were deprived of their senses, she instantly robbed them of their turbans, girdles, and embroidered caftans; and, with the assistance of her mother, carried off their arms.

Finding that his archers were still absent, Ahmed ed Deouf set out in quest of them; and to his infinite mortification, discovered them in this plight. After rousing his men, who were all heartily ashamed of this misadventure, he began to consult with Alidos the Camel how the occurrence could be represented without exciting the derision of Hassan Schouman; the result was, that the guard determined to sneak to their quarters in the dusk, and provide themselves with new arms and turbans. This plan, however, proved abortive; for they had not taken two steps homewards before they were met by Hassan Schouman, whose penetrating eye, like that of a cat, could discern in darkness. At the first greeting, Ahmed found it useless to conceal their disaster; and pro-

ceeding with his colleague to the Khalif's divan, he related the whole adventure, and declared that he gave up the capture of Dalila the Crafty as an impossibility. The Khalif then gave the charge to Hassan Schouman, who advised him to pardon the old woman on her voluntary confessions of her rogueries, and on the restoration of the stolen property. The Khalif was so impatient to hear the manner in which so many extraordinary tricks had been played, that he gave his handkerchief to Hassan Schouman, and promised compliance with his advice, if the old woman surrendered herself immediately.

Hassan Schouman, who had long known Dalila the Crafty and her daughter Zeineb, was well convinced that no other persons were capable of similar devices. He went to them, showed Dalila the Khalif's handkerchief, and represented the promise of pardon in the event of an ample confession on her part. This was precisely the result which the cunning old woman had desired. Throwing herself at the Khalif's feet, she surrendered the plunder; and declared that her sole object had been to draw his atten-

tion to her case, as she had been unjustly deprived of an office at court which had long been in her family: she added, that when her father had enjoyed the post of director of the doves, she had the care and the feeding of all the birds, and that she was as capable of that office as any of her ancestors. At the Khalif's desire, she related the history of her adventures; with which the commander of believers was so much diverted, that he intrusted her with the superintendence of the carrier pigeons. This post put her in possession of a vast khan, guarded by forty slaves, and forty dogs of the race of those possessed by the shepherds of king Solomon. She had also the care of the forty doves employed in conveying the Khalif's despatches. Each day, attended by her forty slaves, Dalila repaired in state to the divan to learn the Khalif's orders, and to lay before him the despatches brought by the doves. In the night, and during Dalila's absence, the khan was guarded by the fierce dogs of the breed which had protected the flocks of king Solomon. Thus did Dalila, by her subtlety and address, regain the post possessed by her forefathers.

THE DEPARTURE.

BY G. R. CARTER.

THE church-bells through the sapphire sky

Have sung farewell to thee,
And sunset blushes on the rose
Beneath our green oak tree;—

Thou ne'er wilt hear a sweeter song
With sunset's blush restored,—
Thine eye surveys the distant plumes,
Thy hand is on the sword!

The crimson banners flash around,
Nor is the trumpet mute,—
Its music wins thy heart away
From my enchantress-lute.

Does glory dazzle thee with dreams
So exquisite and deep
As these bright vales and gorgeous skies
Have kindled in thy sleep?

Well, place the spur upon thy heel,
And proudly join the brave;
Thy native isle, thy fathers' home,
Wilt thou resign or save?—

Oh! *rather* than these beauteous scenes
In slavery's gloom should dwell,
Be *this* my last injunction breathed,
And *this* my last farewell!

THE WIDOWED IVY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

AN ivy tree, with its constant green leaves, crept along the ground with difficulty, and looked round for a tree against which to twist itself; for it was much grieved that its leaves were eaten by the caterpillars and worms, and their shining green defiled by the dust. He saw a tall young elm-tree, crept to its roots, and besought it thus:—"Fair tree! permit me the favour to wind my branches round your stem. I cannot, certainly, be of any use to you; yet I can, at least, furnish you with some ornament. When your leaves, and those of other trees, are long faded and fallen to the earth, mine shall still twine around you, and make you verdant, and you will appear lovelier than your brethren." The elm-tree answered: "I yield to your request; not out of consideration for the advantages you promise, but on account of your weakness and tenderness. You do not deserve to have your leaves eaten by caterpillars and worms, or trodden down by animals." Thus spoke the elm-tree; and the ivy twisted its branches round about it, and gratefully embraced it with its green leaves. They grew united, and rejoiced in their youth and life; they drank the dew of heaven, enjoyed the invigorating rays of the sun, were wafted about by soft winds, and dearly loved each other. But when the autumn came, the leaves of the elm-tree began to turn yellow and red, withered, and fell off; the tree lamented and was melancholy, and said to its younger friend: "The winter is severe and hard: I have seen several of my brothers perish in the cold stormy winds; and when the spring came, they could not again adorn themselves with fresh leaves, for their sap was dried up. Ah! if such a fate should be mine, my bond of friendship with you will be broken." The ivy tried

to console it, and said: "In death also I will still as faithfully embrace you as I do now that you are young and handsome; and I will never separate from the protecting stem that so benevolently supported me." But once there was a very severe winter: the shores of the Baltic were frozen, the rivers became masses of ice, the whole land was covered with snow, and the frost penetrated into the hearts of the trees, and deep in the earth; the birds flew anxiously backwards and forwards, and sought a warm shelter to protect them from the intense cold. The ivy sighed, and said: "What will become of the good elm-tree? Oh! if it do but escape destruction by the frost!" Finally came the spring: crocuses, violets, snow-drops, and other early flowers, courageously raised their little crowns above the earth, and peeped up, as if it were already warm; the birch-tree waved its green branches in the air; and the apple and cherry trees had already formed their blossoms: but the branches of the elm-tree stood bare, neither bud nor green leaf sprouted from it. Then the ivy lamented, and said: "Ah! he is dead, my faithful protector, my tender friend; and I cannot rejoice in the sweet spring, for I am solitary and deserted!" The other trees now said to the mourner: "Why do you remain clinging to the dead elm-tree? Unwind yourself from the stem, and come to us who are yet fresh and green!" The ivy answered: "Far be it from me to reward the benevolence of the deceased tree with such base ingratitude! Have not my leaves affectionately embraced him during his life? so shall they in death also; and hang around him as a garland of gratitude and grief." Thus spoke the ivy, and its leaves adorned the beloved stem even in death.

FLORA M'DONALD'S LAMENT FOR CHARLIE.*

SWEET is the rose that is budding on the thorn
Down in yon valley sae cheery;
I used with its blossoms my hair to adorn,
But now I hae tint my dearie.

* A popular air among the inhabitants of Inverness-shire.

The laverock may whistle and sing o'er the lea
 In a' his strains, sae rarely,
 But when will he bring sic music to me
 As the voice o' my ain handsome Charlie.

(*Chorus*) Oh, my bonnie Highland lad!

The lad that I loe sae dearly!
 But, alas! he is gane, and I'll never see him mair,
 Which maks me sae dull and eerie.

With his rosy cheeks and his flaxen hair,
 And his shoulder graced wi' the plaidie,
 There is naething on earth is to me half sae dear
 As a sight o' my ain Highland laddie.
 His long quartered shoon, and his buckles sae clear,
 And his tartan dress looked rarely;
 I've ne'er seen the lad that at a' could compare
 Wi' my ain dear handsome Charlie.
 (*Chorus*) Oh, my bonny Highland lad! &c.

His gude claymore hung doon by his side,
 And a brooch adorned his shoulder;
 They may say what they will, but, whate'er betide,
 None e'er looked bonnier or bolder.
 But, waes me! alas! wi' their slaughter and their war,
 They've garred him gang awa' fairly;
 Now braid is the sea that parts me afar
 Frae my ain dear winsome Charlie.
 (*Chorus*) Oh, my bonny Highland lad! &c.

LETTERS ON MUSIC: No. II.

THE MUSIC OF THE MIDDLE AGES.—STRINGED INSTRUMENTS OF THE MODERNS. THE GUITAR.

AFTER the fall of the Roman Empire, and the consequent decline of the arts, music was completely neglected. In the year 400, Saint Augustine had written a work on harmony in six books, which afforded evident proof of the degeneracy into which the theory had fallen; and though at a later period Macrobius, in his *Commentary on Cicero's Dream of Scipio*, endeavoured to revive the principles of Pythagoras, the information which he has furnished appears to have been wholly derived from the musical treatise of Nicomachus, and from the writings of other disciples of the Pythagorean school. After him, Boëce, of whom we have already spoken, and who was thoroughly acquainted with the music of the Greeks ingeniously applied their system to the principles of the art as established in his age. His work, which is composed with much attention to order and arrangement, contains the earliest examples of the no-

tation of music by Roman characters. In the sixth century, Cassiodorus wrote his *Musical Institutions*, in which we have little more than an abridgment of the principles, and an evidence of the decline, of music. Subsequently to this period it would appear that the art was no longer cultivated, except for the service of the church. Pope Gregory endeavoured to reduce the number of the ancient musical tones to seven, which were adopted by the church: he also made use of the Roman alphabet for the notation of sacred music, which he enriched with several ancient melodies. In this state the art continued till towards the end of the ninth century, when a monk named Huald attempted to introduce a system of notation composed of conventional signs, and also wrote some treatises on the doctrine of rhythm, which afterwards in 1066 was much elucidated by Franco of Cologne, Professor at Liege. The last men-

tioned writer arranged in a clear and connected form, extended and ameliorated the rules established before his era, and, though not the original inventor of the system, was at least the first classic author who wrote on the subject. In his work, which is entitled, *Ars Cantus Mensurabilis*, he treats not only of the forms of the notes and rests, serving to distinguish their value, but also of certain laws of proportion already established, as well as of four species of notes, viz. the *large*, the *long*, the *breve*, and the *semi-breve*. Franco also established five *modes* or elements of rhythm, corresponding to what modern musicians have termed *bars*.

Commensurate with the development of the theory was the progress made by the practical musicians, who about the middle of the twelfth century were known by the appellation of *troubadours*, and afterwards by that of *minstrels*. Their habitual occupation was the composition of the words and music of certain airs called *lays*, and which may be considered as the precursors of the metrical romance. The earliest troubadours known in France distinguished themselves in Provence, and soon inspired their countrymen with a taste for love songs, to the composition of which even the high-born and puissant *seigneurs* of the olden times condescended to devote their talents. In every *château* the minstrels sang, to the accompaniment of the harp, the productions of these lordly worshippers of the muse, amongst whom we may reckon Thibault VI. Count of Champagne and King of Navarre, better known to the historian for his violent and hopeless attachment to Queen Blanche of Castile, mother of Saint Louis; also Charles of Anjou, brother of Saint Louis; De Coucy celebrated for his amours with the noble Dame de Fayel; Blondeau or Blondel de Neele, the undaunted and faithful follower of Richard Cœur de Lion; Gaces Brulez, and many others. These noble amateurs were at little pains to vary the forms of their amorous ditties, most of which were composed of the approved ingredients of common-place gallantry, doleful appeals to the pity of the fair, the usual poetic anathemas against malice and detraction, with a plentiful sprinkling of verdant fields, returning spring, balmy breezes, and melodious nightingales. From the sameness of their nanby-pamby style, and the frequent repetition of their insipid

ornaments, such effusions might not in aptly have been termed the circular letters of poesy.

At the close of the thirteenth century appeared a remarkable troubadour, named Adam de le Hale; but, on account of his personal deformity and his birth-place, distinguished by the more familiar appellation of the *hunchback of Arras*. He was born towards the year 1240, and after a series of adventures visited Paris, where he obtained the protection of Robert Count d'Artois, whom, in 1282, he accompanied to Naples, in the suite of the Duke d'Alençon. Like all the troubadours of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Adam de le Hale was both a musician and a poet: his melodies however were distinguished from those of his predecessors by the regularity of their rhythm and measure. He also composed several motets for three voices, a manuscript copy of which has been preserved in the king's library at Paris. With his best work, a sort of vaudeville, entitled *Le jeu de Robin et de Marion*, the musicians of later days are scarcely acquainted. This composition, which may be called the earliest model of the comic opera, is provided with its *dramatis personæ* to the number of eleven, and is divided into scenes, in which the dialogue is interspersed with couplets and duets. Some copies are still extant in the king's library. It is more than probable that Adam de le Hale borrowed from the Italian school of poetry that graceful form and polish which, in his day, were unknown in France.

Whilst the troubadours and minstrels of France acquired an incontestable superiority in their wandering profession, the Italians had successfully essayed their powers in the art of composition in parts, which, subsequently to the era of Franco, was much neglected. Several trios composed in Italy towards the middle of the fourteenth century, and handed down to modern times, display a degree of skill and science which could have resulted only from gradual and successive improvement. Unfortunately the libraries of Italy, the literary treasures of which might afford the opportunity of tracing, step by step, the progress of art, are inaccessible not only to strangers but even to the natives. With the fourteenth century closes the era of the music of the middle ages, and commences another period — that of modern music.

With regard to the stringed instruments of the moderns, we have in a former article followed the prevailing opinion, that the guitar was introduced into Spain by the Moors. Nevertheless, although instruments stringed with gut are in general use throughout Africa, and especially on the shores of the Mediterranean, they neither in form nor in tone bear a strict resemblance to the guitar. It is by no means improbable that progressive modifications have given to some ancient Moorish instrument a degree of similarity to the form at present observable in the guitar. Be this as it may, the inhabitants of Egypt designate by the name of *qytârah Barbaryeh* (guitar of the Barâbras), a stringed instrument in vogue amongst the natives of Ethiopia; and in the Arab version of the Bible the term *qycârah* is employed to convey the meaning of the Hebrew word which the Septuagint interpreters have translated by that of *cithara* (κίθαρα). The term guitar seems to have been derived from that of *qytârah* or *qycârah*.

The instrument called *qytârah Barbaryeh* is commonly found in Egypt, in Ethiopia, in Nubia, and amongst the *Bârabras* or *Berbères* established on either side of the first cataract of the Nile. The Ethiopians distinguish it by the name of *Kissar* and the *Berbères* by that of *Kesser*. These various terms have an evident analogy with that of *guitar*, but the instrument thus designated by the moderns differs essentially in form from the *Kissar*, which is a lyre bearing no slight resemblance to the ancient instrument of that class described by Homer in his hymn to Mercury. The *Kissar*, too, has but five strings, and is held and played precisely in the same manner as the lyre described by the writers and represented on the monuments of antiquity. Another manifest difference exists between the *kissar* and the *guitar*; the latter being provided with a neck on which the fingers are pressed in order to vary the tones, whilst the former is without such advantage. If, then, as we may reasonably suppose, the term guitar derives its origin from those of *kissar*, *qycârah*, and *qytârah*, it is equally probable that these names were formerly applied to some instrument now no longer to be found in Africa; or at least that, in Spain, considerable alterations have been made in some antique Moorish stringed instrument, the name

of which has alone been preserved by tradition.

At the commencement of the twelfth century, the guitar was first introduced into the music of Europe. The oldest French authors who have mentioned this instrument give it the name of *guiterne*, which, in the sixteenth century, was still the term in use; as we learn from the following title of a work published in Paris by Adrien Le Roy, printer and professor of music; — *Briefve et facile Instruction pour apprendre la Tablature à bien accorder, conduire et disposer la Main sur la Guiterne*; Paris, 1578. Besides the appellation of *guitarra*, the Spaniards, who first devoted their attention to the guitar, applied to it the terms *viguelo de mano* and *vitruela*. The two most ancient Spanish treatises on the guitar are thus entitled: *El maestro o Musica diviguela de Mano*, Valencia, 1534; and *Silva de Sirenas, o tratado de la Vitruela*, Valladolid, 1547. The author of the former was *Don Louis Milan*, a noble of Valencia; the author of the latter, a professor of music, by name *Henry de Valderrobano*. The guitar is to this day called *Vitruela* by the Portuguese.

The guitar in vogue amongst the ambulatory musicians and the populace of Spain, and which may therefore be called the national instrument, has but five strings. It serves as an accompaniment to the popular airs known by the names of *boleros*, *seguedillas*, *tirannas*, *villancicos*, &c. gives life to the village dance, and in all serenades, evening parties, and rustic festivities, is the instrument *par excellence*. It is in great request amongst the muleteers, who, by its aid, are enabled to beguile the monotony of their long and tedious journeys. From his childhood every Spaniard learns to perform a few national airs on his favourite instrument; the strings of which he scrapes or strikes with the back of the hand instead of touching them after the fashion adopted by less rude musicians. About the end of the last century a more systematic method and many other improvements were introduced into the art of playing the guitar. *Castro de Gistau*, a Spanish gentleman born at Madrid in 1770, was the first who varied the qualities of its sound, and abandoned the arpeggios, of which the ordinary guitarists seemed so much enamoured. His science, though far inferior to that of *Aguado*, *Sor*, and *Carcassi*, was marvellous, when com-

pared with that which the generality of his countrymen could boast. At present, however, the Spanish capital possesses many distinguished performers on the guitar.

Till the commencement of the nineteenth century, the French, like the Spanish guitar, had but five strings; and though so limited in its resources, had inspired the genius of a Parisian master, named Campion, with a multitude of brilliant conceptions, which were revived upwards of a century after the publication of his curious work, bearing the following title : *Nouvelles Découvertes sur la Guitare, contenant plusieurs Suites de Pièces sur huit Manières d'accorder*; Paris, 1705. In 1801, a musical instrument maker of Paris, named *Maréchal*, added a sixth string to the guitar, which about the same period assumed the shape of the ancient lyre, and acquired additional vogue from the change.

Under the appellation of German or

English guitar, the *cithern* was introduced into France about the year 1770. This modification of the original instrument, like others, enjoyed its share of ephemeral notice; but, from its extreme difficulty, was soon abandoned. At present the German, English, Italian, Spanish, and French guitars have but one shape, and present no variation from each other in the number of their strings.

In 1828 a French professor of singing and the guitar produced an ingenious novelty called the *harpolyre*, and furnished with twenty-one strings. This instrument, though possessing many advantages over the ordinary guitar, has not, as yet, obtained a success proportionate to the resources which it affords on the score of harmony. The inventor is now no more, having lately fallen a sacrifice to illness occasioned by laborious and persevering exertion, and accelerated in its progress by disappointment and chagrin.

THE FOREST RILL.

[From a Volume in the Press, entitled "Enthusiasm, and other Poems," by SUSANNA STRICKLAND.]

YOUNG Naiad of the sparry grot,
Whose azure eyes before me burn,
In what sequester'd lonely spot
Lies hid thy flower-enchanted urn?
Beneath what mossy bank enshrin'd,
Within what ivy-mantled nook,
Shelter'd alike from sun and wind,
Lies hid thy source, sweet murmuring brook?

Deep buried lies thy airy shell,
Beneath thy waters clear;
Far echoing up the woodland dell
Thy wind-swept harp I hear.
Hark! now I catch its mellow tones,
Amid the long grass gliding;
Now broken 'gainst the rugged stones,
In hoarser accents chiding.

The wandering breeze that stirs the grove,
In plaintive moans replying,
To ev'ry leafy bough above
His tender tale is sighing.
Now ruffled by his viewless wing,
Thy wavelets fret and wimple,—
Now forth rejoicingly they spring
In many a laughing dimple.

To Nature's timid lovely queen
 Thy sylvan haunts are known;
 She seeks thy rushy margin green,
 To weave her flowery zone.
 Light waving o'er thy fairy floods,
 In all their vernal pride,
 She sees her crown of opening buds
 Reflected in the tide.

On, on! — for ever brightly on —
 Thy lucid waves are flowing;
 Thy waters sparkle as they run,
 Their long, long journey going;
 Light flashing in the noon-tide beam,
 O'er stone and pebble springing,
 And onward to some mightier stream
 Their slender tribute bringing.

And she who lowly bending steep
 Her hot brow in thy wave,
 Sees in thy course the power that sweeps
 All living to the grave.
 The face that, in thy mirror clear,
 In thoughtful mood is pensive seen,
 Before another fleeting year
 Forgotten, as it ne'er had been,

Within the churchyard's quiet bound
 May sleep, released from mortal woe,
 Nor waken at the plaintive sound
 Of waters singing as they flow.
 The spirit, like a fountain seal'd,
 That lay for ages 'neath the sod,
 Its hidden source by heaven reveal'd,
 Shall upward spring to meet its God!

Whilst floating down the tide of years,
 The Christian will not mourn her lot;
 There is a hand will dry all tears,
 A land where sorrows are forgot.
 Though in the crowded page of time
 The record of her name may die,
 'Tis traced in annals more sublime, —
 The volume of Eternity!

TRIALS OF ANIMALS.

WERE any evidence required to show that our ancestors of the chivalric ages were but children of a larger growth, the assertion would be fully proved by the fact that their records contain narratives of many singular judicial trials of brute creatures for moral delinquencies. In the details of such proceedings may be observed

an odd mixture of childish absurdity and the forms of justice.

Whether, from a dearth of clients, the worthies of the legal profession thus amused themselves during their leisure hours in order to prevent their controversial powers from growing rusty through disuse, they have not condescended to

inform us. We merely know that, among the archives of these "potent, grave, and reverend signiors," minutes of such trials remain. The fine still inflicted on the owner of an animal or utensil that may have caused the accidental death of a human being is, without doubt, a faint remnant of these customs.

In a manuscript in the library of the King of France may be found the following record of a sentence pronounced against a sow, in 1457, by the judge of Savigny, in Burgundy:—

"On the Tuesday before Christmas Day," runs the accusation, "a sow and six sucking pigs, now actually in prison, were taken in the very act of committing and consummating (especially the execrable sow) a murder and homicide on the person of Jean Martin, aged five years old," &c. The advocate named for the defence of the sow acknowledged that he had nothing to say in behalf of his client; and sentence was forthwith pronounced in the following terms:—

"Having taken cognizance of the facts, and having consulted the ancient usage and customs of Burgundy, with the fear of God before our eyes, we declare and pronounce our definitive sentence; and by the law, and the word of our mouth, condemn the sow of Jean Bailly to be confiscated, and delivered into the hands of the public executioner, in order to suffer the capital punishment of being hung by the hind feet till she dies. In the matter of the sucking pigs, as it is not clearly proven that, although stained with the blood of Jean Martin, they were aiders and abettors in his death, judgment on the said sucking pigs is deferred; and they are to be returned and rendered to their master, Jean Bailly, who will endeavour to procure evidence as to whether they partook of any part of the body of Jean Martin."

Then comes the *procès-verbal* of the execution of the sow by the hands of the executioner of Chalons-sur-Saône.

Such as are anxious to learn the fate of the orphan pigs, may, in the same manuscript, read an account of their acquittal on a subsequent trial: yet they were not finally restored to their right owner, but confiscated to the treasury of their district. Notwithstanding the proof of their innocence, as declared by the judge of their province, it may be concluded that they shared the usual fate of even the

most laudable and unsuspected swine, and died a natural death by the knife of the butcher, instead of an ignominious one by the cord of the hangman.

Mallerus, a theologian of the fifteenth century, in a treatise on Exorcisms, mentions a process, instituted during the preceding age, against the gnats, which were very troublesome one summer in the electorate of Mayence. The judge before whom the farmers of the districts had cited the gnats, mercifully considering that the criminals were very little, and had not yet attained the age of discretion, appointed an advocate to defend their interests. The cause of the accused was pleaded with great spirit and talent; and though sentenced to evacuate the country, they were permitted to retire to a remote district.

In 1386, a judge of Falaise condemned a sow to be wounded in the feet and head, and afterwards hanged, for having caused the death of an infant by lacerating its arms and face. This sow was executed on the place de l'Hotel de Ville, dressed in human habiliments. The expense amounted to ten sous six deniers, besides a new glove for the executioner. (*Statistique de Falaise*, p. 83.)

In 1386, the officers of justice belonging to the convent of St. Génévieve condemned a hog to be burnt alive for having devoured an infant. This execution actually took place at Fontenay-aux-Roses, near Paris. (*Hist. de Paris*, vol. ix. p. 4.)

In a work published 1531, Chasseneux, president of the parliament of Provence, discusses the question of the expediency of bringing animals to justice, and decides in the affirmative. According to him, it is the duty of the judge to appoint counsel adequate to conduct the defence of the accused, and to urge every possible plea in their favour. The same juriconsult reports the proceedings of several actions brought, at the beginning and at the end of the fifteenth century, against the rats and slugs of Autun, against the snails of Beaune, and the slugs of Mâcon and of Lyons. From the President de Thou, we learn that the rats of Autun enjoyed the rare privilege of having the learned Chasseneux for their advocate. On the complaint of the magistrates of the *procurateur général* of the ecclesiastical court, the Official ordered the rats to be summoned before him. Chasseneux, aware of the bad reputation of his clients,

devised many legal delays, in order that by a reformation in their manners they might weaken the unfavourable impression entertained against them. The advocate alleged that the defendants were dispersed in the neighbouring villages, and that a single citation was not enough for all. A second citation was, in consequence, issued, and, at the conclusion of mass, publicly read in every parish. At the expiration of the term allowed, the advocate of the rats framed abundant excuses for the non-appearance of his clients: he pleaded that the way was long and difficult; and that the accused were exposed to great danger from the attacks of their mortal enemies the cats, who, informed of the affair in agitation, had resolved to waylay and seize them on their passage to the honourable court. The learned Chasseneux made a pathetic appeal on the score of justice and humanity, which (said he) ought to be

weighed before a whole commonwealth was devoted to extirpation. In short, the rats were as ably defended as any human delinquents that might have paid high fees for the services of counsel.

These were, indeed, golden times for the law, when a man was not permitted to kill the vermin in his own barn without such tedious and, perhaps, expensive foolery.

So lately as the seventeenth century, numerous actions were brought in France, Switzerland, and Spain, against rats, dogs, leeches, and goats. According to Lahontan (*Voyage*, lett. 2.), in 1700, the tortoises were excommunicated by the bishops of Canada. The learned traveller, however, has omitted to acquaint us with the precise act of imprudence or criminality which drew down the thunders of the church on the heads of these amphibious offenders.

SONNET OF VITTORIA COLONNA TO CARDINAL BEMBO.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.*

Ah! had thy Muse but been inspired ere now
 By my beloved, whose name so brightly blazed,
 Then far more famed through future ages thou,
 And he in loftier song more justly praised;
 His name, recorded by thy strains sublime,
 Which shame the bards of old, and Envy's breath
 With deadly hate supply, despite of time,
 Would ever be preserved from second death.

Could I at least within thy breast excite
 The love I feel, or thou to mine thy fire
 Impart, to give him the full meed of praise!
 For thus I fear the wrath of Heaven to raise—
 'Gainst thee, who tunest to other themes thy lyre—
 'Gainst me, who dare of so much worth to write.

A SCENE IN FLORENCE.

(FOURTEENTH CENTURY.)

"Do you see that man bending his head over a volume exposed for sale at one of those stands on which the richest booksellers in Florence vend their wares? The copyists of the Sorbonne have sent the book to Florence, in order to procure

* The original is much praised by the learned Muratori in his *Treatise on Italian Poetry*. Cardinal Bembo was esteemed as one of the greatest lyric poets of his time, and only surpassed by the celebrated Petrarca.

for it a better price than at Paris. That pale thin man, standing at the bookseller's door, is too poor to purchase the treasure which he holds in his hand, but he devours it with his eyes, and will carry away its contents impressed in the most lively characters on his memory. It is a high day of ceremony; the busy and noisy crowd swarm around him; the Florentine lords sweep by him, their mantles gracefully folded; young, fair, and high-born maids, noble matrons, mounted on ambling palfreys, and followed by valets and pages carrying their embroidered missals clasped with gold; a procession attended by long files of the populace, who rend the air with shouts and acclamations; — all pass unheeded by this man who stands immovable as a statue. His black curling hair, aquiline nose, high and furrowed brow, firmly compressed mouth, lofty grave, and poetical physiognomy, command attention and respect. The crowd involuntarily separate, to give him room; more than one young girl makes the sign of the cross, as she passes him, and casts her pious regards on the stone Madonna placed in a niche over the door."

"Do not disturb that man; step softly by him;" said one of the latter to her companion.

"And why, Camilla?"

"He is the man who descends into hell when he pleases, and carries along with him the objects of his hatred."

"How! is it he?" replied the other, and both quickened their pace. Meanwhile the stranger, who had excited their terror, raised his head, smiled, and again became wholly absorbed in the contents of his volume.

Presently an ecclesiastic passed by, mounted on a mule gorgeously caparisoned. For a moment he slackened his rein, paused, and muttered — "Read,

Bianco* — read; to-morrow thou shalt burn!"

Perhaps the stranger heard; he did not, however, raise his head, but fixed and motionless continued to read. Night fell; he closed his book with a sigh, replaced it, and departed; he had been in the same spot ever since daylight.

The next morning, when he again approached the stall, the bookseller came out of his house, and informed him that the faction of the *negri* had proscribed him during one of their secret nocturnal sittings at the convent of St. Pietro; and that it was dangerous for him to appear openly in the streets of Florence."

"Good!" was his sole reply.

A crowd gathered around him. — "You are condemned to death," said one of them.

"Without a hearing?"

"I have proof that they intend to set fire to your house at night, and burn or slay you. Save yourself by flight!"

"I shall remain here."

"Flee, for the sake of your children."

"I will leave them my name for a heritage."

"In the name of her, whom you have rendered immortal on earth as she is in heaven," said a friend, who pierced the throng; "in the name of Beatrice, I conjure you to flee!"

The stranger bowed his head, and, accompanied by his friend, directed his steps towards the Roman gate of Florence.

"How can you revenge yourself on your enemies for their cruelty — their insults?" The stranger replied not; but drawing a roll of parchment from his bosom, pointed significantly to the words inscribed thereon, "*Divina Commedia, Inferno*." He then turned from Florence, and departed from her walls on foot and alone.

E. S—.

THE LITERARY VENGEANCE OF DANTE.

NEVER, even in these modern days, when the printing press and the pen have exalted themselves above the throne, did a poet take such signal vengeance on his

foes and persecutors as Dante. The castigation that Byron and Gifford bestowed on their enemies is yet vivid in all men's memories; the portraits drawn by Pope,

* Florence, in the æra of Dante, was torn by the factions of the White and Black — Bianci e Negri.

Swift, and Dryden, of their critics and slanderers, are familiar to the mere modern reader; while they who search deeper into literature are equally familiar with the caustic satires of Scaliger, Cardan, and Milton. All this, however, was a mere bespattering of ink—a futile paper war, compared with the tremendous inflictions of the unpublished *Divina Commedia*, both *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*. The gloomy superstition of the times, the singular character of Dante, his nobility and poverty, his wild original genius, his distinguished person, of which the sculptor and the painter have conveyed to us an idea as exact as if the man stood before us, his fame as an unfortunate lover and still more wretched husband,—these various circumstances, united to his prowess in the field and ability in the cabinet, threw a dreamy fearfulness over the public mind. Many hated, all dreaded him; and even his nearest connections believed that in the flesh he had descended into hell, and beheld the divers torments described by him with such faithful minuteness. His deceased foes, and the faction opposed to him, were recorded as suffering the most degrading and horrid punishments (and his contemporaries, both friends and foes, devoutly believed in the

reality of such sufferings); but these were the insensible, the quiet dead, who, after madly engaging in the stern strife which then rent every petty republic in Italy, were at length as unconscious of infamy as of panegyric, and slept as soundly in the grave as though their bosoms had never throbbled with the fervour of Italian passions. Their children might feel, it is true; yet in the civil war which desolated a city, too often father fought against son, and the vengeance of the poet fell upon his friends. No revenge but that nurtured in the brain of an Italian warrior and poet could have inflicted upon a living and uncondemned fellow-creature the obloquy attached to a sentenced spirit of darkness; yet even that vial of wrath did the imaginative genius of Dante Alighieri open upon the head of his fellest enemy, the ecclesiastic whose intrigues occasioned his condemnation. It may be interesting to the reader, who is not deeply read in the pages of this most extraordinary of poets, to see some extracts illustrative of Dante's literary vengeance, and in which he does not spare Florence, his ungrateful and unnatural father-land: witness the sublime opening of the twenty-sixth canto of *L'Inferno*.

“Godi Fiorenza poiche se si grande,
Che per mare et per terra battil ali
Et per l'inferno il tu nome si spande!”

In Carey's version of the *Inferno* (the most true and beautiful of all translations) the passage is thus rendered:—

“Florence, exult! for thou so mightily
Hast thriven, that o'er land and sea thy wings
Thou beatest, and thy name spreads over hell!”

While we our course o'er the dead channel held,
One drenched in mire before me came and said—
“Who art thou that thus comest ere thine hour?”
I answered—“Though I come, I tarry not;
But who art thou, that art become so foul?”
“One, as thou seest, who mourn,” he straight replied.
To which I thus: “In mourning and in woe,
Cursed spirit, tarry thou! I know thee well.”
* * * * * Scarce his words
Were ended, when I saw the miry tribes
Set on him with such violence, that yet
For that render I thanks to God, and praise.
“To Filippo Argenti!” cried they all:
And on himself, the moody Florentine
Turned his avenging fangs.

Canto 8.

O thou to whom I now direct my voice,
That lately didst exclaim in Lombard phrase,
“If but e'en now thou fall

Into this blind world, from that pleasant land
Of Latium, whence I draw my sum of guilt,
Tell me if those, who in Romagna dwell,
Have peace or war? For, of the mountains there
Was I, betwixt Urbino and the height
Whence Tyber first unlocks his mighty flood."

My reply

Was ready, and I spake without delay :
" O spirit ! who art hidden here below !
Never was thy Romagna without war
In her proud tyrants' bosoms, nor is now :
But open war, there left I none. The state,
Ravenna hath maintained this many a year,
Is steadfast. There Polenta's * eagle broods,
And in his broad circumference of plume
O'ershadows Cervia. The green talons grasp
The land that stood erewhile the proof so long,
And piled in bloody heap the host of France."

Canto 27.

" At the bridge's foot
I mark'd how he did point with menacing look
At thee, and heard him by the others named
Geri of Bello. Thou so wholly then
Wert busied with his spirit, who once ruled
The towers of Hautefort, that thou lookedst not
That way ere he was gone."

Canto 29.

The inhabitant of a warm and pleasant country, Dante imagined that the ultimatum of torture was extreme cold ; therefore the very deepest abyss of hell he describes as consisting of ice. " Oh ill-starred folk ! " he exclaims, " beyond all others wretched." Fire he does not appear to have considered as a dreadful torture to the fervid inhabitant of the south, but rather as something like his native element ; and truly the tormented

in hot pitch and fiery tombs seem to chat rather comfortably in their quarters ; but the whole powers of his poetical genius are brought to bear upon Antenora, the circle of frost. Here are placed the unhappy and far-famed Ugolino and his murderer ; and to this abode, too, has he condemned his own living enemies. His mode of contriving this is curious in a literary point of view : —

" Thus low,
Blue, pinched, and shrined in ice, the spirits stood,
Moving their teeth in shrill note, like the stork.
His face each downward held ; their mouths the cold,
Their eyes express'd the dolour of their hearts.

* * * * A thousand visages

Then mark'd I, which the keen and eager cold
Had shaped into a doggish grin : whence creeps
A shivering horror o'er me at the thought
Of those froze shallows, and I trembling went
Through that eternal chillness."

Canto 32.

Then cried out one in the chill crust who mourn'd —
" O souls so cruel ! that the farthest post
Hath been assign'd you ; from this face remove
The harden'd veil, that I may vent the grief
Impregnate at my heart, some little space
Ere it congeal again ! " I thus replied :
" Say who thou wast, if thou would'st have mine aid ;

* Guido Novella de Polenta, Lord of Ravenna. He was Dante's great and munificent patron, sheltered him in his last illness, and, at his death, buried him with great state ; he likewise raised to the memory of the poet the tomb still in existence. The likeness of Dante is painted in the extraordinary cemetery cloisters at Ravenna.

And if I extricate thee not, far down
 As to the lowest ice may I descend!"
 "The Friar Alberigo," answered he.
 "Hah!" I exclaim'd,
 Art thou, too, dead?" "How in the world aloft
 It fareth with my body," answer'd he,
 "I am right ignorant. Ofttimes the soul
 Drops hither, ere by Atropos divorced.
 Know that the soul, that moment she betrays,
 As I did, yields her body to a fiend,
 Who after moves and governs it at will,
 Till all its time be rounded: headlong she
 Falls to this cistern. And perchance above
 Doth yet appear the *body of a ghost*,*
 That *here* behind me winters. Him thou knowest,
 If thou but newly art arrived below;
 The years are many that have pass'd away,
 Since to this fastness Branca Doria came."
 "Now," answer'd I, "methinks thou mockest me,
 For Branca Doria never yet hath died,
 But doth all natural functions of a man,
 Eats, drinks, and sleeps, and putteth raiment on."
 Ah, Genoese! men perverse in every way,
 With every foulness stain'd, why from the earth
 Are ye not cancell'd? Such a one of yours
 I with *Romagna's darkest spirit*† found;
 As for his doings, even now in soul
 Is in Cocytus plunged, and yet doth seem
 In body still alive upon the earth.

CARY, *Canto 33.*

What an extraordinary sensation must these lines have excited in a city, where every other man was a poet, and every man an admirer and judge of poetry; and where, through scarcity of books, and vivid admiration of genius, whole cantos of first-rate poems were committed to memory;—what a singular sensation, we repeat, must this last passage have created in Florence: the very creatures and tools of Alberigo and Doria, who were most powerful in their faction, must have looked on them with horror and distrust as incarnate fiends; for it was devoutly believed that the lofty-minded Florentine only sung what he saw. Perhaps there was not in Florence a single believer in a future state, who did not at the same time believe in the reality of Dante's descent into hell and purgatory. The unblemished character, too, which the stern poet bore

for honour, integrity, and morality, must have given his awful annunciations the greater force. Poor and noble, a leader in the field, and a counsellor in the cabinet, Dante, like St. John, might have been called a son of thunder. His poems, unbending in their morality, as tremendous in their strength, were calculated to make a deep impression during an age of peculiar superstition and wickedness—and so deep was that impression, that we find *per l'inferno di Dante* the most fearful oath by which an Italian, even at the present day, can asseverate. To make amends to the ladies, a little chilled, perhaps, by our extracts, we conclude with an exquisite touch of affection relating to his lost Beatrice, then supposed to exist in a state of beatification, and to assist him in his undertaking by her angelic interference.

Poscia che m' hebbe ragionato questo
 Gli occhi lucenti lagrimando volse,
 Quali i fioretti dal notturno gelo
 Chinati et chiuse, poi che 'l Sol gl' imbianca,
 Si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo;
 Tal mi fec 'io di mia virtute stanca
 Chi cominciai.

Canto 2.

* Another mortal enemy of Dante's, Branca Doria, still living.

† The Friar Alberigo.

"When she had ended, her bright beaming eyes
 Tearful she turned aside - - - -
 As florets by the frosty air of night
 Bent down and closed, when day has blanch'd their leaves,
 Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems,
 So was my fainting vigour new restored.

CARY.

The Paradiso contains many highly drawn portraits of his Beatrice, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth cantos of that poem, the lover of Italian literature will

find a genealogy of Dante's family, whom the bard has very dutifully provided with seats among the blessed.

E. S.—

POPE GREGORY XVI.

"LE Roi est mort — vive le Roi!" So may it be said of the Pope, who has been resuscitated under the title of Gregory XVI. His Holiness was born at Belluno, in the Venetian States, in the year 1766. His taste for theological literature induced him, at an early age, to embrace the vows of a Camaldolite, and to study, with unwearied application, the ancient and modern languages of the East, as well as the liturgy and antiquities of the different Catholic churches which still adhere to the Greek, Armenian, Maronite, and Copht rites. In these pursuits, Father Capellari found ample food for the gratification of his studious tastes, and contributed his share towards maintaining the reputation for profound learning which distinguishes, above all other monastic orders, that of St. Benedict. He soon became a doctor of the highest repute in the various Greek, Asiatic, and African churches, whose deputies incessantly visited Rome for the purpose of obtaining the settlement of their intestine discords, as well as of seeking a powerful ally against Mahometan oppression. These representatives of Eastern Catholicism, arriving from every quarter of the globe, and mingling their picturesque costumes with those of the population of the eternal city, daily repaired to the cell of the holy father, whose researches, embracing every department of ecclesiastical science, qualified him for the office of their spiritual instructor.

Pursuits such as those which employed the faculties of Father Capellari are, at Rome, almost the only source of fortune, fame, and power; and being also both the end and means of government, oc-

cupy the attention of minds which, in another sphere, would doubtless be engaged in the prosecution of worldly science and politics. In the city which, above all others, merits the name of universal — where the philosophy, the erudition, and the faith of the middle ages are still prevalent in the cloister — may still be seen men clad in the costume of Galileo's inquisitorial judges, and familiar with the language of that ancient theology of which a Thomas Aquinas was the professor, and a Dante the poet. But amongst these men of other days may occasionally be found the embryo diplomatist, who, with eyes stedfastly fixed upon futurity, with instinctive sagacity follows the march of time, and devotes to the service of the *Cura Romana* that political knowledge of the affairs of Christian Europe, acquired, strange as it may seem, in the depths of the seminary or the convent.

The reputation which Father Capellari had justly obtained for piety and learning soon passed the narrow boundaries of the cloister, and placed him at the head of an order of which his enlightened spirit rendered him at once the ornament and support. The scrutiny of his character, to which public attention was at this time directed, tended to increase the favourable estimation in which he was held, and to mark him as one whose high and unassuming merit would, ere long, entitle him to fill the most dignified offices of the church, and consequently of the state.

In Italy, where, perhaps, more than in any other country, the eyes of the populace are captivated by external attraction, the exclamation of *E Bello!* cannot be

indifferent to the ear even of the modest ecclesiastic. Such a phrase could not, in truth, have been applied to Father Capellari; and yet the primitive simplicity of his manners, and the austerity of his features, tempered by an expression of dignity, admirably harmonised with the long white garments of his order which he wore on all occasions of religious ceremony; the only distinctive portion of his dress being the cardinal's hat, which had been given or rather restored to him by Leo XII. Under the reign of Pius VII., another monk of the same order, by name Zucchi, had been promoted to the cardinalship; and although the merit of the latter was incontestable, public opinion had long recognised the superior claims of Capellari, to whose unpretending worth the new Pope, on his accession, hastened to do justice. Shortly afterwards, Capellari, summoned to the direction of the congregation *de propaganda fide*, found ample scope for the exercise of his knowledge of Eastern languages and customs, and discharged the duties of his new office with a zeal and ability which acquired for him the entire confidence of the pontiff. By his advice and assistance were framed the conditions of the important and delicate negotiations which Leo XII. subsequently concluded with the Liberator Bolivar, and with the King of the Netherlands. Never before were the South American republics known to have obtained the benefit of a similar concordat. Equally novel and tolerant was the spirit of the treaty opened with the Protestant Court of Brussels, and which enabled a heretic sovereign, for the first time, to send an ambassador to the Holy See. The interests of the American republics were intrusted to Bolivar's agent, M. Texada, whose presence at Rome excited the warmest indignation on the part of the Madrid Cabinet. The representative of the King of the Netherlands was the Count de Celles, formerly Belgian minister at the French Court.

In the discussion of such high and conflicting interests, Cardinal Capellari, who had been rendered conspicuous by merit alone, displayed a degree of capacity equal to the importance of the task confided to his direction; and, although the political career which he had commenced could not at that period materially influence his destiny, it at least

served to augment his reputation for zeal ennobled by enlightened views, and for talent unsullied by intrigue.

Gregory XVI. (for Mauro Capellari must now be considered no more) is still young—that is to say, for a Pope,—for of such the term of infancy is generally coeval with the octogenarian period of ordinary men. The cardinals are said to have elected His Holiness in the anticipation of a lengthened reign; a circumstance from which we may infer that the conclave of Eminences had long felt a *pressentiment* of the dangers which at this moment assume the shape of dreadful realities. Though called to the papal throne by the voice of public esteem, for once, at least, in unison with popular feeling—though known for the political and religious toleration which has ever guided his transactions with Protestant sovereigns and Catholic republics, it is scarcely to be expected that the new pontiff can oppose an effectual resistance to the march of circumstances, the rapidity of which defies the efforts of human calculation. The election of Gregory XVI. has served as the signal for the revolt of all the Papal provinces; and, perhaps, at this moment the insurrection, marching with giant strides to Rome, has exiled the Pope from the capital of the Catholic world.

Rome may be termed the city of Popes, and not the metropolis of Italy: both in a moral and physical point of view, she is surrounded by a desert, which separates her from the rest of the civilised world. Deprived of her pontiffs, who have been, as it were, the architects of her modern renown, she would languish, and ultimately perish for want of proper sustenance; she would become, like Venice, but the spectre of a city. Banished from Rome, the Pope would not have “where to lay his head;” and yet it will scarcely be disputed, that an independent existence, though not, perhaps, the pomp and state of a worldly sovereign, should be assured to the High Priest representing in his single person one hundred and fifty millions of Catholics, who have confided to him their spiritual dominion. The revolution which, having commenced in France, now extends throughout Italy may separate the religious from the political order of things; but it surely ought not to lead to the oppression, the humiliation, and the persecution of the Catholic church, which, though no longer

supreme, or even influential, is entitled to consideration and the enjoyment of freedom. The persecution of that church, in the person of the pope, would, at a future day, inevitably lead to a reaction in favour of rights now trodden down by violence and oppression; and the success of such a movement would most assuredly be marked by the wildest excesses of bigotry and despotism. Within the walls of Rome, the revolution could be effected only by the presence of an invading and a victorious army; and, to prevent the

counter-révolution, the permanent establishment of a foreign garrison would be indispensable. Italy has but little to gain from the forced adhesion of Rome to a system of union, which the latter would rather enfeeble than strengthen. We must, therefore, continue to hope that the Italian patriots will neither make war against the pope (which has never been reckoned a glorious enterprise), nor expel him from Rome, which, to say the least of it, were a useless precaution.

THE MAHDY.

SUCH of our readers as are conversant with Mahometan customs and superstitions are probably acquainted with the religious veneration in which the title of *Mahdy* is held by the followers of the crescent, and particularly by the descendants of the Moors. This title, at first adopted as an honorary surname by different princes of the East, of Africa, and of Spain, has since been successively assumed by individuals whom circumstances, popular credulity, or their own daring spirit, contributed to elevate. The nominal distinctions attached during the earlier periods of Mussulman history to the appellation of Mahdy must therefore not be confounded with the importance of the same title as specially applied to the various personages who have subsequently received or usurped it as the type or characteristic symbol of their supposed mission; and who, under the semblance of religious reformation, have directed their ambition to the attainment of political supremacy. The origin of these pretended missions may be traced to the following popular tradition.

It may be recollected that, on the occasion of Mahomet's death, his disciples were divided with regard to their choice of a successor: the result of their disputes was an important schism which still exists. The conflicting parties were divided into two distinct sects: under the banners of one were ranged those who both in spiritual and temporal matters acknowledged the legitimate right of succession only in the direct line of the Prophet issuing from his son-in-law

Aly, and extinct at the twelfth generation in the person of Aboubquâsem Mohammed, surnamed, *par excellence*, Al Mahdy. Snatched in his infancy from the adoration of his devout followers, the youthful prince closed the line of Grand Imans, or legitimate sovereign pontiffs, in the year 264 or 267 of the hegira, and 877 or 880 of the common æra. The opposite party was composed of the Sonnytes, or observers of the tradition, whose descendants are distributed rather than divided into flocks, all equally orthodox. The latter, while they profess the most profound respect for the direct descent of Mahomet, do not entertain for it a veneration so exclusive or so superstitious as that of their opponents, whom they contemptuously designate by the appellation of *Schyaytes*, or Schismatics.

Notwithstanding that so many centuries have elapsed since the extinction of the lineal descendants of the Prophet, the Schyaytes hold as their favourite opinion that the twelfth Imam is still in existence, and will one day re-appear to resume his rightful sceptre, to subjugate the earth, and to effect the great work of religious reform. In confirmation of the prevailing superstition, a tradition, held sacred by the Arabs, attributes to Mahomet himself a prediction which designates Western Africa as the future theatre of a portentous revolution, and which expressly announces that a day will come "when the sun shall rise in the West;"—that is, according to the interpretation of the Arabs, in Western Africa. The latter

country has therefore, at different periods, witnessed the exploits of various pretenders to the fulfilment of the mysterious oracle, several of whom have founded powerful dynasties on the overthrow of established governments.

The impostor or fanatic entitled to our earliest notice, from priority of appearance as well as from the notoriety of his feats, was named, O'bayd Allah-ben-Mohammed the Schyayte. He was the first to turn the tide of popular superstition in favour of his own ambition, by appearing in the West precisely at the period marked out by the ancient prophecy; that is, towards the end of the third century of the hegira. He assumed the title of Mahdy, afterwards borne by his immediate successors, each of whom gave out, that by a sort of metempsychosis the spirit of the last Iman existed in him, and was to be perpetuated in his race by hereditary descent. Allah-ben-Mohammed, who had seized the standard of reform and conquest at Segelmasah, on the Atlantic limit of the great district of Ssahra, insensibly elevated the fabric of his greatness on the wreck of rival dynasties, and at length extended his dominion to Cairo. After his example, but modestly substituting the title of *Marabout*, or hermit, for that of Mahdy, Abdallah ben Yasyñ Al-Gézouly next preached religious reform. Enforcing his doctrine, like other reformers, at the point of the sword, he founded the dynasty of the Lantounydes, who soon extended their empire from the ocean to Egypt, and from the banks of the Ebro to the heart of the negro states. In the old Spanish romances this powerful dynasty has been celebrated under the appellation of *Almorabides*—a corruption of *Al-Morabethyn*, or religious; a title by which the Lantounydes were distinguished.

This formidable monarchy was in its turn extinguished by another Mahdy, named Abou-Mohammed Abdallah ben Tomrout. Following the example of his predecessors, he too cloaked his ambitious design under the specious guise of reform, became the chief of a numerous party, and rushed from the passes of Mount Atlas to the conquest of the vast

states in possession of the Lantounydes. Thus commenced and gradually increased the power of the Monahhedyn or Unitarian sect, designated in Andalusian romance by the name of *Almohades*.

In the same district of Western Africa, among the Mahometans established to the south of the desert near the Moorish tribes, a new apostle lately made his appearance, and was dignified by the people with the title of Mahdy. A few preliminary explanations may be requisite to introduce our mention of this personage.

About ten years since, Youssef-ben-Siry, then Emyr-al-Moumenyn or monarch of Foutah, was dethroned. After some months of anarchy and commotion, another Emyr, Ibrahim, seated himself on the throne; whence he too, like his predecessor, was shortly expelled. An obstinate struggle commenced, and terminated in the defeat of Ibrahim and his party. Youssef was consequently proclaimed sole monarch, though his reign continued to be disturbed by the secret machinations or open attacks of his unsuccessful rival. In the midst of this ill-extinguished conflict between established power on the one hand and alleged right on the other, in the bosom of a nation where religious fanaticism still exercises a potent influence (particularly in the province of Toro), the new Mahdy was announced.

This remarkable personage, by name Mohammed-ben A'mar ben Ahmed, was born in the year 1803 at Souymah, a large village in the province of Toro; and is said to have early displayed that taste for theological studies which usually distinguishes the inhabitants of Western Africa. In 1819, Mohammed, then about sixteen years of age, quitted the schools of the *Thalebs* or professors, and of the Imams, where he had studied with distinction, and became a disciple of the Marabouts, the most celebrated among the Moorish tribes who wander about the district of Ssahra.

In the month of April, 1828, and previously to the conclusion of the feast or rather fast of the Ramadan*, Mohammed-ben A'mar returned to Souymah. His sparkling eyes, his quivering yet

* The month of the Ramadan usually commences on the 18th of March, and closes on the 17th of April. Our readers are doubtless aware that its continuance is devoted by the Mussulmans to fasting and prayer. It is worthy of remark, that Mahomet himself is supposed to have received his divine mission during this month.

speechless lips, the whole expression of his countenance, betrayed the unusual emotions, the interior workings of his mind. His stupefied and panic-struck countrymen concluded him insane; and according to their custom on similar occasions, appropriated to his use a hut built with more regard to expedition than convenience, and isolated from the habitations of his fellow-citizens. With step firm and composed, with head erect, his arms disdainfully folded on his bosom, his flashing eye seeming alone to reveal the sublime inspirations too awful for his lips to pronounce, Mohammed silently traversed the gaping crowd, and took possession of his new abode. Installed in his comfortless hut, he prostrated himself on the earth, and remained twelve days in prayer and rigid fasting.

On the thirteenth day he made his re-appearance at Souymah, at the hour of the *al-assri*, or afternoon prayer. The dignity of his mien, his fine and regular features, his gait, at once majestic, dauntless, and unaffected, all irresistibly excited the attention of the populace. He addressed them in the strain of impassioned eloquence which the feverish paroxysms of holy zeal not unfrequently impart to the fanatic; and the Imams, the Marabouts of all ranks and ages, seized with enthusiasm at his "prophetic fury," declared themselves his disciples, and eagerly claimed the honour of being initiated in his doctrines. The stupid mob, ever in extremes, and who but a few days before had fled his approach, now sang hymns in his praise, and loudly proclaimed him the Mahdy whose coming had been so long foretold and so devoutly expected.

The contending factions, whose feuds still continued to agitate the political scene to which their sphere of action was limited, eagerly solicited the support of the extraordinary individual whose solitary voice held an entire population in subjection. The Imam Aboubaker, the ancient preceptor of the once obscure Mohammed, enlisted his powerful advocacy in the cause of the defeated Emyr; and partly to gratify his old master, partly to achieve the glory of a memorable revolution, the Mahdy consented to gild with the splendour of his name the fallen fortunes of Ibrahim.

The latter placed under the command of Mohammed his whole disposable force, his troops, ammunition, and horses, and marched in person under the orders of his new ally, who confidently advanced upon Faldy, the ordinary residence of the reigning emperor Yousef. In the self-security of prophetic inspiration the Mahdy promised the honours of the field to his Mussulman followers; who relied with so much faith on the prediction, that their march assumed rather the appearance of a triumph after victory, than that of hazardous invasion against disciplined and superior numbers. On this occasion, however, the enthusiastic faith of the apostle of Mahometan regeneration was far from saving to his devoted army. Yousef, without awaiting the threatened attack, boldly advanced to meet his invader; whose forces were completely routed and cut to pieces near the villages of Bounbali and Abdallah. Of the zealous but undisciplined host who had so fearlessly "reckoned spoil before the field was won," scarcely a handful was left to tell the tale of disaster and defeat. The emperor Ibrahim sought safety in flight: the Mahdy too had wandered, "no man knew whither."

Adversity, however, had but seasoned his courage, as the fire serves to temper the steel. Two months after his first fatal essay in the united characters of a champion and a saint, he was again seen at Souymah. Issuing from among the huts inhabited by his wives and slaves, his waist encircled with a white girdle, he marched with composed but saddened step, his firm purpose still piercing through his air of deep humility and devotion. His right hand grasped an unsheathed poniard, his left arm supported his infant, whose feeble cries seemed to claim a mother's tenderness. At this unexpected sight, the people with one accord flocked together and eagerly surrounded him. The trunk of a fallen tree served to elevate him above the crowd. The fanatic multitude gazed with holy rapture on his countenance, radiant with the fire of enthusiasm, yet chastened by the expression of sorrow. They marked the exalted hope, the frantic devotion, that sparkled in his eye; they listened in breathless silence to his eloquence, brilliant as the visionary's day-dream and fervid as the

martyr's faith. "If," said he, "Allah has not favoured the righteous cause against the arms of Yousef, his displeasure must be ascribed to the stains which sully his unworthy servants. The crimes of the Fellans cannot be redeemed by prayer alone; the Most High requires an expiatory offering, as prescribed by the book of the law. The victim destined for the sacrifice is not demanded from the fond parents who surround me; mine is the lamb devoted to the slaughter; mine the blood that must wash away the sins of Allah's people!"

Upon this the Mahdy, excited to the highest pitch of religious phrensy, plunged his dagger into the bosom of the helpless infant, and flung the bleeding corpse into the midst of the throng, who witnessed the scene with feelings of mingled horror and enthusiasm. "Behold," cried he, "I sprinkle you with the blood of my son!" and turning towards the East, he passed the remainder of the day in prayer and prostration, to deprecate the wrath of Allah.

The fearful devotion of the Mahdy, his stern abnegation of the feelings of nature, increased the number of his proselytes, and gained him unlimited sway over their superstitious minds. The Emyr Yousef, though victorious in the chance of war, was awed by the ascendancy of one, whose spirit adversity could not tame, and whose vigour defeat served but to renew. In vain did the trembling monarch bribe the hand of treachery to free him from his enemy; in vain did he endeavour to supplant his rival's fame by disseminating the poison of slander among the Fellans. Despairing of the efficacy of his arms against one whom popular infatuation clothed with the attributes of the God of battles, he tried his last resource, and cited the Mahdy to appear before the supreme council of the Imans.

Meanwhile the town of Podor, more enlightened than the neighbouring districts by reason of its contact with European civilisation, had resisted the torrent of superstition, and had combated with the full weight of its example the projects of the Mahdy. Many influential families were counted in the ranks of the opposition, at the head of which was that of the chieftain Mokhtar Bouba, lately deceased. One of Mokhta's sons, closely connected by ties of interest with Ah-

medo, the Sheykh of the Moorish tribe of Beraknah, had been intrusted with a rich depôt of merchandise belonging to the latter. It appears that Mohammed had been unable to withstand the twofold temptation offered to him by cupidity and vengeance. Whilst intestine warfare occupied the Scheykh in a distant quarter, the Mahdy had concentrated his forces upon Podor, carried the place by storm, and pillaged and slaughtered the inhabitants.

Short-lived, however, was his triumph. Yousef's appeal to the council of the Imans estranged, at least in appearance, the most powerful members of that body from Mohammed's party, and attached them to the cause of the Emyr. On the other hand, the troops of Ahmedo, commanded by his youngest son in person, breathed vengeance against the Mahdy for his violation of the depôt at Podor. The Moors in their turn laid close siege to the town, which was again devoted to the horrors of fire and sword. Mohammed effected his retreat along the river, hotly pursued by the Moorish tribes of Beraknah, and was at length compelled to cross the Senegal at the village of Galmag, and to take refuge in the desert. It was at first supposed that he had thrown himself on the protection of the Moors, whom he had formerly visited; but accounts were subsequently received that he had fled to Daghanah, a dependence of Oualo. Yousef, informed of his enemy's arrival in the states of the *Brak* (or king) of Oualo, menaced the latter with a formidable invasion, should he grant hospitality to Mohammed; and the king, whose years and infirmities, added to the natural weakness of his character, rendered him unable to cope with his warlike neighbours, consented to banish the fugitive Mahdy from his territory.

The council of the Imans for the second time wrested the sceptre from the hands of the redoubtable Emyr whose threats had so powerfully intimidated the feeble sovereign of Oualo. It is not improbable that the intrigues of the Mahdy may have exercised a secret influence with regard to this unexpected revolution. Who can foresee the events reserved for a people for whom no superstition can be too gross, no degree of fanaticism too appalling, — events buried in the womb of futurity, but which the genius of the new Mahometan reformer may yet call forth?

Review of Literature, Fine Arts, etc.

THOMSON AGAINST UNIVERSAL PARDON.

IN our last we promised to give a specimen of the orator: we redeem our pledge with delight, trusting that we have done justice to this able pastor, and that the following passage, though curtailed, will exhibit *matter* as well as *manner* ably conjoined.

They say all this to our disparagement; but nevertheless we must be quite peaceable and contented, and if we bestir ourselves to throw off the calumnies, and rebuke or expose those who utter and circulate them, then, forsooth, we are guilty of persecution, because we will not allow them to assert, without a very flat contradiction, that almost all the pastors of this church and country are preachers of false doctrine; because we laugh them to scorn, when they accuse us of being wholly blind to the elements of Christian truth, and of leading our hearers astray; because we will not allow them to wean away the members of our flock on such a ground without struggling to retain them; because we will not take this in good part, or even feel grateful for it, as one of the peaceful gifts which come from above, but hold it up to public disapprobation, as characterised by presumption and folly, we are to be branded with this additional stigma, that we are guilty of persecution! We see them perverting the holy oracles of God in support of wild and untenable theories; we see them sporting with the best interests of their fellow creatures, by rashly impugning and sturdily denying what has been the faith of God's people for ages; we see them introducing, with oracular dogmatism, a new gospel, a new form of belief, a new plan of redemption, as if scripture had been heretofore a sealed book to the best and the wisest that ever adorned the Christian church: we see them teaching with the zeal of apostles what makes the word of God a bundle of inconsistencies, mutilates and misrepresents the atoning work of our Redeemer, under the pretext of glorifying God and giving comfort to man, and throws a loose rein on human passions, and gives licence to the "wickedness of the wicked;" we see them engaged in this illegal and unholy enterprise, and because we unfold its unworthiness and its dangers, and lift up a loud voice against those who are embarked in it, and warn and beseech you not to "come into their secrets" nor to be "united to their assembly," therefore we violate the spirit of our religion, and are guilty of persecution. And who are they whose unscriptural and pernicious

speculations we must not expose; whose wholesale condemnation of our ministers we must not reprove; whose attempts to unsettle the belief and to alienate the attachment of our people we must not repel with eagerness or with indignation, if we would avoid the charge of being persecutors? show me that they are persons who, from their knowledge, their judgment, their consistency, their standing in the church of Christ, their services to the cause of pure and undefiled religion; (of their personal piety, and personal holiness, as connected with doctrinal error, I shall speak hereafter;) show me, that from their peculiar and appropriate gifts, they are qualified, in any tolerable measure, to be the instructors, the censors, and the guides of all other men, and though I cannot yield my convictions to their tuition, or change my creed at their bidding, I will, at least, listen to their dogmas with more patience, and treat their exertions with more reverence, &c.

They are persons who did not come into existence for many years after those whom they deliberately proclaim to be in gross spiritual darkness had themselves come to the knowledge of a reconciled God, and been instrumental in bringing others to the belief and obedience of the truth, and in upholding the grand interests of vital and practical Christianity in the world. Or, they are persons who are not only young in years, and of immature understanding in every thing, but who, as Christians (for we deny not their sincerity), are but of yesterday, and know nothing as they ought to know it, and who, notwithstanding, assume all the prerogatives of experienced age, and all the airs of conscious infallibility, in announcing their newly-discovered principles to those little circles in which they move, and hesitate not to decide, even to unsparing proscription, on the character of a whole church; ay, of that church, perhaps, in which they drew the first breath of their spiritual life; in whose temples they lisped the praises of their divine Redeemer; by whose pastors they were fed, and guided, and comforted, even till they lifted up their voices to curse them, and whose services to their souls they are grateful enough to repay with unreluctant desertion and relentless anathemas. Or, they are persons who, having been in search of God's will concerning the salvation of sinners for a longer period than I choose to define, have not yet made up their minds as to what that will really is; who have flitted from speculation to speculation with unceasing restlessness, and rioted, as it were, in the exhibition

of human mutability; who reject to-day what they maintained yesterday; who may be expected to hold to-morrow what is essentially different from the opinions both of yesterday and to-day, and who, at every successive *era* of their wanderings, are alike assured and alike dogmatical; who have so perplexed themselves with hypothesis, and got so entangled by their struggles to make the Scripture speak according to their own exigencies, and not according to its real import, that they may be safely challenged to give a positive and consistent statement of their present belief, and who, with all this changeableness and uncertainty, affect to look upon us with compassion or disdain because we have a settled system of doctrine, in some parts of which they have not been able to acquiesce, and scruple not to unchristianise us because we cannot consent to follow them through all their changes, or account ourselves quite safe and happy amidst all their bewilderments. Or, they are persons who, though office-bearers in our church, and pledged by solemn, and public, and recorded vows to abide by her standards and to maintain her doctrine all the days of their lives, yet such is the awful delusion which has blinded their understandings, or blunted their moral sensibilities, unblushingly eat her bread and betray her cause; retain authority in her bosom, and declaim against the essentials of her confession; partake of all the immunities she confers upon her sworn defenders, and enjoy all the influence they can derive from the high places of her communion, and yet openly, and avowedly, and constantly, through the whole length and breadth of her domain, and in defiance of all that is essential for securing respect and confidence to her ministry, join with her declared foes in holding her up as ignorant of what constitutes the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and as, even in the very articles of her creed, hostile to the character of God, and to the salvation of souls. Or, they are persons in whose minds imaginativeness, or sentimentalism, or the romantic in religion, or the love of novelty is so predominant, that sober and established truth has no chance of a kind reception or a permanent abode; with whom, whatever is wild, or new, or mystical, or removed from ordinary thought, and ordinary feeling, and ordinary belief, finds a ready or exclusive welcome; by whom every notion that is propounded to them, marked with these characteristics, and especially if recommended by the oracles of their school, is instantaneously embraced, as if by instinct, cherished as a sort of fresh revelation from heaven, and immediately pressed upon others, with as much confidence as it could have been had it resulted from

the enquiry and the meditation of a thousand years; and who, because we look more stedfastly "to the law and to the testimony," and will not be "carried about with every wind of doctrine," and prefer "the faith once delivered to the saints" to the extravagant fancies and perilous errors of the abettors of universal pardon, banish us all, by one sweeping sentence, from the pale of salvation, and unceremoniously shut us up in "outer darkness." These are the persons, I know of no other, &c.

If their mode of going to work has less of the aspect of controversy than ours has, so much the more imperative is our duty to be explicit in our condemnation, and active and decided in our endeavours.

They put forth publications, which, under the appearance of being little more than effusions of fervent piety, and meek benevolence, and experimental feeling, are really levelled against some of the fundamental articles of our faith, and really intended to pass upon the reader's attention, and recommended to the reader's affections, conclusions at which, were they fairly avowed and stripped of the drapery by which they are so beautifully disguised, he would startle, as not only novel, but irrational and false.

Or, they preach these things under restraint, which oblige them to give their discourses the air and character of ordinary instruction, and they preach them to people who rather yield to the fervid zeal and affectionate earnestness with which the speaker urges his peculiar views, than trouble themselves with demanding the arguments and the proofs by which these can be substantiated, and are thus embued, before they are aware, with sentiments which, in a broader form, they would, in all likelihood, have at once rejected. Or, they get themselves invited to domestic parties, which are pervaded by religious excitement, and ready to receive every impression, if it is only conveyed to them in an interesting tone and in spiritual language, and if it only carries them to sublimer heights of faith, and devotion, and joy, than they ever reached before; and there, to a willing audience, linked together by intimate and endeared companionship, and panting with expectation of some better and sweeter tidings than what the common herd of teachers are able to convey, and eager to penetrate still farther into those mysteries which have been hid from all beside, they deliver, as the oracles of Divine love, what better informed and more intelligent hearers would, by a process of catechising and reasoning, have speedily demonstrated to be an emanation of their own misguided and mystic fancy. Or, they lay hold of susceptible individuals, whose religion is more a

matter of feeling than of faith, and, sympathising with the dark and distressful state in which their ordinary pastors leave them, and dwelling on the insufficiency of all that they yet know to make them what they should desire to be, they lay before them the chart of that royal road to heaven which they have discovered, and by the help of a few disjointed texts, arbitrary definitions, and loving exhortations, they convert them to the belief of universal pardon, and straightway employ them as disciples for the support and the diffusion of that baneful heresy.

And so much is there of seeming contrivance in all this; so much does it look like a systematic plan for gaining proselytes; so much has it the face of intentionally profiting by the constitutional weaknesses, and the amiable dispositions, and the peculiar circumstances, of those whose conversion is aimed at or accomplished, that were it not for our conviction of the integrity of those by whom it is practised, we should regard it as the result of a deliberate design, artfully formed and incessantly pursued, to effectuate, by the help of private and cunning influence, what conclusion and open contending would have rendered chimerical and impracticable.

We now conclude our extracts from this admirable compilation, from which it would be difficult to select a purer specimen of Christian eloquence than the preceding passage. It is our aim to leave a favourable impression. Dr. Thomson deserves and has obtained a name high amongst the learned and zealous of his church. Herein he has shown a zeal truly praiseworthy. At times he has elsewhere manifested an opposition rather to individuals than to opinions; thus combining in his character weakness with strength, and exposing himself to the attacks of his assailants.

"Believe me," he says, at the conclusion of his eighth but not his last sermon, "I would not dwell so long upon the subject, did it not appear to me of vital importance. I wish to guard you against a heresy of the very worst and most pernicious description, and to enable you, with a good conscience, and in a decided manner, to lift up your voice and your testimony against it. I wish to vindicate 'the glorious gospel of the blessed God' from an abuse which is founded on the perversion of all Scripture, and the dereliction of all reason. I wish to arrest, as far as I can, a dogma which may be very harmless on the few established Christians by whom as

yet it is mainly supported, but which must open all the flood-gates of licentiousness when it shall speak to the most abandoned and profligate of our race in this wise:—'All the sins you have already committed are freely and fully forgiven; if you commit murder and every other iniquity to-morrow, these also were long ago forgiven; if you persevere in the most heinous sins to the last hour of your lives, these, too, are all freely forgiven: faith and repentance are not necessary to your being forgiven for the most aggravated transgressions; and, if you should die unbelieving and impenitent, still your only punishment will be, that you will be destitute of that sense of the favour of God which constitutes the happiness of heaven!' May the Lord himself give us understanding in these things; may he keep us from such awful delusions! and may he send forth his Spirit to lead and guide us in the way everlasting!"

ESSAYS ON MUSIC, BY GRÉTRY.*

Forty years have elapsed since the publication of the first edition of these Essays, at a period when little was written in France, and still less read, on the subject of music. The piquancy of the first volume of the work, published some time previous to the appearance of the remaining portion, the name of the author, and the interest attached to the anecdotal part, obtained for the commencement of Grétry's literary task a success so extraordinary, that it was judged expedient to reprint the first volume on the publication of the second and third; which, however, by no means justified the expectations founded on the merits of their predecessor. The second and third volumes may, indeed, be styled a series of lengthy commentaries on the author's own operas, eked out by his dogmatical opinions on music. Filled with unbounded and exclusive admiration of his own compositions, Grétry on all occasions illustrates his dicta by examples chosen from that source alone; so that the critics of his day, with much justice, remarked that his work might have been appropriately entitled—*Essais sur MA Musique*.

In the volumes now under consideration, Grétry may be said to have treated his subject chiefly in a philosophical and

* *Mémoires ou Essais sur la Musique*, par Grétry, nouvelle édition, augmentée de Notes, 3 vol. in 12mo., ornée d'un Portrait de Grétry. Bruxelles, à l'Académie de Musique. Paris, à la Lyre moderne, Rue Vivienne.

moral point of view; and on the art of music considered in this light, it must be observed, that the most contradictory opinions may, with almost equal advantage, be maintained by the disputants on either side of the question. The subject, however, had already been fully discussed by Chabanon, in his clear, methodical, and comprehensive treatise, entitled, *De la Musique considérée en elle-même, et dans ses Rapports avec la Parole, les Langues, la Poésie, et le Théâtre*: Paris, 1785. Probably the relative view of the question taken by Grétry was that most consonant to the general course of his studies, and to his acquaintance with music as an art; for his ignorance of the principles of musical composition is palpably betrayed throughout his work. Gifted with a happy musical organisation with regard to melody, his strains were at once graceful, pathetic, and full of comic originality: to these qualities he added truth of declamation; and in these respects may be considered as one of the greatest musicians that ever existed. Beyond this praise, his eulogist cannot advance. Having received the rudiments of his musical education as a chorister at the Cathedral of Liege, he was sent to Rome, where he studied many years under the direction of a celebrated master named Cavalli; but it would seem to little purpose, as he never thoroughly understood the art of making the parts of a piece of music follow each other with regularity, nor was he even capable of putting a good bass to pleasing strains. Though an excellent judge of the dramatic effect of an air or duett, it was with difficulty that he wrote the incorrect instrumentation which he added: so excessive, too, was his repugnance to the latter task, that he at length abandoned it altogether; and for the portion of his works where its performance was indispensable, was indebted to the aid of another pen. It is a curious and not generally known fact, that a M. Panseron, the father of a French musical composer who has published several *romances* of considerable merit, wrote the orchestral parts of all the operas produced by Grétry towards the close of his career.

Though ignorant of the true principles of musical science, which he affected to despise, Grétry was sometimes imprudent enough to speak of it as though "the Gordian knot of it he could unloose familiar as

his garter." Unfortunately, his ignorance on this point was not unfrequently betrayed by some absurd assertion, of which we may give the following as an instance:—"Having read," says he, "different treatises on harmony by Tartini, Zarlino, Rameau, and D'Alembert, I am tempted to exclaim,—Enough of theory! To reduce these multiplied rules and immense calculations to practice, ages would scarcely suffice. May this mass of erudition give birth to a single melody capable of affecting with one sensation of delight the soul of a musician! Mathematical science, however, is the source of harmonious combinations, and gives a certain value to the sounds of the gamut, by subjecting them to calculations which are perfect according to the rules, although they may not be so pleasing. I have also read J. J. Rousseau, who, had he but composed as many operas as literary works, would, by more general remarks and more numerous examples, have spared me the necessity of writing a musical treatise."

The incorrectness of the assertions hazarded in this passage needs but little comment. In the first place, Tartini and Zarlino cannot be said to have written treatises on harmony; their works, as well as those of Rameau and D'Alembert, presenting a most unsatisfactory basis on which to build a sound musical theory. Equally erroneous is the second position, that to reduce to practice the immense calculations spoken of, ages would scarcely suffice; for at the period when Grétry flourished, the practice of music was far in advance of the theory. In the third place, nothing can be more ridiculous than the idea that mathematical science is the source of harmonious combinations, or that rules can have been adopted for any other purpose than that of contributing to the pleasure of the ear. Finally, there is something trivial in the author's enlarging upon the self-evident proposition, that a mere acquaintance with the science of harmony can never give birth to a melody: may we not exclaim, with Horatio, "There needs no ghost come from the grave to tell us this."

The first volume of Grétry's *Essays* contains memoirs of his life, and a history of his works as far as the year 1790; the second and third comprise general and vague dissertations, the connection of

which with musical science appears rather problematical. Chapters such as those entitled, *Aplomb, Unité, de la Coquetterie sans Amour, de l'Avarice, de l'Impudent, de la Vivacité de Caractère, &c.* afford a sufficient refutation of the opinion that the art of bookmaking is a modern invention.

As the original edition of the celebrated composer's work has long been out of print, a reasonable share of public patronage may be expected for the present publication, which is moreover enriched with some valuable notes relative to the progress of music since the days of Grétry. The typographical execution of these volumes, printed in a neat duodecimo form, is extremely creditable.

LUCIUS CAREY; or, the Mysterious Female of Mora's Dell. *An Historical Tale, by the Author of "The Weird Woman."* In 4 vols. Newman and Co.

To the habitual readers of novels and romances, for whose especial gratification we conclude the works that issue from the Minerva Press are intended, this tale will doubtless prove an attractive offering, and form a desirable variety in the *mélange* of the provincial circulating library.

The author is evidently a very juvenile person, and one who we would fain persuade ourselves is capable of better things. In the spirit of kindness, however, we seriously advise him to repress the too great vivacity of his imagination, which occasionally betrays him into the most ludicrous specimens of hyperbole, particularly in passages intended, we presume, as exquisite *morceaux* of pathos. On this head we beg to remind him that one burst of laughter is more fatal to a tragedy than a hundred hisses.

The author of "Lucius Carey" is not sufficiently aware that the writer of an historical tale ought to be familiar with the costume and history of the æra during which it pleases him to suppose that the incidents of his story took place; a little attention to this rule would have saved him from such glaring anachronisms as the introduction of pianos and potatoes into common use during the civil wars of the seventeenth century.

The piano-forte was invented by Mason the poet, about the middle of the last

century. It is, therefore, an ill-judged fiction to introduce an Irish heroine in the days of the Commonwealth with one of these now fashionable musical instruments. As for the potatoes of that epoch, they were probably patronised as rare and curious exotics by the horticultural societies of the day; but so far from feasting the *spalpeens* and sons of green Erin, like *rare praties*, they were at that time almost as rare as pine-apples. Mem. We also consider it our duty, as reviewers of an "historical tale," to suggest to the author, that although there be a close resemblance between the titles of Stafford and Stafford, and although both these ill-fated noblemen perished on the scaffold, yet it is an unlucky blunder to confound their persons, as both were distinguished characters in the annals of the Stuart family; one in the reign of the first, the other in that of the second Charles. Wentworth Earl of *Stafford* is probably the person whom the author calls Stafford. For further information on this subject, we beg leave to refer him to Hume, Rapin, or any respectable history of England.

By these observations we by no means wish to pain or discourage the author of "Lucius Carey;" we would merely recommend to his attention a course of useful study and serious reflection. We trace some indications of talent in his pages, and we shall be happy on a future occasion to perceive that our friendly hints have induced him to prune away a few of those erratic shoots of fancy which at present impede his progress towards the temple of fame.

THE CHRISTIAN'S MAGAZINE; OR, WEEKLY MISCELLANY, &c.

THE editor of this new periodical, by excluding religious controversy from its pages, has given a strong proof that his work deserves its appellation. He feels, with us, that the time is approaching when Christians of all sects will have no leisure to wrangle about the narrow and often imaginary boundaries that separate their congregations. Instead of settling which "is of Paul," and which "of Cephas," they must unite in stemming the inroad of vice and misery which desolates the homes of the peasant and the artisan. We recommend our contemporary to devote a portion of his magazine to pointing out instances where the individual efforts of

ladies may be of the utmost utility in ameliorating the condition of the poor. We much wish that all our readers were as deeply impressed as ourselves with a sense of the advantages that might result to the community were ladies to assist in promoting the instruction afforded by Sunday schools to the children of the poor. It is true, many spend their Sabbaths in this manner, but still more are ignorant of the blessings — of the orderly and peaceful spirit, which, in times like these, their gentle influence might diffuse. Much good may be effected by a periodical of the nature of the "Christian's Magazine," if some of its pages are devoted to plans of practical utility. This review leads us to the consideration of other pamphlets embracing subjects of great importance.

PROPOSAL FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF VILLAGE SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY, submitted to the Consideration of Landlords and Clergymen. Bull.

THIS well written pamphlet contains much that is practical as well as theoretical: it is the production of a man of benevolence, though some portions of it seem rather Utopian. The general plan is good. The hands of the labourer are his wealth, and consequently the more useful those hands are made, the richer and happier will he become. But our author shall speak for himself. He says, (p. 1.) "1. The object of such a school is, to make industry the leading feature; to make it subservient to the formation of character, and the acquisition of as much knowledge as may be deemed necessary to render it beneficial to the neighbourhood, and to make it pay its own expenses.

"2. A piece of ground should be provided of sufficient size, according to the number of children to be taken. It should be the property of the owner of the school; or if on lease, the landlord should pay for all improvements at the expiration of the lease. A piece of waste land would not be objectionable (provided the soil were easy to cultivate), because it would be cheaper, and the result, if successful, would be more decided.

"3. A man should be hired to cultivate the ground part with the plough, or spade part as a gardener. He must be intelligent generally, and understand his busi-

ness thoroughly; he should be of a kind disposition, and should comprehend and approve the objects of the school; he should undertake to communicate to the children all the knowledge he possessed, and consider their instruction as of still more importance than his manual labour; not, however, neglecting the latter. He should direct their labour in the most useful manner, both for the garden and themselves."

Proceeding with his plan, the author proposes that workshops should be erected, in order that the boys may learn different trades. He also recommends that a schoolmaster should be appointed to teach the children, who are to have little gardens of their own, the produce of which is to be their own property. Every child is to be employed according to his age and ability. The girls are not omitted in the plan. (p. 4.) "6. The girls, under the direction of a competent female superintendent, should be taught household work, washing, cooking, baking. They should not be exempt from out-door labour, its healthfulness is a recommendation to all." With regard to this last clause, we differ in opinion from the author. We are not friendly to out-door labour performed by females; it is both degrading and demoralizing. The cultivation of her own garden is the only out-door work which the virtuous female cottager should perform. If, indeed, she be industrious, she will find more suitable and more profitable employment within.

In conclusion, we admit that the author's plan is excellent; but where are the funds to carry it into execution? The benevolent man of rank, or beneficed clergyman, may at his own expense adopt it, and perhaps, eventually, even reap some emolument for his noble exertions; but to render it generally useful, some public funds are required.

A FAMILIAR ANALYSIS OF THE CALENDAR OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, AND PERPETUAL GUIDE TO THE ALMANAC; illustrated with a Variety of Anecdotes and descriptive Sketches of the Origin of popular Customs. *By the Rev. Hugh F. Martynedale, A. M.* Effingham Wilson.

OF the many popular works which have recently issued from the public

press, we know of none for which its author might with greater propriety assume the motto of "*multum in parvo*" than for the truly interesting little volume now before us. As a useful and an entertaining compilation, it may be ranked with its cotemporary, *Hone's Every Day Book*, over which it possesses an advantage not altogether without attraction for the general reader, that of cheapness. To the youthful tyro such a production is invaluable—while the more advanced student will not only derive pleasure and profit from its perusal, but will avoid much labour and loss of time by the possession of a work of reference, arranging in a compact form a mass of information which, were it not for the assistance of a similar guide, could only be obtained by much tedious and painful research. In the arrangement of the matter, the catechetical form has been adopted, as best tending to impress on the reader's memory the leading features of the subjects selected for instruction.

Almost every passage of this little work contains some important and interesting fact connected with ecclesiastical, political, or religious topics. The passages relating to Twelfth Day, May Day, Christmas Day, and the great fire of London in 1666 O. S., will be read with much interest. Our limits precluding a lengthy notice, we feel some difficulty in making a selection from materials so varied; but of all the obstacles with which our critical path is occasionally beset, we deem the *embarras du choix* the least repulsive. The following extract, which relates to the custom of presenting New Year's Gifts, is given, not as possessing any superiority of interest over many other parts of the work, but on account of the priority, in point of date, claimed by the season of the year to which it refers.

From "Nichols's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," we learn that the wardrobe and jewellery of that princess were principally supported by new year's gifts; which, according to her method of managing them, might be truly styled annual contributions, or rather a yearly tax levied on her wealthier subjects. In that work are printed, from the original rolls in vellum, some very copious lists of new year's gifts annually presented by her courtiers to this popular sovereign, with the returns made in plate

and other articles by her majesty; from which it may be observed that she always took sufficient care that the balance should be in her own favour: hence, as the custom was found to be lucrative, and had, indeed, been practised with success by her predecessors on the throne, it was encouraged and rendered fashionable to an extent unprecedented in this kingdom. In the country, however, with the exception of the expensive households of the nobility, this interchange was conducted on the pure basis of reciprocal kindness and good will, and without any view of securing patronage or support; it was, indeed, frequently the channel through which charity delighted to exert her holy influence; and, though originating in the Eastern world, became sanctified by Christian virtues.

"In the second yeere of Queen Elizabeth, 1560," says Stowe, the antiquary, "her *silke-woman*, Mistris Mountague, presented her majestye for a new yere's gift a *paire of black knit silk stockings*, the which, after a few days' wearing, pleasing her highnesse so well, that she sent for Mistris Mountague, and asked her where she had them, and if she could help her to any more; who answered, saying, 'I made them very carefully of purpose only for your majestye and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand.' 'Do so,' quoth the queene, 'for indeed I like *silk stockings* so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stockings;' and from that time, until her death, the queene never more wore any cloth hose, but only *silke stockings*; for you shall understand that King Henry the Eighth did weare onely cloth hose, or hose cut of ell-broad taffaty, or that by great chance there came a pair of Spanish silk stockings from Spain.

"King Edward the Sixth had a *payre of long Spanish silke stockings*, sent him for a great present."

An anecdote which is related of the celebrated Sir Thomas More may also be adduced, as corroborative of the prevalence of the practice, and illustrative of the integrity and good humour of the unfortunate Chancellor.

"A Mrs. Croaker having obtained a decree in the Court of Chancery against Lord Arundel, availed herself of the first New Year's Day after her success, to present Sir Thomas, then Lord Chancellor, with a *pair of gloves*, containing forty pounds in angels, as a token of her gratitude. But Sir Thomas, though he accepted the gloves, as an offering of the heart, returned the gold; mildly observing, 'It would be against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's new year's gift, and I therefore accept your

gloves; their *living* you will be pleased otherwise to bestow.'"

Presents of gloves* were at one period of our history so frequent, as to give rise to the term *glove-money*, found in ancient records; and in like manner the custom of giving *pins*† as new year's gifts may be cited as the origin of the term *pin-money*, which was formerly so frequent in marriage settlements, and which, though now disused in legal instruments, is still employed colloquially, as signifying a stipulated sum appropriated to the exclusive use of the wife.

The pages devoted to the notice of the respective anniversaries of the birth of our most gracious Sovereign and of his Queen must, at the present period, attract more than ordinary attention.

In cloudless lustre, softly from afar
'Mid the blue ether, beam'd the evening star;
A lonely herald of the host of night,
Clad in rich armour of celestial light,
Watching till day's last fading tints should die
To marshal forth the army of the sky.
Ye countless stars! enduring orbs above!
Emblems of power, of wisdom, and of love!
Ye fix'd, or wandering in ethereal space
Unknown, though sought by man's exploring race!
How sweetly touching to the mind subdued
By worldly care in night's grand solitude,
To mark the splendour and the beauty shown
By outspread millions round the loftiest throne;
'The spirit soars beneath the influence given
To these pure lights — sublimities of heaven!
Yes, these proclaim from their unbounded sphere,
'God sets his seal of brightest glory here!'

It would, perhaps, be difficult to enter into the details of this story without impairing the interest of the narrative, which, bold and original in its conception, is connected with the local history of the ancient seat of the "fearless Bigads, Brothertons, De Veres," and still more illustrious Howards.

The hero (Seward) is one of the par-

FAMILY CABINET ATLAS. Bull.

THE eleventh part of this valuable little work is now before us, with very beautifully executed maps of Africa, North America, the British possessions in North America and Colombia. It fully deserves the commendations which we have bestowed on its predecessors.

FRAMLINGHAM; a *Poem, in Four Cantos*; By James Bird. Baldwin and Cradock.

We have perused this interesting volume with much pleasure. Like every former work from the pen of Mr. Bird, it abounds in descriptive poetry of considerable merit, of which the following brief extract may afford a fair sample: —

tisans of the unfortunate and interesting Lady Jane Grey, and the poem might have been aptly entitled, "A Tale of the Reformation." We venture to believe that Mr. Bird may, in a future edition, be induced to adopt a suggestion so likely to attract attention to a work characterized by a lofty strain of moral excellence and purity of sentiment. Such qualities

* Gloves were first introduced into this country about the end of the sixteenth century; but it was long after that period before they were worn by any but the higher orders of society. Hence, a pair of gloves was anciently a present of some value.

† Pins were introduced into England in the fourteenth century. Until that period, the apparel of females had been fastened by means of small wooden skewers. The first mention of pins that occurs in the English Statute-book, is found in the statute of Richard III., 1485, prohibiting foreign manufactures; and it appears, from the manner in which pins are described in a statute of the 34th and 35th of Henry VIII., and the labour and time which the manufacture of them would require, that they were then a new invention in this country, and probably but lately brought from France. However, in about three years' time, the present ingenious and expeditious manner of making them was adopted. One of the articles of the statutes of the ancient pin-makers of Paris was, "that no master should open more than one shop for the sale of his wares, except on New Year's Day, and eve thereof."

may well entitle it to a place not only in the libraries of metrical romance readers, but in those dedicated to the reception of works of a decidedly religious tendency ;

and, above all, may ensure it a favourable consideration from the instructors and guardians of youth.

One more extract, and we conclude.

They left him in his darkness, they chain'd him in his cell, —
They cannot bind his spirit there ; I know its ardour well ;
I nursed him at my bosom, caress'd him on my knee —
Lov'd days of my departed bliss ! no more to solace me ;
Oh ! care my heart hath broken, and worn me long with pain ;
I feel her rack upon my soul, her arrow in my brain !

I saw my boy grow fairer, as smiles the opening flower ;
I saw him, all my light and life, the rapture of my hour ;
But now I see him never ; the gloomy walls arise,
And, like the clouds that darken heaven, keep sunshine from mine eyes ;
And I am left, a blighted one, with none to soothe or bless ;
My life is but a desert track, my heart a wilderness !

This volume is well got up, and embellished with a spirited view of the ancient castle of Framlingham — that noble relic of feudal greatness, which once afforded shelter to a fugitive queen. Though now degraded from its former power and splendour, the pile, still lordly in its wreck, “pleads haughtily for glories gone ;” and, to the eye of the musing antiquary or lover of historic lore, is more interesting in its time-honoured ruins than the most elaborately magnificent edifice of modern days.

LAYS FROM THE EAST. *By Robert Calder Campbell.* Smith, Elder, & Co.

WE have been much gratified by the perusal of many of these Eastern lays, and we doubt not that a few selections will prove interesting to our readers. Our limits prevent us from entering into detailed criticisms on their merits : we will leave our poet to plead his own cause.

* * * *

THE SHIP.

Our good ship she bore her white, white sails,
Like the sea-gull's wings in the wintry gales ;
And she rear'd her masts in the sunlight's ray,
Like the antlers of a stag at bay,
Whose pride of heart hath failed him not,
Though dark be his weird, and death his lot !
Oh ! to see our ship as she scudded away,
Gliding like light through that spacious bay !
Oh ! to see her as she plough'd the main,
With her prow of pride, and her look of disdain ;
As her keel flung about, with baffling scorn,
The dashing waters around it borne ;

Flashing their white foam all about,
As the lion foams till his ire is out !
Oh ! to see her, then, in the dark, dark sea,
That carried her on in its treachery ;
Courting the sunshine, and kissing the breeze
That woke 'mid the cordage its harmonies.
Ye would have thought that a thing so fair
Had won the blessings of sea and air ;
But deep in the cloud lurks the lightning's flash,
And the sea snake hides in the billows' dash,
And the vipers coil among rose-leaves hid,
And the mummy rots in the pyramid !
And so it is with man : his sight
Is dim as the moleworm's — dark as the night ;
And his scan pierces not through the veil
Which Fate
Hath woven across his mortal state ;
And he tracks his way without thought, or fear,
While his steps are haunted — for Death is

A night hath died — and a morn arisen,
But where are the brave in their wooden prison ?

A morn hath come — and a night hath died,
But I see not that thing of beauty glide,
Like a spirit of power, o'er the marvellous deep,

For the Storm-fiends have broken their treacherous sleep !

Oh ! dark fell the night, and red from the cloud

Burst the Tempest-king in his lightning shroud !

Oh ! dark fell the night, and the sea toss'd high

Its rebel billows to cloud and to sky ;
And the monsters that haunt the oozy bed,
Where mermen rest and landsmen lie dead,
Held revel fierce on the booming wave,
That hath now become the brave ones' grave :

For our good ship hath sunk — and never
more
Shall we hail her masts from the distant shore!

* * * *

MATIN VERSES.

'Tis sweet to watch the dawn
Steal slowly o'er the lawn,
And glide upon the hare in her soft sleep;
Nor hurt that timid thing,
So gently slumbering,
Nor wake the feathered brood that solemn
silence keep.

'Tis sweet to wander then
Through dell and bosky glen,
Till comes the lark to anthem in the day;
While o'er the sedgy mere
Mists rise, and disappear —
Like shadowy shapes that come, and flit
away!

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

She loved that ancient strain,
Because its echoes brought
Her native hill, and dale, and plain
From hidden realms of thought;
And in its dulcet tone,
She saw the woodland rill,
Whence the mist-wreath pale soar'd o'er the
vale!
And every cadence was
As a spell to raise the dead —
The surface of a magic glass
Where spectral beings tread;
And faces thence look'd out,
That now were shrouded deep
Where the cement of death enwraps them
about
In their long and listless sleep!

And eyes look'd on her thence,
Bright with those sunny glances
Where a first love's innocence
On the waves of passion dances;
And sounds came on her ear,
Voluptuous as the song
Of bees that are sinking to slumber, where
They have fed on sweet flowers too long!

But when it died away,
That sweet and ancient strain,
The spirit of decay
Once more stole o'er her brain!
Then, who would doubt the power
To the Psalmist's lyre that clung,
When it brightened the monarch's frenzy-
hour,
As the minstrel David sung?

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The fight is o'er, —
And silence on the field
Now broods, where late was heard the roar
Of cannon blent with clash of steel;
And the deep baying culverin
Answered to armour's clanging din.

'Tis silence all —
The silence of the stirless grave;
The strife of swords; the clarion's brawl;
The cry, that, vain! invoked us save;
The victor's shout; the onset-word;
The shuddering groans, unpitied heard!

The press of men;
The rush of reinless steeds;
The oath — the prayer for merry, when
On earth the dying vanquished bleeds;
The loud drum's rallying roll; the blast
Of waking trumpet; — all have passed!

And is all mute,
Where late prevailed such strife?
Oh, no! the midnight robber's foot
Still tells a tale 'midst death of life;
And there are sounds amongst the dead
More fearful than that prowler's tread.

Hark to that shriek!
The rook and vulture there
Are battling hard, with claw and beak,
O'er yonder warrior's last sad lair;
And wolves and wild dogs batten now
On manly hand and noble brow.

His clotted plume
Is dabbled all with gore;
His sabre flashing through the gloom;
His helmet crushed, and sprinkled o'er
With blood gouttes; — they are trophies now
That Death's sole sovereignty avow!

And there, lo! there
Down in his breast, there is
A locket, fill'd with cherished hair,
Shall feel no more his ardent kiss:
Oh! there are hearts shall burst to hear
That thou hast found a soldier's bier!

'Tis dreadful, all!
Blood, blood on every side:
And is it thus that mankind fall
To feed a monarch's paltry pride?
No! 'tis the vengeance God hath sent
To be the *First Sin's* punishment!

And Life is now
A chase, in search of Death,
Where man is Hunter sole; — and oh!
Where he is also prey; where breath
Is quench'd in brother's throat by brother,
And each is murderer of the other!

* * * *

HYMN.

Lord ! what is life, with all its ties
Of fickle smiles, and futile sighs ;
Its circling hours of peace and pain,
Of showers, and suns, and showers again ?

Oh ! could we on its progress gaze
As but a transient ordeal race,
Where those who, trampling, tread on sin,
Are doom'd a glorious goal to win !

When sickness weighs the drooping head ;
When painful tears are sadly shed ;
When the weak heart, and weaker mind
No balm within themselves can find :

Oh ! then Life's dream fades fast away,
Its gorgeous tints in gloom decay ;
And the bewilder'd spirit sighs
For higher hopes and brighter skies.

'Tis thine, Lord ! at that hour to pour
The balsam in the spirit's core ;
To wake *within* that spark, whose light
Is pure as powerful, soft as bright !

Life's Joys, what are they ? Flowers that fade
Ere thou canst twine one lasting braid ;
Sunshine that thaws an icy plain,
Then leaves it soon to freeze again !

Life's Hopes ? — oh ! they are frailer still,
Fires, which each blast that blows can chill ;
Deceitful, as the flash that falls,
But rests not, on some ruin's walls !

Life's Pains ? — yea, they indeed are rife ;
Hate, Envy, Malice, Grief, and Strife —
Fierce winds — but winds to drive us on
Where only peace and rest are won !

Oh ! then, while Life around us wears
This aspect bleak of fears and cares,
Let Death a smiling prospect show
Where Joy's eternal roses glow !

FRENCH PUPIL'S OWN BOOK, *or, Traducteur Parisien. By Monsieur L. Fenwick de Porquet.*

WE have on a former occasion borne testimony to the excellence of M. Fenwick de Porquet's elementary books. The present publication, besides judicious extracts from the best French authors, contains many new anecdotes, calculated to render a foreign language attractive to the learner, as also a useful novelty towards the conclusion, under the head of *Origines Intéressantes*. A

brief history is given of the invention of some of the most ordinary conveniences of civilised life, which the greater part of mankind enjoy without forming the least idea as to the time, place, or mode of their origin.

We cannot subscribe to M. Fenwick de Porquet's opinion on the subject of fables. As a literary man, he is deficient in taste, — as a linguist, he betrays a want of judgment — in excluding from his pages such sparkling gems as the fables of La Fontaine, so remarkable for brilliancy of expression, for wit and meaning condensed in few words.

THE SKETCH-BOOK OF A YOUNG NATURALIST. By the Author of "Sketches from Nature," "Juvenile Forget-me-not for 1828," &c. &c. Harvey and Darton.

THIS unpretending little volume, though expressly written for the amusement and instruction of youth, cannot fail to please those judicious parents who previously examine the books placed in their children's hands. The author has skilfully combined information, good sense, and piety, with interesting anecdotes and amusing incidents. He has detailed in an agreeable manner the habits of various animals, birds, and insects, and has so accurately described their forms, generic names, species, and orders, that the young student of nature may pursue his intelligent enquiries, without the trouble of searching the elaborate pages of an encyclopædia. The object of this attractive little work is so well explained in the introductory chapter, that we cannot refrain from extracting it : —

"Nothing that exists in the animal, vegetable, or mineral world, is unworthy of our attention : a close investigation of the works of nature, will afford an increase of amusement and of instruction. Every object that we examine bears in it the impress of a Divine Original ; from the springing of a blade of grass, and the vegetation of the most minute seed, to the growth of the forest oak in its meridian pride ; from the crystallisation of a drop of water, to the formation of a mighty mountain ; from the sparkling of the dew-drop that gems the rose-leaf or glitters on the grassy meadow, to the flow of the majestic river, or the swelling waters of the ocean ; from the exquisite organisation and delicate proportions of the smallest fly that floats upon the summer air, to the powerful

strength and massive frame of the gigantic elephant; all are alike worthy of the admiration of the young student of nature. He will learn, that all these things are like the exercise of a divine power, the creation of a divine will; and his mind will be filled with mingled sentiments of wonder, love, and praise towards that Being who called into existence, by His sovereign word, the great and small things of the universe; who made a way for the lightning, and a path for the thunders; who divideth the light from the darkness; who filleth all things living with plenteousness; whose works praise Him, bearing testimony of His greatness;

whose heavens declare His glory, and whose firmament sheweth His handy-work. The young will learn, while beholding the works of their Creator, to adore Him as the Fountain of all wisdom, mercy, and goodness; and looking through Nature's works up to Nature's God, will be led to exclaim with the poet, "These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!"

We conclude, by cordially recommending "The Sketch-Book of a Young Naturalist" to the attention of every class of readers.

Drama, etc.

KING'S THEATRE. — In the opera of *Il Matrimonio Segreto* Signor David sustained the part of *Paolino*, but, on the whole, failed to produce his usual effect. Lablache's personation of *Geronimo* was admirable—we might almost say perfect. Madame Vespermann, we fear, will never be a favourite with the London public. Not so Miss Fanny Ayton, who contrived to impart a degree of interest even to the insignificant rôle of *Elisetta*. Mr. Seguin, late monster to the King's Theatre, was excellent as the Count.

Deshayes has brought out a splendid pantomimic ballet, entitled *Le Château de Kenilworth*, and founded on the principal incidents of Sir Walter Scott's novel. As we presume that our readers are well acquainted with that celebrated production, it would be a work of supererogation on our part to detail the dramatic plot of the new piece *à grand spectacle*, which so closely adheres to its model. The scenery is striking and picturesque. The music, which is composed and adapted by Signor Costa, is pleasing, but altogether inferior to that of *Masaniello*. Mesdames Montessu, Brocard, and Clara, and Messieurs Lefebvre and Paul, mainly contributed to the success of this operatic pageant.

Mrs. Wood, late Lady Wm. Lennox, alias Miss Paton, is now the prima donna of the Italian opera, vice Madame Vespermann. On the occasion of her debut at this theatre, she selected the part of *Angelina* in Rossini's opera of *La Cenerentola*. She was in admirable voice—a fact to which the unanimous applause

of a crowded audience bore ample and gratifying testimony. Signor David played *Ramiro*, Lablache *Dandini*, and De Begnis *Don Magnifico*. These respective characters, particularly the first, could scarcely have found more efficient representatives.

On Thursday the 18th, *L'ultima Giornata di Pompeii*, a two act opera by Pacini, was performed for David's benefit. The music of this piece is a spiritless compilation of airs from Rossini and other composers: the dramatic story has been founded on the awful destruction of Pompeii. The scenery, by Grieve, is the sole attraction which this opera can boast. On the 22d, their Majesties had intended to honour the theatre with their presence; but in consequence of the death of the Hon. John Erskine Kennedy, (married to Miss Augusta Fitzclarence), the royal visit was postponed. After Easter, the dilettanti will be gratified by the re-appearance of Madame Pasta.

DRURY LANE. — Mr. Kean's last performance of Brutus at this house afforded strong and melancholy indications of the decline, not of his mental, but of his physical powers. At the conclusion of the tragedy, he delivered an address to the audience, but in a feeble tone, too plainly evincing both illness and depression of spirits. Mr. T. H. Bayley's farce of *Decorum* has been most indecorously damned—excuse the phrase, ladies—without a fair hearing. Another farce, entitled *Highways and Byways*, from the pen of Mr. Webster, met with a more favourable reception. The piece is

an ingenious "mixture" of two French vaudevilles "well shaken together," — in pharmaceutic phrase — and bears not the slightest affinity to Mr. Grattan's work, though the title appears calculated to mystify the good-natured spectator into the contrary supposition. Liston, as usual, was most laughable in the character of Mr. Narcissus Stubble, a gentleman who "does a trifle of business in the straw line."

Macbeth has been performed here, Mr. Macready personating the "bloody, bold, and resolute" usurper — a character in which he displays ability of a superior order. On the following evening was represented *The Stranger*, in which, also, he was most excellent. The latter play is altogether much better cast at this house than at Covent Garden.

COVENT GARDEN. — By command of their Majesties, *Cinderella* and the *Pantomime* were, on the 8th ult. performed at this theatre, at which the most magnificent preparations had been made for the reception of the royal party. Their Majesties, who appeared highly gratified with the entertainments of the evening, were, on their entrance and departure, enthusiastically cheered by a brilliant and crowded audience.

Miss Kemble has twice appeared in the character of *Constance*, in Shakspeare's tragedy of King John. Without wholly answering our expectations, her performance of this trying part displayed much of her usual talent. Messrs. Kemble and Warde were excellent as *Faulconbridge* and *King John*.

ADELPHI. — Mr. Moncrieff has brought forward another adaptation from the French. The title of the English version is, *Bringing home the Bride*. It is an amusing, though rather coarse, delineation of Cockney matrimonial tribulations.

OLYMPIC THEATRE. — Mrs. Edwin has joined the *corps dramatique* at this theatre, to which she is likely to prove a powerful auxiliary. We were much pleased with her performance of *My great Aunt*, another novelty written or adapted (for amongst modern play-wrights the terms are synonymous) by the prolific Mr. Planché. The theatre has closed for the season.

FRENCH PLAYS. HAYMARKET THEATRE. — M. Bouffé is still the star (we wish he might prove a fixed one) of the French company. In *Voltaire chez les* VOL. III.

Capucins, Antoine, and Le Bénéficiaire, he is extremely humorous, and strongly reminds his audience of Potier; Laporte is clever; and Mademoiselle Florval extremely pretty.

DRURY LANE THEATRICAL FUND. — The annual dinner of the friends of this society took place on the 18th ult. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex presided on the occasion. Many noble and distinguished guests were present; and the galleries were thronged with ladies. Mrs. Waylett (from the gallery) Signor de Begnis, Sinclair, and Phillips, by their vocal talents, contributed to increase the attractions of the evening.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS, MUSIC, &c. — IN Paris, nothing is talked of except politics and Paganini. Woe to the soulless being who would hesitate to perform a journey of a hundred leagues to witness the Maestro's unique performance! We can readily conceive the *empressement* of our volatile neighbours to enjoy the sensation of contemplating a great man; for at present the genus is somewhat rare. Our Number for the present month contains the most complete biographical sketch yet published of the Genoese artist.

The management of the *once* Royal Theatres of Paris is at present within the province of the Minister of the Interior, who will in future name the director of each theatrical establishment. The denomination of *Theatre Royal* is abolished. M. Veron, the founder and principal editor of the *Révue de Paris*, a well known and well written French periodical, has been appointed director of the *Académie Royale de Musique*, which it is expected will this winter be the fashionable theatre.

Four Swiss children (brothers) by name *Koella*, are at present, after Paganini, the musical lions of Paris. The eldest is but eleven years of age, the youngest six. These young artists, who sing and play on the violin, have announced a concert to be given in a few days at the *Salle du Gymnase*. Paganini, who was present at their performances at Munich, has expressed the most lively interest in their success, and has decorated each of them with a medal.

A concert was lately given at Paris in behalf of the Belgians; the whole affair, however, passed off without éclat. The Poles appear to excite a greater degree of enthusiasm; a concert announced

for their benefit having attracted a crowded audience of all the *gens comme il faut* in the metropolis. The venerable Lafayette, president of the Committee, was present, also George Lafayette, General Lamarque, Messieurs de Tracy, Corcelles, Odillon, Barrot, and some of the most distinguished officers of the National Guard. The orchestra was composed of celebrated artists and amateurs. The concert was terminated by a cantata, the words by Casimir Delavigne, the music by Auber. The audience enthusiastically joined in the chorus of *Vive la liberté!* which concluded each stanza. The receipt amounted to 20,000 francs—about eight hundred pounds sterling. A public concert given at Lille to promote the Polish cause was also well attended.

Concerts are at present the rage in Berlin, where Madame Schröder Devrient is the prima donna. A Madlle. Hachmel, a *cantatrice* from Vienna, recently made her début at the theatre of Kœnigstadt: her voice is a *contra alto*.

At Naples, a new opera, entitled *Il Ventaglio*, has been represented at the theatre Nuovo, with the most brilliant success. The music is by Raimondi, professor of counterpoint at the Royal College of Music at Naples, and whose compositions have in general been well received. At Milan, an opera, the *coup d'essai* of a young composer named Majocchi, has been performed with much applause.

At Venice, a new opera of Pavesi, *La Muta de Portici*, has been produced. The choruses are entitled to much praise. No expense was spared on the costumes and decorations.

The year 1830 has been decidedly unfavourable to the speculations of foreign musical journalists, all of whom are stated to have lost considerable sums by the universal rage for politics, and consequent stagnation of the arts. The Musical Gazette of Berlin, and the theatrical and musical journal published at Milan under the title of *I Teatri*, ceased to appear on the 1st. of January.

A music master at Manheim, M. Fraenzel, is now in possession of a violin, which in the time of the Emperor Charles VI. was sold at the following rather high price. The purchaser, Count Von Trautmannsdorf, paid in ready money thirty-five louis, and moreover

engaged to give the vender annually a gold laced coat, two barrels of beer, comfortable lodgings, fuel and lights, twenty francs per month, twelve baskets of fruit for his wife, hares *ad libitum*, and six baskets of fruit for his *nurse* during the term of the old lady's natural life. The vender lived sixteen years after this singular bargain; so that the violin, which is a Jacob Stainer, cost altogether the sum of 21,850 francs, equivalent to upwards of 840 pounds sterling.

PANORAMA OF HOBART TOWN.

IN this beautiful panorama, Mr. Burford has done full justice to a scene in which, to quote the words of the description book, "the eye ranges over a vast extent of country, richly variegated and diversified by gently rising hills, broad and verdant slopes, farms, and pasture lands, in the highest state of cultivation, presenting the most agreeable scenes, replete with the useful product of a rich soil and fine climate; the whole bounded by lofty mountains, clothed with rich and almost impervious forests of evergreens, occasionally intermixed with high and nearly perpendicular rocks, whose summits are, for a great part of the year, covered with snow."

To this enchanting scene the artist has imparted an exhilarating air of life, truth, and activity, by the introduction of appropriate groups of figures; labourers occupied in forming new roads through this thriving colony, and belonging, we suspect, to that class of persons whose travelling expenses are usually defrayed by the munificence of government; fishermen in boats engaged in the pursuit of the whale; natives unencumbered with clothing of any description, squatting on the ground and preparing to dress fish; (rather at variance, by the way, with "the book," which informs us that they "subsist on kangaroos, opossums and shell-fish, having no idea of the art of fishing;") a man hoisting signal flags, another working a telegraph, &c.

These various figures, as well as the ships floating majestically on the noble river, are brought out in such admirable relief, that the spectator with difficulty persuades himself that they really form part of the same canvass, on which the lofty mountains, wooded creeks, and sunlit distances of the back ground are so beautifully depicted.

Fashions.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

THE bright days of April introduce dresses and colours fit for the promenade and open carriages. Furs and cloaks are entirely laid aside, and the reign of spring fashions has commenced.

White satin hats, ornamented with coloured ribands, have already become general in carriage costume: the ribands are cut in the form of large tulips, double poppies, or wreaths of palms, shaped in vandykes, and arranged like fans; they make a half turn over the outer front of the bonnet. Since last month nothing decidedly novel has appeared in bonnets. The hats are oval, placed low on one side, and considerably raised on the other. They are lined rather than trimmed with white blonde; the edge of the blonde projecting beyond the brim of the bonnet on the right side. The tying strings are trimmed with lace or blonde. Flowers of the season are in great favour; wreaths of primroses, daisies, and violets, are preferred. Silk of the colour of *la violette des bois* is often seen, lined with pale green crape, for morning bonnets, which are all of the gypsy shape, very long from the crown to the edge of the front, and much raised: a bouquet of field flowers is worn at the highest part of the crown. *Mentonnières* of scalloped lace are extremely fashionable. For evening costume the *berrets* are small: some are of white crape, with green and violet plumes; some of hyacinth velvet. A chaplet of white marabouts, mixed with gold pins, produces a charming effect. The coiffures *à la Féronnière* are often adopted by young ladies. Another head-dress, in the style of the *Béarnaises*, is a broad clear blonde flounce, stiffened and sustained with narrow rouleaus of satin and fine wire, placed at the back of the head, and mixed with the bows and curls of the hair. Bows and braids are not so much worn as during the preceding month; but a new fashion of folded bands, interwoven on the top of the head, and called *en couronne*, it is difficult to describe.* Gauze ribands, raised with silver, are often mingled in this style of coiffure. A species of ornament for the hair, which possesses much attraction for the elegantes of Paris, has lately been introduced at the

carnival balls; it is composed of bunches of filberts, the leaves and foliage exactly imitated from nature, but in dead or bright gold or silver. These are placed in the hair, with ear-rings and brooches wrought in gold or silver to correspond. We may mention another novel and elegant class of ornaments, consisting of pins, the heads of which are flowers formed of large pearls, or of a branch of foliage like palms. A good effect is produced by the union of two of these; one placed on the height of the coiffure, the other inclining to the left ear. At present many plumes are not worn together on the head, one long ostrich feather being preferred; if two are adopted, they are so disposed as to wave different ways. Curious exotic flowers are beautifully imitated, and much in request as ornaments for the hair: among these the favourites are several species of cactus, and the dwarf heliotrope; or, in lieu of plumes, some stalks of the blue hyacinth. Richly worked chains, clasped with coloured stones, and crossed on the brow, are still much worn. The newest ornaments of this description are rings of gold, delicately chiselled, and interlaced together.

Plain shot gros de Naples is at present out of fashion for pelisses; satins and shot-figured silks being mostly worn, and a new silk called gros de Varna. Cloth of Algiers is a mixture of silk and wool, supple, and velvety, reflecting the lights like a satin. The new colour, *terre de Pologne*—a deep yellow, inclining to a warm brown—is seen in these novel manufactures. The new pelisses are not yet sloped in the skirts like the evening dresses, but they approach that fashion; they are worn ornamented in the front of the corsage and the petticoat. No epaulettes or *jackets* are seen on pelisses, which are not worn so short as of late. A beautiful species of gros de Naples, called *soie de caméleon* has been lately invented; it is brocaded with several colours, and as it changes into numerous shades when the sun shines on it, the effect produced is magnificent. It is worn in full carriage dress, or for dinner dress, instead of velvet.

In evening dresses, the most splendid and *recherchés* are of gauze painted in columns of flowers, in which gold or sil-

* See the Plates for this month.

ver is introduced: these dresses are often richly ornamented with gold or silver fringe and trimmings. The belts are riband, into which are woven thick threads of gold or silver. With such trimmings white crape is often worn. The berret sleeves full and plain, sometimes ornamented on the shoulder with long ends of riband, and sometimes with five or six gold or silver cords, which hang with rich tassels nearly to the elbow; they are united on the shoulder under a bow of gold cord. White book muslin dresses, elegant at all seasons, were never more worn than at present, with gold or silver cords for belts and trimmings; these have the corsage surrounded by a deep fall of lace, or turn back in the robing, or reverse form. The corsage is sometimes made with five or six full plaits, fastened under the ceinture, or *à la Sévigné*; sometimes it is cut in the heart shape, and often folded *à la Circassienne*; the waists are not quite so long, and the petticoats somewhat longer. A new long sleeve, which has lately been seen, promises some little variety: a plain slip of the material passes down the inner part of the arm to the wrist; the upper sleeve is filled longitudinally to the middle of the lower arm; it is there very tight to the wrist, and filled up with horizontal plaits. Other sleeves are double berrets, and finished with tight bands down the lower arm; or one enormous berret sleeve, and a tight plain wristlet. White cuffs and manchettes have been superseded by broad bracelets. The petticoats are much gored: deep flounces and elaborate ornaments on the skirts, are expected to become universal.

We will now give the *tout ensemble* of a few favourite dresses:—For walking costume, a dress of deep blue gros de Varna; blue velvet pelerine; belt brocaded with velvet, in shades of blue; blue satin hat, lined with pale blue crape; a garland of rikands cut in palms, shaded from dark to light blue, turned round the lower part of the crown, and passed to the edge of the front, gradually increases in size to the termination. A chain of small shells set in gold, bracelets, and waist buckle of the same jewellery, complete the whole.

At the ball of the 10th legion of the Garde Nationale, among other brilliant toilettes was remarked the following:—Two bandeaus *à la Feronière* were crossed on the temples with two bands of hair;

on the crown of the head the hair was worn *en couronne*, terminated with large rubypins; the robe of white satin, finished by a very deep flounce, headed with a large gold cord, very pure and brilliant; the flounce drawn up and draped in front, and sustained by a ruby agrafe: the sleeves, very short and full, were regularly plaited, a second short sleeve attached to the lower part, and falling half down the arm. The corsage trimmed with a deep blonde, narrowing in the shape of a V to the belt, but falling lower than the belt at the back. The following Spanish costume was greatly admired:—A robe of black satin, fringed with two rows of lilac chenille and silver; corsage of lilac velvet, embroidered with black and silver; deep pointed epaulettes, fringed with black and silver. The hair banded by a lilac fillet of chenille and silver; a knot of cut gauze lilac and silver riband placed on the top of the head; the mantilla (or parted veil) made of fine thread of a very small pattern. Shoes and stockings of lilac silk. For dinner dress:—A robe of wood-coloured satin, crossed on the bosom; a chemisette of points, falling low on the shoulder, and made of pillow lace, the skirt flounced with deep lace. For evening:—Dress of sulphur-coloured crape; ranks of deep silk dents of the same colour for flounces; branches of horse-chestnut blossoms in the hair; a garland of these blossoms worked at the head of the flounces; jewels carved; coral medallions set in gold.

No great luxury, but much singularity, at present prevails in jewellery. Lozenges and ovals of jasper, coral, and cornelian, carved in relief, are often set in medallion necklaces; from these depend pear-shaped ornaments. Ear-rings and Sévigné's of the same materials, set *à la girandole*.

The new colours are Poland earth, violet of the woods (which is five shades paler than the March violet), *Vin de lie*, and *souris*; hyacinth and various rich greens are in general favour.

COURT DRESS.

Toque of pink crape, ornamented with a bird of paradise; dress of white satin. The corsage is made tight to the shape; short full sleeves, terminated by a deep blonde. A broad striped gauze riband is fastened on the right shoulder, and descends to the left side of the belt with a bow and long ends. This kind of orna-

ment is both novel and extremely graceful. The skirt is trimmed at the height of the knees with *boffans* of pink crape, and bows of striped gauze riband. Trimmings of every description are becoming more general; we expect shortly to be able to give the pattern of several which are very elegant. The female leaders of ton seem tired of the excessive simplicity which has for some time prevailed throughout the empire of the mode. Diamond earrings and necklace; belt embroidered with pearls; shoes made of the *chryseon* gold, and also silver, now present an elegant addition to the decorative department of costume. The precious metals are now, indeed, in the fashionable circles, things of necessary use as ornaments of dress.

We cannot particularise the whole of the dresses worn at the late drawing-rooms; but the following description of Her Majesty's, together with that of Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, may be interesting to our readers.

HER MAJESTY: A white dress, richly embroidered in silver; train of beautiful *lerise* velvet, embroidered in silver to correspond with the dress, and lined with white satin. Head-dress, a magnificent coronet of diamonds and pearls; necklace of pearls, with a diamond clasp.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta: Dress of white crape, richly embroidered with gold, and trimmed at the bottom with a deep flounce of elegant blond bullion; the body and sleeves ornamented with gold lama, and finished with a triple row of handsome blond lace; train of rich gold brocaded silk, lined with rich white silk, and edged with a twist of gold bullion; rich white satin slip. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds.

WALKING DRESS.

Hat of pea-green *gros de Naples*, lined with black satin; dress of gray silk, trimmed above the hem with a band laid on in alternate waves, *colletette plissée*; scarf of black gauze to imitate blonde; these scarfs are much worn at present, and are made of different colours; but white and black are preferred by our *élégantes*; scarfs of these colours so minutely resembling blonde, as to be mistaken for it; *brodequins* of prunella.

MORNING DRESS.

Cap of Brussels lace, ornamented with

pink gauze riband, cut in vandykes. Bows are at present quite out of fashion; and the trimmings, such as we have described, will be found much more becoming to the face, as well as lighter, than the bows formerly worn; dress of green *gros de Naples*; over the corsage is worn an elegantly worked muslin *canezon*, with double *joket* falling very low over the sleeves; on each shoulder is placed a bow of gauze riband, similar in colour and pattern to that which trims the cap; gold bracelets worked in the *oriental* style.

EVENING DRESS.

The hair is dressed with one bow and braids: it is worn parted on the forehead, quite smooth, and ornamented with *bouquets* of pink gauze riband cut in vandykes. The dress is of pink crape; the corsage is worn tight to the shape, and is trimmed round the bust and back with five plaits of the same material as the dress; sleeves quite plain, but exceedingly full, and edged with a deep blonde. To young persons this dress, which combines simplicity with elegance, is extremely becoming.

EVENING DRESS.

The hair is dressed *en couronne* in very elegantly folded bows. It is unequally parted over the left temple, and a band carried across to the left; the rest is disposed in full soft curls. Cactus blossoms are placed high among the bows. The dress is of white crape, made *robing* to the belt; the skirt much sloped, and the gathers thrown very much behind; at the head of the hem are two beautiful but simple wreaths worked in *chryseon* gold. The sleeves are short and plain, but exceedingly full — not even a hand visible; belt worked with gold; white long gloves, and white satin shoes. Oval medallion necklace of carved cornelian cameos set with pearls.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

THE hat, which is ornamented with two white *esprit plumes*, is of buff watered silk, nearly lined with vandyked blonde, and is trimmed with striped gauze ribands of the same colour. The *pelisse* is of satin — the colour, violet of the woods. Full upper sleeves; the lower sleeve is ornamented with bands of velvet to match the dress. The skirt slightly sloped, and the plaits thrown further back than of late. The corsage is tight to the shape,

and very low on the shoulders: it is trimmed with pieces of velvet, vandyked at each end, and gathered in the middle under a gold buckle: these gradually diminish to the belt, and are continued down the front of the skirt, increasing in

size to the feet. The hem of the dress is finished by a pipe of velvet. The *collerette* is of crimson velvet confined with a gold broach. Gold bracelets clasped with large uncut garnets. Reticule the colour of the bonnet. Belt of figured velvet.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF IMPORTANT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE most important political event which since our last has taken place in France, is the fall of the Lafitte ministry. M. Casimir Perrier is the new President of the Council. He is much praised by his partisans for the energy and firmness of his character. The popular party, however, appear to consider him as the Polignac of Louis Philippe's government. Baron Louis, the new Minister of Finance, is not remarkable for the brilliancy of his qualities; nor, it is added, for that courtier-like suavity of expression which gilds the bitter pill of refusal to a suitor. He is a man of cyphers. Vice-admiral de Rigny, of Navarino celebrity, has been appointed Minister of Marine; Marshal Soult continues at the head of the war department; and General Sebastiani still presides over that of foreign affairs. The election law has been passed by the Chamber.

The intelligence which at first gained credit with regard to the capture of Warsaw, and the annihilation of its gallant defenders, is, we are happy to say, unfounded. The Poles themselves, and not the Russians, set fire to the suburb of Praga, in order to protect their outworks. On the 3d ult. the Polish army was in part concentrated upon Warsaw, to the number of 60,000 men. It was supposed that General Diebitsch had directed his forces towards Plok, with the intention of passing the Vistula at that point; but, as the ice is broken at Cracow, the floods will render his march both difficult and protracted. Two months, at least, would be required before he could possibly make the necessary dispositions for investing Warsaw. This first campaign of Russia may therefore be considered a failure. The nature of the soil renders Poland, of all countries in Europe, one of the most

unfavourable for the operations of an invading army. It cannot be denied that a party exists in Warsaw whose sentiments incline them to adopt submissive and conciliatory measures; their numbers, however, are comparatively few; the majority, in a word, the *nation*, are resolved to oppose the most desperate resistance to the tyranny of the autocrat. This determination has been strengthened by the presence of the army in Warsaw. The Prussian government is said to have interposed on behalf of Poland, and to have sent envoys to Warsaw, with a view to negotiate for the pacification of the country on the following basis:—The Poles are again to recognise Nicholas for their sovereign, on condition that the charter granted by Alexander shall be guaranteed. The Russian army is to evacuate the country. No Russian to be eligible to civil or military employment in Poland, the independence of which is to be formally acknowledged. No Russian garrison to occupy, no Russian troops to march through, any portion of her territory, without the consent of the Diet.—The King of Prussia is said to have pledged himself to the fulfilment of these conditions by the Emperor Nicholas, if the Poles would previously agree to tender their submission. The leaders, however, and the influential personages of the revolution, refuse to enter into terms with their oppressors, of whose *punica fides* they have probably had too fatal evidence.

No doubt is entertained that the Austrians have entered Parma without experiencing the slightest resistance. The government of Bologna has retired to Ancona. The National Guards have assembled at Lugo, where they are determined to make a desperate stand. A letter from Bologna, dated 11th March,

states that General Zucchi had obtained a partial advantage over the troops of the Duke of Modena.

At Brussels, the feeling in favour of the Prince of Orange seems to be gaining ground; its expression, however, is checked by the exertions of the police. The absence of public confidence presses heavily on all classes of the towns-people; trade is greatly depressed, and the most arbitrary arrests are daily taking place. All the respectable manufacturers and bankers have left Brussels, the streets of which are filled with beggars. The English, for what reason it would be difficult to determine, seem to be in particularly *mauvaise odeur* with the Belgians.

The second reading of the Parliamentary Reform bill has been carried by a majority of one. Both parties seem to look upon this circumstance as a triumph: the friends of the measure, from the consideration that the majority, scanty as it is, has been obtained in a Wellington Parliament; its opponents, from the idea which they have thus acquired of their own capability of resisting the voice of the country, and from the hope of impeding the progress of the bill through its future stages. The importance, nay the vital necessity, of a thorough reform in parliament,—of a herculean cleansing of the Augean stable,—has been so often and so ably argued, and is of itself so palpable a truth, that we need not at the eleventh hour add our trite speculations to the mass of demonstration on this subject. The advocates of reform are those who uphold the principles of common honesty, and speak the language of common sense; its foes are those who are friends only to their own purses, and who hold that to lay an irreverent hand on the pension list would be utter ruin to the country; or, still worse, an unconstitutional curtailment of Lord John's or Lord Thomas's private comforts:

"Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches'
pocket."

Mr. Percival, the advocate for a general fast, has we find, "passed many sleepless nights, thinking of these things." We sympathise with the honourable gentleman: What with loss of sleep, and deprivation of animal food, (for we presume he can do no less than enforce precept by example,) the country will soon, we fear, be deprived of that patriot's disinterested services.

A FAMILY ARRANGEMENT. The Rev. Henry Fardell, prebendary of Ely, rector of Feltwell, rector of Bexwell, and vicar of Waterbeach, has been presented by his *father-in-law*, the Bishop of Ely, to the living of Wisbeach, the annual value of which is estimated at 5400 pounds. The reverend pluralist, however, has consented to resign Feltwell to the bishop's *second son*, who is now a prebendary of Ely, vicar of Littleport, and rector of Barley, in Cambridgeshire:

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.

Unpractised i.e. to fawn or seek for power," &c.

Vide Goldsmith's description of a country clergyman in the poem of "The Deserted Village."

THE COURT.

During the past month the town has been enlivened by the example of their Majesties. Levees, drawing-rooms, balls, and entertainments, too numerous to obtain more than a passing mention, have followed in rapid succession. Almost the whole of the world of ton have participated in these scenes of gaiety. Almack's has, as usual, been most fashionably attended. On the 23d Her Majesty dined with the Princess Augusta in St. James's Palace. The Landgravine of Hesse Homberg, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, were also of the party. Her Majesty and the distinguished guests afterwards honoured the Hanover Square Rooms with their presence.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.—Sons.

March 7. In Whitehall Place, Lady Henley.
— March 7. The lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Stewart. — March 3. Mrs. L. C.

Miles, of Lewisham. — March 27. At Stratford, Essex, the lady of Wilson Jones, Esq. — March 27. Mrs. W. Giesler, of Upper Woburn Place, — March 11. Mrs. William

Burchell, of 20. Woburn Place, Russell Square. — March 1. In Park Street, Grosvenor Square, *Lady Henry Thynne*. — March 12. At Croom's Hill, Greenwich, the lady of Commander *Poppewell*, R.N. — March 13. *Mrs. Edward Farn*, of Hamilton Place, New Road. — March 23. At Haywardsfield, in the County of Gloucester, the lady of *Charles Stephens*, Esq.

BIRTHS. — Daughters.

March 8. At Brompton, *Mrs. W. C. Bingley*. — March 11. In King Street, Portman Square, the lady of *Thomas Bainbridge*, Esq. — March 15. In Baker Street, Portman Square, the lady of *W. Corrie*, Esq. — March 13. In Northampton Square, the lady of Mr. *J. H. Scabrook*. — March 1. At Brighton, the lady of *J. Hulme*, Esq. — March 24. At Portobello House, near Rottingden, Sussex, the lady of *C. A. Brownrigg*, M.D. — March 11. At Upper Bedford Place, the lady of *W. L. Lowndes*, Esq. — March 23. At Great Chevrell, Wilts, the lady of Captain *Mairs*. — March 20. The lady of *William Yatman*, Esq. of Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

MARRIAGES.

March 28. At St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Rev. Edward Williams, A.M. *Richard Barrow*, Esq. to *Eliza*, youngest daughter of *Robert Campbell*, Esq. of Argyll Place. — March 3. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. J. Lonsdale, B.D. Rector, Mr. *Francis Rivington*, to *Louisa*, third daughter of *Luke G. Hansard*, Esq. of Bedford Square. — March 11. At St. Pancras Church, by the Rev. A. L. Lambert, M.A. of Trinity College, Oxford, *Henry T. Lane*, Esq. of Middleton, in the County of Sussex, to *Jane R.*, daughter of *Charles Lambert*, Esq. of Fitzroy Square. — March 15. At St. Martin's, Outwich, Mr. *John Ruddiman*, of Threadneedle Street, to *Elizabeth*, youngest daughter of *Alexander Cooper*, Esq. of Threadneedle Street. — March 15. At Great Yarmouth, by the Rev. R. Turner, *George Bell*, Esq. of Fenchurch Street, London, to *Fanny*, youngest daughter of the late Rev. C. R. Dade, Rector of Denver, Norfolk. — March 24. At St. George's, Hanover Square, Count *James Dal Verme*, to *Eliza*, eldest daughter of *James Webster*, Esq. of Hill Street, Berkeley Square. — March 16. At Edinburgh, by the Rev. Dr. Muir, Dr. *James Gregory Vos*, eldest son of Dr. Vos, of Calcutta, to *Mary*, second daughter of *Robert Purdie*, Esq. of Heriot Row, Edinburgh. — March 24. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. George Mathew, Vicar of Greenwich, *Marcus Martin*, of the Middle Temple,

Esq. Barrister at Law, to *Harriett Mary*, only child of the late *John Stapleton*, Esq. of Calcutta. — March 24. At Trinity Church, Marylebone, *Charles Edward*, second son of *James Mangles*, of Woodbridge, near Guilford, to *Rose*, youngest daughter of *George W. Newcome*, Esq. of Upper Wimpole Street. — March 23. At St. George's Church, Everton, Liverpool, by the Rev. R. P. Buddicom, M.A., Mr. *James Steains*, of Cannon Street, London, to *Mary Barnes*, daughter of *William Vaughan*, Esq. of Tew Brook, near Liverpool.

DEATHS.

March 22. At Hampton Court, *Mrs. Elizabeth Secker*, aged 71. — March 21. At Kensington, in the 21st year of her age, *Mary*, eldest child of *R. Clarke*, Esq. late of the Madras Civil Service. — Dec. 17. *George Berkley* Esq. of Goswell Road, aged 53. — March 27. *W. Gunnell*, Esq. of the House of Commons. — March 25. At Brixton, *Mrs. Smith*, aged 102. — March 1. At Brighton, *Richard Wellesley*, Esq. son of the Marquess *Wellesley*. — March 24. At Wexham Lodge, Bucks, Lieutenant-General *George Roberts*, aged 82. — March 7. At his seat, at Bangor, in Ireland, in his 77th year, the Right Hon. Colonel *Ward*, brother of the late, and uncle of the present Viscount *Bangor*. — March 4. *Mary*, relict of *John Cook*, Esq. of Thorrington Hall, in the County of Essex, aged 86. — March 3. At Brixton, Surrey, *Mrs. Mary Morris*, widow of the late Mr. *Robert Morris*, formerly of Fenchurch Street, London, aged 86. — March 10. *Jane*, the wife of *Thomas Ramsey*, Esq. of Camberwell Green, aged 62. — March 9. At his house, West Hill, Wandsworth, *George Tucker*, Esq. in the 70th year of his age. — In Sloane Street, *Frances Ann Mary*, the wife of *Thomas Hoblyn*, Esq. — March 26. Dr. *Langbaine*, of Langbaine, South Wales and Hampton Wick, aged 76. — March 8. *Mrs. Maude*, relict of *Joseph Maude*, Esq. of Kendal, Westmoreland, aged 88. — March 11. *Lucy*, wife of *Henry Tori*, Esq. of Gerard Street, Soho. — March 5. At his seat in Scotland, Brigadier-General *Alexander Walker*. — March 15. At West Ham, Essex, Mr. *John Bell*, aged 73. — March 22. *Benjamin Blake*, Esq. of Hampton, Middlesex, aged 80 years. — March 22. At Woodford Hall, Essex, in his 77th year, *John Maitland*, Esq. of Lough-ton Hall, in the same County. — March 23. At Lamb's Conduit Street, *Mrs. Crew*, aged 82. — July 28. At Bombay, *William Hamilton*, Esq. Second Cornet in the 1st Regiment of Light Cavalry, in the 24th year of his age; deeply and deservedly lamented.

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TO THE MEMORY OF ALBERT DE ST. F—,

Who fell during the three days, having left behind him a letter in which he declared that he was going forth to conquer or die for liberty. He was heard of no more! Inscribed to his brother.

BY MRS. OPIE.

WHERE did he fall, the young, the brave?
Where rests the youthful hero's head?
Lies he where Freedom's banners wave
In proud memorial o'er her dead; *

And mourning kindred, while they press
The sod where valour's victims lie,
Are soothed because their fond distress
Is shar'd by many a patriot eye?

Ah! no—where he, "the young, the brave,"
In Freedom's cause unshrinking, bled,
No votive colours seem to wave
In proud memorial o'er the dead!—

His farewell lines of parting love,
That met a father's anxious eye,
Are all that now remain to prove
The gallant boy went forth to die!

And father, brother, vainly crave
To know their Albert's closing hour—
And vainly wish upon his grave
To cast the wreath, or plant the flower!

Yet, though dark shadows veil his end,
And where he lies no tongue can tell,
This truth must balm with sorrow blend—
For Freedom and for France he fell!

And Lucien! when time's gentle power
Shall steal the dart from sorrow's breast,
When mercy bids thee mourn no more,
And gives thy father's anguish rest;

Then, if those days of deathless fame
You hear rehears'd with patriot pride,
You'll love to speak your Albert's name,
And say, "'Twas then *our* hero died."



Paris, 1831.

* Near the Louvre.

A CHAPTER ON SLEEP.

Oh, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife.

SHAKESPEARE. *Romeo and Juliet.*

I KNOW not if the gentle reader will condescend to waste a few brief moments on the lucubrations of a trifier, who avows himself neither a physiologist, a psychologist, a physician, nor even a philosopher, but if the experiment be tried, be it known, that I purpose to condense, within a moderate portion of vellum, my impressions on a certain subject, which, though less learnedly propounded than those of my fellow-labourer, Mr. Macnish, are yet the result of facts, gathered in many a pleasant as well as many a painful wandering through "highways and byways" unnumbered. To my ideas, which are wholly unworthy the classification of a system, I attach a degree of importance as light as the subject of this ephemeral page, and as

— "I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy,"

be pleased, most fair and courteous readers, to view with an eye of indulgence and good will the effusions of your visionary entertainer. If dreams can be said to hold a place in the logical series of our ideas, such unbidden guests must evidently content themselves with an inferior station; but it is a startling truth, that should the hour arrive when the fantastic sport of imagination can be accurately weighed in the balance with the demonstrations of reason, the scales will maintain an equilibrium humiliating to the pretended wisdom of man, and to be disturbed only by some power at present unknown and incomprehensible.

The assertion may appear extraordinary, but the fact is certain, that in a state of sleep our thinking faculty is not only most powerful, but most lucid, if not with respect to the passing illusions which enlure the fancy, at least with regard to the impressions derived from them. The emblem of the transparent gate, through which it was supposed that the dreams of the morning found an entrance to the brain, was figuratively used by the ancients to designate this truth, which popular diction has not less forcibly recognised in various significant phrases,

more or less prevalent in every language, — such, for instance, as "I'll dream of it;" "I must sleep upon it;" in French, "*J'y rêverai*;" "*Il faut que je dorme la dessus*;" "*La nuit porte conseil*," and many others equally expressive. It would appear that the soul, obstructed in her perceptions by the darkness of material existence, enjoys a momentary freedom under the gentle empire of that intermittent state of death, in which she is permitted to repose, as it were, within her own essence. The first conception which penetrates the chaos of a dream is bright as the first sunlight that pierces the morning cloud; and the human intelligence suspended between the rival influences of the two states of being which alternately claim man for their subject, seems illumined by coruscations brilliant and rapid as the lightning's flash. It is such a moment that gives birth to the sublime imaginings of the poet and the artist. It was such a moment that awakened the inspiration of Hesiod — that dashed the envious film from the eyes of Homer, — that kindled the celestial fire of Milton, — that by turns ravished and tortured the heart of Byron with the recollection of some nameless beauty, beheld "in momentary gliding" and then

"Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below."

To annihilate the visions of the marvellous world were to rob genius of his wings. The map of the universe of imagination is traced in dreams; that of the material world is comparatively insignificant.

There are few individuals who have not, at times, been subjected to the influence of the nightmare, which the people of Dalmatia call *smarra*, and which is, in fact, one of the most ordinary phenomena of sleep. This visitation becomes more or less habitual in proportion to the inactivity of real, or the intensity of imaginative existence; and is particularly observable amongst children, young people of sanguine temperaments, idle, unambitious rustics, and also amongst individuals devoted to sedentary occupations. For my own poor part, I entertain little

doubt that the marvellous of every country has its source in this physiological disposition, aided by circumstances favourable to its development.

It has been generally supposed that the nightmare exercises its influence only upon gloomy imaginations: such, however, is not the fact. A luxuriant fancy, invigorated by the free circulation of the blood, and by the healthy action of a robust constitution, is no less subject to the intrusions of this inexplicable nocturnal visitor. The sole difference is, that whilst, in the former case, the victim is horror-struck by scenes and sights of terror that might well cause

—"Each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

in the latter, the more favoured patient is astounded and entranced by visions so wonderful that the waking fancy which should entertain them would be treated as wandering and diseased. Such a sleeper is wafted to aromatic groves, to which the fabled paradise of Mahomet is a desert—to fairy palaces of emeralds and rubics, to which Aladdin's magic mansion was a hovel. He beholds the firmament thickly spangled with glorious suns; to approach which, he builds him cities that overtop the heavenly Jerusalem. He walks in avenues of lambent flame; and, of his creative fancy, peoples their borders with angels, the harmony of whose harps divine seems the full breathing of that celestial spirit with which, of old, the shepherd king touched the lyre, and dispelled the sorrows of Israel's anointed. Though chilled by the frosts of age, yet, when his midnight hour is come, on eagle's wings he traverses mountains to which the Alps and Andes of this world are as grains of sand;—seas, to which our material oceans are as drops of water. He is inspired with the essence of all that is mystical in revelation—in religion. There is something hazardous in making a novel assertion: I cannot, therefore, without a sort of fear and trembling, avow my firm persuasion that every religion, with the exception of one, is a superstructure based on dreams. I proceed to give an instance—a more striking one might be selected, but I take my illustrations at random:—Many of my readers have probably seen the table of a modern virtuoso crowded with misshapen Chinese and Indian idols. Can any who are fami-

liar with the visitation of the nightmare for a moment doubt that the original models of these wooden gods,—of these hideous knicknackeries,—were seen in dreams?

The traditions of the only volume, the veracity of which we are bound to acknowledge, or if the reader prefer a shorter phrase,—the truths of the Bible, are founded on the revelations of sleep. We are told that when Eve was created, "God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam." To the same source did Numa Pompilius, Socrates, and Brutus, who may be considered as types of all that in ancient time was virtuous, inscribe their instinctive wisdom. The names of the two last mentioned personages carry with them some weight, as, being neither legislators nor sovereigns, they must be exempted from all suspicion of unworthy motives. Marcus Aurelius, whose name is comparatively modern in the philosophical history of society,—even Marcus Aurelius declares that on three different occasions he owed the preservation of his life to the warnings of dreams. Certain writers, impelled by their natural bias to the examination of extraordinary facts, have transmitted to posterity the names of several individuals who are said to have never dreamed. It is somewhat remarkable that all of these singular beings were atheists. The list begins with Protagoras and ends with Lalande.

The tenacity with which even in the present day the faculties of the waking man retain the impressions communicated during sleep, may afford some idea of the duration to which they were prolonged in primitive ages, when the imagination, unenlightened by the torch of science, was allowed full scope and liberty. Not long since, an ingenious and philosophical friend, whose name, were I not for obvious reasons induced to suppress it, would be found equivalent to a host of arguments, acquainted me with a singular illusion by which, in his youth, he had been affected. Having for several successive nights dreamt that he was gifted with the power of sustaining himself in the air, he became so strongly impressed with a belief in the existence of this marvellous faculty that to deceive himself he was obliged to make repeated attempts at flying across a river or over a hill. In the place of my philosopher, let the reader imagine some rustic, in

whom the *morale* is subordinate to the *physique*; — some shepherd, occupied with nothing beyond the care of his flocks and herds; — such a man, if made the sport of a similar extravagance of fancy, will inevitably conclude that he is a compound of two beings infinitely disproportioned to each other, and the barrier between whose attributes is removed during his hours of slumber. From this single idea he will make a rapid transition to the theory of the soul; — he will penetrate to the remotest regions of the spiritual world, — and give him but the Promethean fire of genius and enthusiasm — place him in the midst of a simple people untouched by the chilling refinements, unlearned in the narrow and positive wisdom, of civilised existence, — he will become a prophet, perhaps a god.

Somnambulism and somniloquence are phenomena of sleep no less palpable than the nightmare to the observations of modern science. It is undeniable that many individuals of the most ordinary mental capacity have been endowed with the faculty of uttering and even of executing their thoughts during sleep; and that, by means which would have escaped the meditation of the philosopher, and with a facility which would have mocked the efforts or terrified the audacity of the boldest. It would be difficult to prove that any one of these phenomena apparent in the same subject necessarily excludes the others: on the contrary, as the whole three bear an essential affinity to each other, a physiologist would experience little surprise, should they be found occasionally to form the complicated case of a single individual. Should such an accumulation of extraordinary faculties take place, it will in all probability occur amongst men in a state of society in which civilisation, if at all perceptible, is marked but by a faint outline; or it will be observed amongst individuals whom fortuitous circumstances have released from the trammels of routine, and painfully awakened to the illusions of life. The voluntary recluses whose affections are isolated from the world around him; the poor, aged, and decrepit female, surviving the memory of her past feelings, and abandoned by a generation amongst whom she is unable to trace the lineaments of one familiar face; the maiden victim of some fond

and hopeless attachment, whose features the cold and hypocrite decorums of society deck with smiles when the sunshine of the heart is gone for ever; such are the beings most subject to those contemplative aberrations transformed by sleep into a drama of hyperbolic reality, in which the slumbering actor sustains a part outstripping in sombre eccentricity the wildest caprices of genius and imagination.

If I may be allowed to build a system of demonology and witchcraft, I aver, without hesitation, that the origin of both may be traced to the united operation of all or some of the affections already enumerated. I will thus illustrate my position: — I will suppose an ignorant credulous being, alive to every passing impression, and moreover subject to frequent visitations of somnambulism and the nightmare. The former will cause the patient to walk, to talk, to utter hideous groans, to laugh and cry at the same moment, in his sleep: the latter will place before his vision animated and speaking objects unknown to his fellows. I will now suppose my somnambulist — a peasant perhaps, who usually sleeps with the firmament for his canopy — to awake at a few miles' distance from his last night's grassy couch, in a forest glade whose picturesque gloom is heightened by the propinquity of a majestic oak, one of its scathed branches serving as a gibbet for the ghastly remains of some rustic malefactor. Since we are on the chapter of suppositions, I will imagine that when the visionary opens his eyes, the lingering perception of a dream affects his sense of hearing with a yell of demoniac laughter; that a furrow of liquid fire gradually vanishing from his sight, marks to his affrighted fancy the traces of Astaroth's chariot — that as a natural consequence of his somnambulism, the grass appears trampled in a circle near the spot where stands. In this equivocal situation he is surprised by the peasants of the vicinity — his features livid and distorted with terror — his eyes sunk in his head — his teeth chattering — his joints stiffened with cold. He is next dragged before a country justice — no offence to the Great Unpaid of the present day — a sharp cross-examination elicits from the supposed culprit some involuntary confession perfectly unintelligible to himself; and indeed to

every body except his worship's clerk and factotum, who by an ingenious process manufactures the avowal into an evidence of copartnership with the evil spirit. The infallible tribunal pronounces sentence, and the stake is the catastrophe of a drama whose frequent repetition in days gone by afforded but a humiliating specimen of the benefits derived from that boasted gift which is said to assimilate man to his Maker, and to clothe him in the perfection of moral beauty. Reader, if you admit my hypothesis, nay my conviction, that such is the history of sorcery, you have already made a rapid stride towards my opinion that such also is the history of religion.

Another of the phenomena of sleep not uncommon in the provinces of France, and well known to physicians under the name of *lycanthropy*, produces on the mind of the patient subject to it impressions more horrible and more durable than those of the nightmare. This singular mania affects the shepherd, who from the nature of his occupation being in constant dread of wolves, sometimes dreams that he himself actually assumes the form and the sanguinary instincts of the object of his terror. The unhappy victim of delirium has been known to visit the sheepfold at midnight on all fours, uttering howls resembling those of a hungry wolf. It is even affirmed that during his state of somnambulism, he has been found with his hands entangled in the fleece of some helpless lamb belonging to his flock, and about to act the part of the untameable tenant of the forest, whose savage propensities a diseased imagination has momentarily rendered his own. The recurrence of such incidents may explain the superstitious awe in which the *loup-garou*, or man-wolf, is held by many of the French peasantry. A philosophical and scientific examination into the origin of this malady would probably lead to some useful discoveries, and ameliorate the treatment of similar mental aberrations; which, if I may venture an unlearned opinion on the subject, are probably nothing more than prolonged impressions originally communicated during sleep—that fantastic state of being which comprises one half of the existence of an ordinary man.

Some four-and-twenty years back I travelled through Bavaria in company

with a young Italian painter, with whom I had become acquainted at Munich, and between whom and myself existed a certain conformity of disposition and character. The similarity of our tastes and pursuits, and I may add a degree of fellowship in misfortune, cemented a strong friendship between us. In his hours of confidence, the Italian informed me that he had lost a beloved wife, under circumstances peculiarly heart-rending, and calculated to leave behind them an indelible impression. The partner of his misery—of his exile, (for political events had banished him from his country)—with devoted attachment had followed him in his wanderings, and had too successfully concealed the rapid decline of her health, till, overcome by that excess of physical suffering which renders the tomb an enviable asylum, she breathed her last in his arms. The horror of this event was augmented by the circumstances by which it had doubtless been accelerated—utter destitution. Let not my reader imagine that I am weaving the incidents of a romantic fiction: I am but drawing the outline of a tragedy of real life, which, at least in the materiality of its misery, if I may be pardoned that expression, will be found not without a frequent parallel. Starvation, even in our day of social refinement, is a common-place calamity. But to my narrative. The wretched pair had for two days been without sufficient sustenance; when in a forest, through which lay their path, my friend's wife, unable to advance, sunk to the ground. She was dying. As the agonised husband bent over her she tenderly bade him farewell, and at last, seized with a sudden and appalling inspiration, "When I am gone," said she, "if you can procure no other food ——" The sentence remained unfinished, but the horrible meaning was too evident. Distracted with grief, and enfeebled by hardship and privation, the Italian lost all consciousness, and after some interval recovered his senses, to find his wife lying dead by his side. Assuming a degree of energy and self-command which in his actual situation seemed almost miraculous, he placed the inanimate burden on his shoulders, and having carried it to the cemetery of the nearest village, consigned it to an humble grave, on which he planted a rude wooden cross. His evil destiny still pursuing him, the loss of the

only being dear to him was if possible aggravated by imprisonment: one of those political mutations, however, which at that time were matters of every day occurrence, restored him to liberty; but happiness—the word was a cruel mockery to his spirit.

I had frequently been struck with the emaciated form and features of my fellow-traveller, who, though his age scarcely exceeded twenty-two years, preserved but the wreck of handsome and characteristic lineaments. His complexion was ghastly pale—for the paleness of an Italian countenance resembles the livid hue of death. The whole energy of his moral existence appeared centered in his clear blue eyes, which, spite of their mournful expression, beamed at times with singular brilliancy.

The Italian and myself were both subject to the nightmare, and having mutually avowed the circumstance, we invariably, when such arrangement was practicable, made it a point to sleep in chambers separated only by a slight partition, in order that we might the more readily afford assistance to each other in cases of emergency. I remarked, however, that my unfortunate friend always requested me with much earnestness to lock my door carefully on the inside, a precaution which I attributed to an involuntary habit of distrust, produced by a lengthened acquaintance with misery. It happened one evening that the inn at which we stopped being excessively crowded, one chamber only was vacant. An intimation to this effect having been made to us, the Italian appeared unusually thoughtful, and as soon as we had retired to the apartment allotted us, the reader may conceive my amazement, when my companion threw me a set of cords, which he carried about his person, at the same time exclaiming in the accents of despair, "Tie me hand and foot—or rather, take one of your travelling pistols, and blow out my brains." In absolute terror I demanded an explanation. "My wife!" cried he, writhing frantically on his bed, and covering his face with both hands, "My unfortunate wife! Her last words ever ring in my ears. Not a night passes in which I do not in my dreams seek to disinter her lifeless remains;—not a night passes in which I do not with that frightful intent endeavour to visit her grave, when the demon who torments me refuses to deliver my prey. Now judge

if you can sleep in the same apartment with a monster—with a vampire!"

It were no less painful to myself than to the reader were I longer to dwell upon a scene, the harrowing recollection of which even time has failed to blot "from the tablet of my memory." I repeat, that I have not at pleasure forged a tale. I even aver that I have studiously avoided the laboured drapery of the phrasemonger, who would fain amplify an idea by clothing it in verbiage. So far from attempting to heighten the interest of my narrative by extravagant details, I have used no other modification than the suppression of some additional circumstances too horrible, and too true.

Five years after the occurrence which I have just related, I passed the frontiers of Croatia. Looking upon my anecdote as a fearful and a singular anomaly in the history of mental aberrations, I had carefully concealed it from the knowledge of every human being. What was my astonishment on learning that this supposed anomaly was recognised as an endemic malady throughout an entire province? In Morlachia, there is scarcely a hamlet without a number of *vukodlacks*; and in some villages there is at least one *vukodlack* in every family. It must not, however, be supposed that the infirmity of the sleeper extends to the ordinary faculties of the waking individual. The *vukodlack*, when not under the influence of his dreams, undergoes all the horror which they are calculated to excite. To free himself from their fantastic empire, he not unfrequently has recourse to the prayers of the church, to the remedies of medical skill, sometimes to the amputation of a limb, and even to suicide. On his deathbed he exacts from his children a solemn promise, by which they are bound (life once extinct) to pierce his heart with a stake, and with iron bolts to attach his remains firmly to the coffin, in order that, in the last long sleep, he may be incapacitated from obeying the criminal instinct which haunted the slumbers of existence. The unfortunate man generally possesses an amiable and kind disposition, exercises a rigid censorship over his own conduct, and is often the judge and poet of his tribe, who look to him for aid and counsel. But with the last sunset ray commences his fatal delirium: during the stillness of night he, in his disordered fancy, like an unhallowed Eastern ghoul, dis-

turbs the sanctity of the grave; or in the access of his somnambulism, should he be subject to that additional infirmity, terrifies the village-nurse half slumbering over the cradle of some newborn infant. According to popular superstition, even the hand of death is unable to release him from his woe so long as his shrouded remains preserve the slightest resemblance to life. It is said, that frequently, when the grave of a *vukodlak* has been opened, the features of the inanimate occupant have been remarkable for their smiling expression, and their vermilion hue of health. For this a physical cause may be assigned: the victim, no longer tortured by the illusions of an involuntary crime, is, for the first time, at rest: — he sleeps — to dream no more!

I cannot avoid thinking that medical science has not been sufficiently directed to the investigation of two essential facts, which I regard as absolute certainties. The first is, that constant meditation upon any extraordinary act with which our nature is not familiar is more easily than any other idea convertible into dreams; the second is, that the impressions of a dream, when frequently repeated, are apt to produce corresponding actions, especially when the victims of such impressions are individuals of weak and irritable nerves. It is undoubtedly for this reason that women are particularly subject to those awful and peculiar aberrations of mind, which have been designated by the term *monomanie*. I shudder at my own temerity in advancing so ungallant an assertion, in expiation of which I may be allowed to hazard another; and kind fate grant that my fair judges may not deem the atonement more barbarous than the offence! Even females afflicted with the dreadful visitations alluded to are in most cases predisposed to them by extreme intellectual debility, often resulting from the ravages of sickness. The impressions of sleep, as I have already observed, are more easily repeated and prolonged when the patient who receives them is isolated from society; and there is a dark waste — a blank — a desert of the mind, as well as a physical solitude. It is a fact, well known to linguists, that the ancients had but one word to designate the idiot and the recluse.

My belief in the indefinite prolongation of the perceptions acquired during sleep, a belief confirmed by the many instances

of monomania on record, inclines me to admit another theory, not less capable of demonstration. I allude to the facility with which such perceptions are propagated amongst spectators or auditors fatally predisposed by nature to adopt them as their own. This may account for the superstition of vampirism which by the people of Hungary and Morlachia is received as an article of faith. Such illusions, once credited to a certain extent, are infallibly reproduced, but with a relative degree of intensity, subject to the modifications of time, place, age, sex, and education. The visitors who slept in the cave of Trophonius, on leaving it were invariably attacked with melancholy madness. Somnambulism, somniloquence, and the nightmare are particularly contagious. Children, females, and sick persons are more forcibly struck with the incidents of a dream when communicated to them, than with the most vivid impressions of real life; and in such cases the dream is consequently reproduced. In corroboration of my theory, I may adduce a popular notion current in every country with which I am acquainted, either through the medium of books or personal travel; it is vulgarly said, that a dream related by a person *fasting*, or, in other words, during the prolongation of its impression on the mind of the dreamer when awake, becomes fatal either to him or to his auditor. This idea, therefore, of the contagiousness of dreams, so far from being novel, is as old as the world itself. Gentle reader, you will doubtless call it a superstition: be it so. What local truth is *not* a superstition; and what universally accredited superstition is not a truth?

With the reader's permission, or probably to his or her entire satisfaction, I shall wave all further argument on a subject, my presumption in discussing which will scarcely be acceptable to the "sage grave men" (reader, if you spy a pun, let me stand protected by the shield of Shakspeare's name), in a word, to "the Faculty," who will suffer no undiplomated interloper to meddle with the science of Galen, or even with the Latin of their prescriptions. Acting on this prudent resolve, I shall conclude with a story originally related by Fortis, in his *Viaggio in Dalmazia*, and the details of which I have since found reproduced, though with some variation, in actual life. The learned traveller having made mention of the sor-

ceresses or *ujestize* of the country, whose favourite repasts were the hearts of affianced couples on the eve of wedlock, states, that a young bridegroom, against whom these enemies of man concerted their diabolical machinations, one night bethought himself of requesting an aged priest to keep guard over his couch. The priest, who had never before heard of such beings as the *ujestize*, or who had utterly disbelieved in their existence, muttered "a prayer or two," in the chamber of his young friend, and shortly afterwards was himself overcome by the fascinations of sleep. Scarcely had he closed his eyes, when he dreamed that he heard the ferocious laughter of the *ujestize* — that he saw them hovering near the pillow of the young man, whose bosom they tore asunder, and whose heart, horrible to relate! they proceeded to devour with avidity. An unseen but invincible power chained the priest to the spot where he lay, and even stifled the groan of horror about to escape from his lips, whilst the sorceresses continued to fascinate him with their fearful gaze. When the old man awoke, he was struck with the sight of his companion, who, starting from his bed, reeled forward a few paces, and without uttering a word, fell cold and lifeless at the feet of his spiritual instructor. The solution of this tale of wonder presents little difficulty. In consequence of a peculiar and unnatural impression, prolonged and repeated through several conversations, both of these individuals had no doubt been simultaneously visited with the same dream: the one actually beheld the terrible vision which caused the other's death. A similar story forms the subject of the first book of Apuleius, who had probably been studied neither by the Mor-

lachian, nor by the old priest. Nay, more; the facts mentioned by Apuleius are reported by Pliny as having happened amongst the people of Mysia Minor; and Pliny himself gives the statement on the authority of a more ancient author. Near the eastern frontier of Persia, the celebrated traveller Pietro della Valle heard another but nearly similar version of this superstitious tradition, which, it would thus appear, has made the tour of the globe, and remained almost unaltered through the revolutions of centuries.

I avow myself headstrong and visionary enough to believe that the inexplicable empire usurped by the impressions of sleep over our positive existence is intended to reveal to us another state of being, and faculties of a higher order. I am thoroughly persuaded that man's state of existence during sleep, must at the commencement of time have ruled the destinies of creation. That mysterious state, and that alone, has inspired the nations of the world with the lofty conceptions which, affect to despise them as we may, have rendered man imposing in the page of history. Without the all-powerful action of the imagination, of which the impressions communicated through sleep are the vital source, the divine art of Orpheus — of Homer — of David, dwindles into the poesy of a pedant. Without this pervading principle human civilisation shrinks from comparison with the policy of the beaver, or the industry of the ant; without it, our noblest affections are but the instincts of brutes, our boasted liberty is but the frenzy of savages. With this confession of my faith, reader, I terminate my wordy waking reverie, and cordially bid thee good night.

IMITATION OF A PASSAGE FROM VICTOR HUGO'S HERNANI.

SCENE. *The Castle of DON GOMEZ DE SILVA, in the Mountains of Aragon. The Apartment is decorated with a number of portraits richly framed, and surmounted with ducal coronets and gilded escutcheons. Between each portrait is a complete suit of armour, each suit belonging to a different epoch. At the bottom of the stage is a high Gothic door.*

* * * * *

Hernani. Ah! whither, Julia, would'st thou follow me?
'Mongst my rude mates, whose names are register'd

In treason's record; o'er whose foredoom'd heads
 Remorseless Justice bares her reeking arm;
 Whose hearts are harden'd as their steel? Wilt thou
 Exchange thy duchy for the mockery
 Of outlaw'd sov'reignty — a bandit's bride?
 For such thou wilt be, if thou wilt be mine!
 A sad vocation, Julia, 'tis to share
 The fortunes of a desperate man; of one
 At strife with this stern world and its stern law;
 To roam through trackless forests, o'er bleak hills;
 To find no safety but on the high cliff
 Where the proud eagle builds her eyry — there
 To scare thy gentleness with horrid sights;
 To shudder at the deeds that men of blood
 Can act in very sport; to share the feast,
 Drain the same cup with lips that laughing count
 Their prey's last mortal pangs; to lend thine ear
 To dismal secrets, tales of foul adventure —
 Can this lot be for Julia? Canst thou link thee
 With men of tiger-hearts and forms scarce human;
 With beings like the startling visions seen
 In fever'd sleep, the demons of thy dreams?
 On the damp ground, can those frail limbs be couch'd?
 At the scant rivulet can those sweet lips
 Allay their thirst? Wouldst thou at midnight start
 To catch the echoing blast of some shrill horn,
 Whilst the band rouse them from their cautious slumbers,
 With many a mutter'd oath and fearful cry,
 And clutch their daggers, revelling in fancy
 On some fell exploit? Whilst a mother's cherub
 Clings to thy bosom; can'st thou wake to hear
 The clash of swords, the long, loud agonies
 Of some poor victim, who with frenzied shrieks
 Curses his God and dies? Wilt thou still follow
 Hernani's wand'ring fortunes; wilt thou still
 Share the sad resting-place his fathers found?
 Ours will be lasting bonds; — behold the scaffold
 Deck'd for our bridal fête.

Jul.

I'll follow thee:

E'en there these eyes, ere their long night begins,
 Shall look their love on thine. We'll flee together:
 Spain is no more our home, but the vast globe
 Is ours, Hernani; other climes as fair
 Are left us; under the blue canopy
 Of other skies as sunny will we rest,
 And we will dwell in some far distant land;
 E'en in some desert spot where nature smiles not,
 And as we sit at eve by the pale light
 Thou lov'st, and gaze on the bright worlds above,
 To us the desert shall be fairy land,
 And love shall be our world. We'll flee to-morrow,
 To-night, or when thou wilt, Hernani: thou
 My better angel art, or else the tempter
 Pouring thy subtil poison in mine ear
 Of woman! be it so — I'll flee with thee,
 For Julia is thy slave. Or let us stay,
 Or let us go; or now, or yet hereafter;
 For I am thine, the creature of thy will;
 My life hangs on thy breath! Oh! I have need

To look on thee, to see thee ever near,
 To hear thine accents, even though they chide;
 To listen to the echo of thy steps;
 To fold thee to my heart, and feel thine beat.
 When thou art absent, then my truant spirit
 Seems absent from myself; when thou art nigh,
 Methinks I wake to light and memory
 Of life, and happy heedless hours. Hernani,
 When shall we go?

Her. Sweet Julia!

Julia. Shall it be
 To-morrow, love — at night? — Here, 'neath my window,
 Come with thine escort: tremble not for me;
 This little heart is bolder than thou think'st.
 Thrice knocks the signal.

Her. (mournfully.) No! the hour is past.

Jul. Alas! what mean you, love? you do but jest,
 Hernani; let's away together.

Her. Nay,
 Julia, is't not enough that thou would'st tempt
 An exile's desperate fate? More than enough
 That thou wouldst pillow thee on the hard rock —
 Drink from the torrent — moisten with thy tears
 The scanty pittance which the world's deep curse
 And withering hate wrest not from the stern gripe
 Of friendless lawless men! But mine alone
 The scaffold. Oh! thou art a bride too lovely
 To share that couch. Remember me, sweet Julia,
 But as a man of wayward destiny;
 One whose dark fate oft dimm'd thine eyes with tears —
 One whom those gentle drops almost beguiled
 To deem e'en sorrow sweet. Think of me thus,
 And when again thou seek'st thy lonely bower
 And sighest o'er its neglected roses, waking
 To gayer strains thy long-forgotten lute, —
 Forgive, and think of me no more.

Jul. Hernani,
 Thou mock'st; yet in thy playfulness there dwells
 A sound of mirth so mournful! Canst thou deem
 Of woman's love thus lightly? I have lived
 For thee through days uncheer'd by hope; think'st thou
 I tremble to die *with* thee? Oh! thou canst not.
 I leave thee not — we'll flee together; ingrate!

[*Throwing her arms around him.*]

Wilt thou this prison break?

Her. Would'st thou the wretch
 Who views the abyss yawning 'neath his steps
 Should crush the flower that grows upon its brink?
 Enough for me that I have breathed its fragrance.
 Forget me, Julia, for with memory
 Dwells misery; — forget me; thy fond lips
 Must fashion them to that sad sound — Farewell!
 Bethink thee maiden, I am under ban;
 A price is set upon this head; 'twill be
 A noble capture for a score of churls.
 Some gray-headed old sire will one day tell
 The tale of death, and whilst his ragged urchins
 Crowd round his cottage fire, will proudly boast —
 'I was of them that track'd him; — I partook
 The price of blood, — I saw the bandit's head

Roll from the scaffold.' Cling not to me, Julia;
Oh! 'twere a ruthless fate the young green ivy
Should wither with the blighted oak!

Jul. Deceiver!
Canst thou thus promise, and be thus forsworn!
Oh! 'tis the heaviest curse to bid me live,
And thou not near;—to bid me dread each peril,
That shared with thee were light;—and, trust me, love,
On his pale face e'en death can wear a smile,
So we but die together. But no more
Of this: thy speech, Hernani, was to try me.
Hark, love! hear'st thou that distant turret clock,
That chimes the signal? 'tis for flight;—but why
Look'st thou so coldly on me? Can my tears
More than my words prevail?

Her. Julia! thou weep'st!
Who for those precious tears will vengeance take?
For thou wilt pardon. I'll not flee, sweet maid—
Thou bid'st me stay. Repose thee on this bosom:
This fleeting hour is thine and love's: I'll stay.
Let's talk in mirthful mood: beshrew those drops
That quench the lustre of thy soft dark eye!
Sing me some strain as in the summer's days
Of our first loves—when thou wert all Hernani's;—
When the tear struggled with the witchery
E'en of the smile that play'd around thy lip—
And each betray'd thy secret—and thou wouldst
Have chid, but could not. Julia! say 'tis sweet
To love and be beloved—to breathe the sigh
Of passion whilst each duller mortal sleeps!
To lose all feeling of the world's existence;
A world to each the bursting heart that throbs
As it would share the prison of the heart
'Gainst which it wildly beats! I'll stay with thee—
Or flee with thee;—speak but the word! Come ruin,
Come death.—Oh, thus to die were ecstasy!

[*Kneels and seizes her hand: both remain absorbed, and insensible to the entrance of DON GOMEZ DE SILVA, who, on beholding them, crosses his arms, stands fixed to the spot, and seems petrified with astonishment.*

Don Gomez. Draw near, my followers: this is a sight
Worth gazing at.

[*HERNANI and JULIA, perceiving DON GOMEZ, start from their impassioned reverie. JULIA, in terror, totters to a sofa.*

The weight of threescore years
Is on this brow. Ay, I have seen foul deeds;
Have heard of wretches who, with reeking hands,
Strangled the sleeping infant;—men who made
A mockery of holy things,—who died
Unshrived, with the loud laugh and ribald jest
Upon their parting breath; but things like this
Are not of my time. Days of chivalry
Have shone on Spain, when Bernard and the Cid
Traversed our two Castiles, avenging wrongs,
Shiv'ring the lance in jousts and tournaments
For smiles of maidens fair. Those men were brave

And lighter wore their crested helm and buckler
 Than the smooth whipsters of our modern days
 Their plume and baldrick: those were times when treason
 Hid its scared head; when men set store by honour
 And the proud names their fathers had achieved;
 When dames were woo'd and won in open day.
 But now our felon youth, shrouding their deeds
 In darkness, with half-doubting eyes that look
 Towards their heels, steal to our palaces
 Like pilferers by night, and lisp their falsehood,
 And filch away young virgins' fame. My knighthood
 To a bauble, but our great ancestor
 The Cid had held such men for baseborn cravens,
 And with sheath'd sword their blazonry had struck
 From their usurped shields. Thus would have done
 The men of olden time to those that now
 Sit in our seats. Wait not till I am wroth,
 But answer, and be brief; I am more scant
 In patience than in years.—What dost thou here?
 Speak—art thou come to beard me in my halls?
 By our good Saint Iago but 'tis new
 For the young braggarts of this age to laugh
 When pass the hoary heads of veterans—
 Soldiers of Zamora, whose casques have glitter'd
 In forty fields. Look on me, cavalier,
 And answer, what dost thou here?

Her.

Noble Duke—

Don Gom. Out with it, man:—gallants, ye wear your plumies
 And silken vests; ye have the dance, the chace,
 And falconry, and merry festival;
 Ye sing your ditties while the pale moon loiters
 On lady's balcony, and dark eyes witch
 Sweet music from your amorous guitars.
 Youth, joy, are yours; but these are paltry playthings:
 Ye must have other toys;—some Jephtha's treasure,
 Or an old warrior's bride. Treason like thine,
 That thus repays confiding host, nor dreads
 Heaven's angry lightning,—oh! it turns to ice
 The once warm current creeping through my veins,
 Glazes mine eye, that statue-like I stand
 On mine own threshold, gazing at the deed
 As might the sculptur'd form so soon to deck
 The tomb that chides my stay.

Her.

Don Gomez, hear me!

Don Gom. Follow me, cavalier—do ye these things
 In sportive mood? I have one priceless gem,—
 The taintless honour of a noble house:
 This maid is dearer to me than my dukedom,
 Her plighted faith is mine,—and I—De Silva
 Whose locks had blanch'd upon my laurell'd brows
 While yet your puling infancy but lisp'd
 Its babble,—I but turn me from my threshold,
 And the lewd reveller glides to my hearth.
 Out on ye! this would make our bastards blush!
 Have I aught else? Nay, nay; I cry you mercy,
 For I am old.

[*Takes off his Collar of the Order of the Golden Fleece.*
 Here, take my Golden Fleece.

[*Throws aside his hat.*

Trample on my bare head as something vile;

Then swear ye, in your insolent debauch,
That drunken swaggerer on nobler front
Ne'er sullied whiter hairs.

Julia.

Duke!

Don Gom. (looking at the portraits with which the Apartment is decorated.) Moors! Castilians!

Ye Silvas all — look down on me, my sires,
And pardon if I curse the charity
That gives a welcome to the way-worn stranger.
Bestir ye, valets — fetch mine arms — we'll see
How bear them when their blood is up, these gentles.
Follow me, cavalier.

Her.

Old man, the steel

Palsies thy hand; but vengeance shall be thine —
Revenge so deep, 'twill wash away this blot
From out thy 'scutcheon; aye, and pay thy fête.
Stare not; this head 'is worth a thousand crowns —
Hernani tells thee so. Ye trembling slaves,
Look not amazed, but win the dross ye worship;
Approach: the outlaw'd rebel stands before ye.
(*With increasing vehemence.*) Hear, knaves! the bandit chief, Hernani,
fronts

A score of ye; on his doom'd head is set
A goodly price — a thousand golden crowns.
A thousand crowns! mark, fellows! dare ye not
For fee so tempting brave an unarm'd man?
Will ye not stir? Each lifedrop from Hernani
Is precious ore.

Jul.

Oh! heed him not — he raves.

Don Gom. Perdition seize such bedlam guests! (*To the Attendants.*)

I charge ye

Stir not a man. (*To HERNANI.*) I am thine host; thou art safe
From all but me.

Her. (shouting with violence.) A thousand crowns — the bandit
Hernani stands before ye! —

Don Gom.

Hold thy peace,

Thou frantic fool! Wert thou Hernani; nay,
Wert thou the fiend incarnate, he that lifts
Beneath this roof a traitor hand against thee
Tempts his own peril.

Her. (to the Attendants.) Will ye not advance?

[*To a young Valet of DE SILVA's suite, who seems about to come forward.*

Thou, friend, approach: a thousand crowns will make thee
Wealthy beyond thy hopes; thou need'st not, then,
To follow this base valet trade; abjure
Thy heart of man, and humbly cringe to dust
Viler than that thou tread'st on. Thou, too, tremblest.
Not one idolater of gold amongst ye!
Gold — gold omnipotent! — a thousand crowns!
Friends, not one Carolus less! Methinks you soften —
A thousand crowns of gold!

Jul. (to HERNANI.)

For pity's sake,

Forbear!

[*To the Attendants, who make a movement to seize HERNANI.*

Hold! on your lives.

Don Gom.

Who stirs one step

Calls not his life his own! Fellows, retire.

[*The Attendants, Valets, &c. retreat in confusion.*

Her. A thousand crowns! seize me!

[*Sound of trumpets without.*

Don. Gom. (to a Page, who enters in haste.) What means this tumult ?
Speak quickly.

Page. Good, my lord; the king in person!
His highness comes, with some threescore of archers,
A herald, and the signiors of his court,
And storms to find the drawbridge raised.

Don Gom. His highness!
Open with speed.

[*Exit Page.*]

Jul. Oh! fatal hour! the king!
All's lost.

[*DON GOMEZ approaches one of the portraits—the last on the left hand.
On his pressing a spring, the portrait opens like a door, and a secret recess in the wall is exposed to view.*]

Don Gom. (to HERNANI.) Stranger, bandit, whoe'er thou art,
Enter: that staircase to a secret chamber
Descends — these walls shall tell no tales; no vengeance
Hast thou to dread but mine.

Her. My head is thine;
I am thy prisoner.

[*Enters the recess. DON GOMEZ again touches the spring, and the portrait returns to its former place.*]

Jul. (to DON GOMEZ.) Have pity, Duke!
Enter the Page.

Page. The king!

[*JULIA hastily veils her features. DON CARLOS enters, completely armed, and followed by his suite, also armed. THE KING slowly advances, his left hand on the pommel of his sword, his eyes fixed on DON GOMEZ with an expression of anger and distrust. DON GOMEZ bows with profound respect. At length the KING breaks silence.*]

Don Car. How now, my noble cousin, say
What means this warlike air? Methinks thy castle
Shows like a place besieged, with drawbridge up,
Portcullis down, and frowning battlements,
Bristling with spears of armed men, and sabres
Gleaming through moonlight. By the saints! it joys me
To see those stiffen'd joints, that gallantly
And with such youthful grace of chivalry
Buckle their rusty armour on. Speak, Duke,
Wear we the turban? bow we to the crescent?
Bear we the name of Mahomet — Boabdil —
Not Carlos of Castile, that thus thy towers
Look on us angrily?

Don Gom. Your Highness, pardon;
Had I foreseen such visit —

Don Car. (to his suite) Seize the keys;
Invest each issue.

[*Two officers retire; others range Guards near the doors at the back of the stage: CARLOS turns towards the DUKE.*]

Does rebellion thus
Find shelter here! An thou wilt play the Duke,
My haughty cousin; by fair Aragon
Carlos shall play the king, and crush your Dukeships
Like eaglets in your eery fastnesses.

Don. Gom. (haughtily.) Your Highness knows the Silvas are right
loyal.

Don. Car. Away with subterfuge: answer me, Duke,
Or, by my knighthood, to the ground I raze

Thy battlements. Where is this outlaw'd traitor :
Be brief; dost thou right loyal Silva harbour,
The felon chief within thy walls?

Don. Gom. Your Highness
'Tis true.

Don Car. Then, cousin, I must crave a boon :
His head or thine; thou mark'st.

Don. Gom. (bowing respectfully.) Content your Highness ;
You shall be satisfied.

[*JULIA conceals her face with both hands, and appears overcome with terror.*

Don. Car. (in a softened tone.) So ! thou dost choose
The wiser and the safer path ; good cousin
I doubted not thy loyalty : bring forth
My prisoner.

[*DON GOMEZ, folding his arms, remains for a few moments absorbed in thought. The KING and JULIA continue to observe in silence,—the latter with agitation. At length DON GOMEZ appears resolved, respectfully takes the KING by the hand, and leads him in front of the portrait, which commences the gallery, on the right of the audience.*

Don. Gom. Look down, mine ancestors !
Don Carlos of Castile, this hour is solemn. [*Points to the portraits.*
Be they our judges : first in rank — in time
Silvius, who thrice the robe of consul wore.
Mark, King — a Roman consul.

[*DON CARLOS stamps with impatience.*

Pass we on,
To others. [*Leads the KING to another portrait.*

He was named Gomez de Silva, —
A soldier rich in honourable scars,
But poor in the vile wealth of meaner souls,
His giant helm would crush our pigmy brows :
Methinks we are not fashioned of the self-same clay
As they who wore such armour ; bow, great monarch,
Bow to the mightier dead.

[*DON CARLOS betrays increasing impatience. DON GOMEZ conducts him towards another portrait.*

Behold another ;
His hand once given was worth a royal oath. —
Juan — Vasquez — oh ! pardon me my sires,
If I pass lightly o'er such noble names —
Men who gave crowns, but wore them not. Another !
That portrait is my father's — last and greatest.
Thus then shall future story chronicle
These names of Silva —

Don. Car. (no longer able to restrain himself.) 'Sdcath ! thou hoary trifler !
My prisoner !

Don. Gom. A moment's pause.

[*He leads the KING to the last portrait, behind which HERNANI is concealed — JULIA watching every movement with intense anxiety.*

This portrait
Is mine, Don Carlos ; thou wouldst write the name
It bears in the dark scroll of infamy !
Thanks, King ! thou would'st that veriest wretches doom'd,

For treason, passing thought, to groan away
 Their last vile breath upon the wheel, should cry
 In the brief pauses of their agony —
 Why racks the cord our nerves? why sinks the knife
 Into our quivering flesh? call you us traitors,
 When the last Silva sold his guest and lived?

Don Car. Confusion! archers, seize the Duke; — yet, hold —
 Old man, can nothing move thee? menace, prayer —
 Is all then vain? I would be calm — I would not
 The midnight wind should whistle mournfully
 O'er thy dismantled towers, or the dank grass
 Grow in thine halls: — my prisoner; mark, cousin —
My prisoner: thy word is pledged.

Don Gom. His head
 Or mine; your Highness, I remember me,
 Thus runs our covenant. Bind these aged limbs
 In heaviest chains that gall the fainting flesh,
 But tame not the firm soul: these silver locks
 Crimson with the best blood of Aragon; —
 Lighter those fetters than the hand of scorn,
 Dashing the wither'd laurels from my brow; —
 Less foul the stain than to write Silva traitor.
My head is thine.

Don Car. Thy head, old man, thy lands,
 Thy castle — dukedom — vassals — all are mine!
 Obdurate dotard! We have parley'd with thee,
 Too long; till thou forget'st we are thy master.
 Once more, my prisoner! ere these walls entomb
 Thee and the outlaw.

Don Gom. Whilst one stone shall rest
 Upon another of the crumbling ruin,
 My guest is safe. I am thy prisoner.

Don Car. Ay; say'st thou so? two heads instead of one;
 Guards, seize the Duke!

Jul. (seized with a sudden impulse, and throwing herself between Don Gomez and the soldiers.) Shame on the deed!

(To CARLOS.) Thou art
 The tiger, not the lion of Castile!
 Thou hast not a Castilian's soul — thou reign'st not
 In a free people's love; thou art but fit
 To rule with iron rod the courtiers train'd
 Like palace dogs to lick the feet of kings; —
 To govern slaves who kiss the dust before thee;
 To strike with awe the crowd who crouch in silence,
 And mar not the decorum of thy passage
 With one glad shout; to plant thy tyrant foot
 On trampled freedom's neck; — monarch supreme
 In a bruised nation's hate!

Don Car. Thy bold words, Lady,
 Shake not my purpose. *(Aside)* Yet, — 'tis better thus; —
 It shall be so, — good genius, for the thought
 I thank thee! *(Aloud to DON GOM.)* Cousin, we respect thy scruple:
 Nay, more, esteem thy firmness; be, if thou wilt,
 A faithful host and a disloyal subject.
 Well, let that pass: we take our leave, and with us
 A hostage — thy fair bride.

Jul. (in terror.) Heard I aright?

Don Gom. Julia!

Don Car. E'en so.

Don Gom. Oh, sportive tyranny,
That smiles and crushes! Royal clemency,
That spares the worthless head, and racks the heart!
Don Car. Thou yet may'st choose; — the bandit or thy bride —
I ask but one.

Don Gom. My sovereign — in pity —
Spurn not an old man's tears! I ask to die!
Bow my white hairs with sorrow to the grave,
But not with shame!

[*The KING approaches JULIA, who takes refuge near DON GOMEZ.*

Jul. Don Gomez! help me! save me!

[*Aside, and apparently struck with a sudden thought.*
Unhappy Julia! hold thy peace: be still
My woman's fears, my woman's weakness; save
A life so valued by the sacrifice
Of thine.

[*Places her hand on her bosom.*
My poniard! Oh thou shining toy!
Thou art more worth than jewell'd diadem!

[*Aloud to DON CARLOS.*

Your Highness, I obey.

Don Car. (with exultation.) Now do I triumph!

[*The KING takes JULIA's hand, and seems about to lead her away.*

Don Gom. (in horrible agitation.) Julia! my royal master — can it be,
That flesh and blood shall turn to stone! High name,
And spotless honour, and proud ancestry
Ye shall no more be my divinities. —
I rave! My sovereign, I have done thee service,
Ay, good and feal service: must I suffer
Dishonour, like a hot and filthy blow,
To light upon a warrior's cheek? My Julia!
I have but her.

Don Car. (relinquishing the hand of JULIA.) We'll make exchange: I
give her,
And take the bandit.

*Don Gom. (who appears distracted by the most horrible emotions, and
with clasped hands contemplates the Portraits.)* Oh, my Sires, have
pity!

[*He advances towards the masked door, JULIA observing him, in an
agonny of terror: he again contemplates the Portraits.*
Veil those fix'd eyes, that I may play the traitor,
And quail not to the earth!

[*He advances slowly towards his own portrait, and then again turns
towards the KING.*

Will nothing bend thee?

Don Car. Nothing.

[*DON GOMEZ, in much agitation, raises his hand to the spring.*

Jul. Merciful Heaven!

Don Gom. (throwing himself at the feet of the King.) My hand refuses
The felon deed: in pity take my life!

Don Car. Thy bride!

Don Gom. (rising in despair.) Then take her; let me not become
The assassin of mine honour.

Don Car. (again taking JULIA's hand.) Noble cousin,
Adieu.

*Don Gom. (feeling in his bosom for his dagger, and fixing his eyes on the
King, who retires with JULIA.)* We'll meet again, by all my hopes
Of vengeance!

[DON CARLOS conducts JULIA from the Apartment; his Suite slowly following, two by two, and conversing together in a low tone. When the last attendant has retired, DON GOMEZ hastily approaches the wall, whence he takes two swords, measures their length together, and places them on the table. That done, he presses the spring of the Portrait, which gives way as before.

Don Gom. (to HERNANI.) Quick! come forth! we are alone!

[HERNANI appears.

Our quarrel needs brief prelude.

[DON GOMEZ points to the swords on the table.

Choose thy weapon,

And sell thy life as dearly as thou may'st.

Methinks thou tremblest!

Her. (agitated and irresolute.) Duke — this combat — never!

Don Gom. How now! I deem'd thee brave; I deem'd thy heart

Insensible to qualms such as shake men

Unpractised in thy trade. 'Tis strange to view

A lily spot of fear upon that cheek,

Bronzed amid scenes of guilty peril. 'Sdeath!

Art thou not noble? Then shall thine offence

Stand thee in lieu of name, and give thee title

To cross thy steel with mine? Defend thyself!

Her. Never! Thou hast preserved my life; old man,

Take back the hateful boon; strike to my heart.

Hear my last prayer; then strike, and I will bless thee:

Let me but see her once!

Don Gom.

See her!

Her.

But once!

Oh! could'st thou know the fever of the heart

That clings to its last solitary hope!

The soul's wild riot! Thou, too, once wast young!

Let me again behold her; let mine ear

Again catch the sweet music of that voice,

And after bid me die!

Don Gom. (pointing to the masked door.) Saints! is this den

So deep! hast thou heard nothing?

Her.

Heard! what mean you?

Don Gom. To save thee — bandit — ay, to save thy head,

Has cost me more than life. I have kept faith

With thee, and paid more than a monarch's ransom —

The maid I love!

Her.

Julia? Measureless dupe!

Don Carlos loves her.

Don Gom.

Loves! the king!

Her.

Ay, Carlos;

Don Carlos of Castile. Thou hoary bridegroom,

The youthful monarch is thy rival.

Don Gom.

Arm —

My vassals, arm — to horse! we must pursue

The ravisher — to horse!

Her.

Don Gomez, hear me;

I am thine own; hast thou not purchased me?

And oh! at what a price! my life is thine;

But let me share thy vengeance — to my hand

Confide thy steel — let me be thy right arm —

Let me but strike, and I will worship thee,

And like an eastern slave, who holds his breath

At his lord's pleasure, I will lay down mine,

The work of justice done.

Don Gom.

Wilt thou swear this?

Her. Ay, by my father's head!

[*Takes a horn from his girdle, and presents it to DON GOMEZ.*

Receive this pledge.

Bear witness, Heaven! Whate'er the place—the time—

Sound but this horn if thou would'st bid me die;

Its blast shall be my passing knell.

Don Gom. (*taking HERNANI's hand with solemnity.*) Thy hand!

To horse!

[*Pauses, and contemplates the portraits.*

Ye dead! bear witness to our compact!

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

Σίγμα.

THE DOMINICAN.

THROUGHOUT the streets of Paris reigned an imposing silence, interrupted at intervals by the solemn tolling of bells summoning the inhabitants to join the religious procession which annually took place on the *Jeudi Saint*. It was in the year 1580, at midnight, and the different churches of the capital were brilliantly illuminated in celebration of the *fête*. The atmosphere was condensed with the cold of a prolonged winter; and the pale uncertain light of the moon, occasionally glimmering from behind the thick black clouds driven rapidly across the surface of a lowering sky, seemed to shine in mockery of the artificial but gloomy splendour reflected through the high Gothic windows of each sacred edifice.

The chapel belonging to the convent of Dominicans was filled with the monks of that order; who at the conclusion of their devotions repaired to *Notre Dame*, and, mingling with the populace, followed the procession. A friar, who had embraced the vows but a twelvemonth before, and who was known only by the appellation of Father Raymond, silently imitated the example of his brethren, with whom he quitted the chapel. An impenetrable mystery seemed to envelope every action, every word, every thought of the stranger, whose rank and quality were utterly unknown to the other members of the fraternity, and who never appeared in public except on those rare occasions when the rules of his order imperatively required his absence from the monastery. The austerity of his devotion, his sombre and taciturn disposition, and his morbid antipathy to the society of those with whom he was occasionally compelled to mingle, led the brethren to suspect that the pressure of

some heavy calamity, and not a natural bias to the monastic state, had caused Father Raymond's voluntary exile from a world, on whose busy stage, despite of matin prayer and midnight vigil, he had evidently been no ordinary actor. Even the gloom of the cloister, that, like the grave, of which it is the type, effaces all human distinctions, could not wholly obscure from the monk's features an air of courtly dignity—a lingering expression of that unsatisfied ambition which more legibly than the hand of time traces wrinkles on the brow, and more deeply withers the kindlier feelings of the heart. Notwithstanding the misanthropy with which his general character was tinged, there was one being, and one alone, on whom Raymond seemed to dote with the tenderness of an earthly father; and who, in his frequent visits to the convent, had completely gained the affection of the reverend inmates. This individual—the solitary link, as it were, by which the man of sorrow appeared still bound to existence—was a young chevalier of illustrious birth; at least, if such supposition might be warranted by the noble expression of his lineaments, his gallant bearing, and the elegance of his attire, which was that in fashion amongst the high-born seigneurs of the day. Like his spiritual guide, the young stranger courted mystery and solitude; and the resemblance was still further heightened by the air of sadness which shaded his boyish countenance. His melancholy smile, however, possessed a something of ineffable sweetness, and presented a strong contrast to the cold, stern dejection of Father Raymond. The one might have been likened to the tender flower, bowing to the blast on which it still shed its fragrance; the

other, to some once goodly tree, scathed by the fury of the elements, and broken, not bent, by the storm.

The procession had not yet quitted the church of Notre Dame, when two figures in the costume of Black Penitents rapidly advanced along the then narrow quay opposite to the Louvre, and from time to time cast around them a furtive glance, as though dreading observation or pursuit. An ample garment, descending to the heels of each, was surmounted by a cowl, which served as a mask for the wearer's features, and in which were two small apertures enabling him to see every object distinctly. From a cord, which in fashion of a rude girdle encircled the waist of each, were suspended a chaplet of death's heads, and a scourge, or monkish discipline, as it was termed, the handle of which was studded with stars inlaid in silver. For some time these personages had proceeded without uttering a word, and but for the evidence of their materiality afforded by the echo of their wooden sandals along the hard dry pavement, they might, at that lonely and solemn hour, have been mistaken for dusky fantastic shadows. At length both made a sudden halt, and, abruptly breaking silence,—“My son,” said the elder, “have we not loaded thee with marks of our favour? Have we not even placed thee near our august person? *Par la misse!* what more wouldst thou have? As for thy father, prithee, Villequier, no more on that head; we cannot recall him. *Vrai Dieu!* we cannot forget that he is a traitor; that he has joined the rebel Monbrun in Dauphiny; and thy young brother, too,—he has doubtless been taught to hate his legitimate sovereign.”

“Sire,” replied Villequier, for the first speaker was no other than Henry III. of France; “sire, to you I owe all: but for seven long years my father has languished in exile; I beseech your Majesty to reflect that repentance has expiated his crime!”

“Thy father!” exclaimed the monarch; “speak of him not: whilst thou wast yet an infant, thy father for his treason was banished France. Thou wast brought up at my court, under my own eye. Ungrateful boy! am I not thy father?”

“Most true, my royal master,” answered Villequier with a sigh; and relapsed into momentary silence. Unable long to contain himself, he resumed—

“And yet my brother might now be one of your Majesty's most valiant defenders; he is but a few years younger than myself.”

“No more, Villequier,” said the King; “this subject afflicts me; ask some other favour; demand of me something reasonable, something possible, and I will hear thee. But for the present change the theme; tell me of Agnes, my coy beauty; art thou certain she will attend this festival, that I shall see her, shall listen to her accents?”

“Even as I informed your Majesty. I have learned from one who will not deceive me, that she purposes to follow the procession dressed in the costume of a White Penitent.”

“Ay, but in darkness such as this, amidst a crowd of devotees, how will it be possible to distinguish her? albeit that her light and airy tread——”

“Oh! content your Majesty,” said Villequier, abruptly interrupting the King with a degree of familiarity authorised by the unbounded indulgence with which Henry treated the favoured confidant and minister of his pleasures: “I trust not to such ambiguous tokens. My page has orders to remain *perdu* at the door of her house; to follow her steps; and if the knave quit her without my especial injunction;—but he knows me too well. He will glide unperceived behind her: a lighted torch in each hand; that is the signal.”

“Villequier,” said Henry with a smile of satisfaction, “thou hast managed this matter admirably: indeed, thou hast a natural aptitude for such delicate commissions, and to-morrow thou shalt assist me in carrying off the prize.”

“In that, I fear me, your Majesty will find some difficulty; for we must in all act secretly, or rumour will turn the tale to our disadvantage. The maiden is, night and day, surrounded by jealous prudent relatives.”

“*Par la Saint Barthélémy!* friend Villequier, genius like thine, backed by sundry golden arguments of persuasion, will assuredly not shrink from a task so light. Thou shalt have the glory of achieving this enterprise. By to-morrow Agnes must be in my power, for an angel is less beautiful—But soft! here is the porch of Notre Dame: as the procession has not yet commenced, let us enter in with a humility. Thou art little conversant,

my son, with such pious exercises; but yet thou shalt repeat an *ave* for me, and another for thyself.

With these words Henry and his companion entered the church, on the marble pavement of which both devoutly knelt; the king rolling between his fingers the death's heads of which his well-furnished chaplet was composed, and with an air of fervent piety moving his lips as though in prayer, whilst Villequier contented himself with responding "Amen." Shortly afterwards, the procession slowly quitted the church, followed by an immense number of penitents, black, blue, green, and white, carrying tapers of red wax, a cross with the instruments of the passion, and a sable standard. To these succeeded several individuals masked, and others in their ordinary costume, ranged in pairs, and separated by the mysteries, which marched at the head of the corporations to which they belonged. The whole was closed by female penitents with white waxen tapers and death's heads, and by monks clothed in garments of sackcloth, and unmercifully scourging their own backs and shoulders, which had purposely been left exposed by these fanatics. Many of these personages had their arms attached in form of a cross to a bar of iron, and with hideous contortions submitted to this self-inflicted torture which they were doomed to endure for six hours. In modern days it would indeed be difficult to imagine a scene such as this midnight procession, traversing by torchlight the narrow streets of Paris, and stopping at every church, whilst psalms and litanies chanted in solemn tones by voices less harmonious than devout, heightened the sombre effect of the ceremony.

The king and his companion, piously kneeling on the pavement, their arms folded on their breasts, remained in the church till the last holy hymn was scarcely audible in the distance. Villequier was the first to start from his devout posture. "Yonder is my page—and near him Agnes," whispered he to Henry; at the same time directing his sovereign's attention to one of the female penitents. Both then adjusted their cowls so as to render their disguise impenetrable, and joined the crowd; Villequier making a signal to his page, who retired. Taking advantage of the

almost total darkness in which they were enveloped, Henry quickened his pace, and in a low tone addressed some words to Agnes, close to whom he had now approached. The lovely maiden made no answer; and the king, deeming himself secure from the gaze of prying curiosity, ventured to seize her hand, which was instantly withdrawn. No sooner had the fair one thus evinced her scorn, than the royal lover felt himself rudely collared by an arm of muscular strength; whilst a well-aimed blow from the scourge of a black penitent betokened the will, if not the power, effectually to avenge the insult offered to Agnes. Maddening with rage, Henry mechanically made a gesture as if to draw the weapon with which he would have immolated the stranger whose sacrilegious hand had been raised against the majesty of France. He was, however, unarmed; and a hint from Villequier having awakened him to the necessity of avoiding any act of imprudence that might lead to a discovery of his person, he reluctantly left the crowd.

Approaching the stranger,—"Knowest thou," demanded Villequier, "whom thou hast outraged? But let that pass: knowest thou the expiation by which the offence must be atoned?"

"Doubtless;" coldly replied the stranger.

"Art thou noble?"

"Yes."

"Thy name?"

"My name is a secret, which, if thou wouldst learn, thou must, at daybreak to-morrow, repair to the *Porte St. Antoine*; I shall be there, and shall take my rapier and my dagger."

"Good."

"We must be without witnesses, man to man. On those conditions alone shalt thou know my secret."

"Agreed; to-morrow morning, then, one immeasurably above thee shall be avenged by this arm;" and with a slight inclination of the head, Villequier withdrew to join the king. Henry directed his steps towards the Louvre.

"My friend," said he to Villequier, when both were released from the observation of a numerous group, by whom they had been followed—"my son, I must know thy purpose: wouldst thou stake thy days against the existence of the wretch who has attacked the sacred

person of his monarch?" and Henry devoutly made the sign of the cross—"By our Lady, thou must not think of it. No, my son; his life is not worth thine. He shall die by the axe of the executioner."

"You forget, Sire, that to command such a step were to publish the outrage your Majesty has received. Besides, my word is passed."

"Right, Villequier, the tale must not be divulged to mortal ear. The poniard is sure and swift. Thou must strike the blow!"

"My hand!" exclaimed the Count with horror: "Villequier—an assassin!—Never!"

"My son, for my sake thou wilt not refuse this service. To-morrow when this stranger shall meet thee—when thy good poniard shall have struck home, thou wilt say to him, 'He whom thou hast dishonoured by a blow sits on the throne of France.' Let him die thus, I command thee: mark, Villequier, I command thee."

"Sire, rather degrade me from my knighthood than command so foul a crime. Can you answer before my Eternal Judge for the salvation of my soul?"

"Mine will be the crime. Villequier, thou dost not love me. Thou hast witnessed the outrage offered to thy friend, to thy sovereign, and art thou thus slow to avenge? A crime! thou shalt have gold enough to purchase absolution for twenty crimes?"

"Ah, sire! honour once lost cannot be won back with gold."

"Hear me, Villequier," said the King: "I love thee; and to prove it, obey me but in this, and thy father's pardon is granted. Doubt not his retreat will be discovered. We will despatch messengers to every town in Dauphiny. He shall return to my court. Dost thou still hesitate?"

"My father's pardon! Can it be possible? But oh! at what a price!"

"Consider, my son—thy father's pardon—I again ask thee, Dost thou hesitate?"

"Sire, you shall be obeyed."

"He dies, then, by thy poniard?—I have thy promise?"

In reply, Villequier convulsively pressed the monarch's hand. Henry then entered the Louvre; and the courtier, absorbed in gloomy reflections, continued to wander as chance directed. Arrived at the church

of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, he found the doors still open. The procession had halted there; but the aisles were deserted, and the few remaining tapers which burnt on the altar shed a gloomy flickering light through the interior of the Gothic pile, at the further extremity of which a Dominican friar seemed wholly occupied in prayer. Villequier accosted the monk, whose features were entirely concealed by his cowl. "Holy father," said the now wretched man, "I would unburthen my conscience of a fearful secret."

"Speak, son," said the monk; "the church is ever ready to afford consolation and advice to the penitent."

"A stern duty is imposed on me; an obligation which is at once an act of justice and a crime—I must become an assassin."

"Must, my son? Away with such impious sophistry! What sentiment of duty can guide a murderer's steel?"

"A sense of duty, which compels me to avenge one whom I may not name, and whose sacred person has been outraged. The hand, too, that strikes the blow, saves a father's credit, and redeems him from exile."

"Alas!" sighed the friar, uplifting his trembling hands, "this is some court intrigue. Darest thou talk of duty—of parental love? Father of mercy, how ill art thou understood! God of justice, how art thou blasphemed!"

"Hear me, father," pursued Villequier; "I have challenged my intended victim to single combat; and to-morrow, at break of day, on his seeking the appointed spot, I have promised—to assassinate him. Absolve me from this damning crime; name any penance——"

"Penance, thou wretched self-deceiver! Wouldst thou, with thy hypocrite tears, mock the Omnipotence thou bravest? Wouldst thou, with unavailing fasts or unhallowed prayers, make even thy God thine accomplice? Or thinkest thou with the vile dross of this world to purchase the peace of Heaven? Begone, for against guilt such as thine, the gates of mercy are closed. Yet, hold: I am in error. Devout and humble meditation may yet enlighten thee, and avert this crime. Pass the night here, in this holy temple, and chasten thy spirit in prayer. To-morrow, at sunrise, repair to the convent of Dominicans, and ask for Father Raymond's cell. Heaven may

perhaps soften thy heart to avow all, and repent thee of thy purpose. Farewell, my son, for a few hours:—till morning I will pray for thee."

Villequier prostrated himself on the steps of the altar, and Father Raymond, leaving the church, returned to his convent. On his arrival, he was acquainted by a lay brother, that the young stranger who so frequently visited his cell had been seen in the costume of a black penitent, and in that disguise had followed the procession. The informant added, that the youth had quarrelled with an unknown personage, whom he had struck, and that a third individual having instantly challenged him to single combat, the fatal strife was to be decided with the earliest dawn. The intelligence was a death-blow to Father Raymond. The time—the place—the circumstances, all conspired to prove, beyond the shadow of doubt, that the penitent whom he had met in the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois was no other than the individual who had challenged Philip,—the sole being whom he loved upon earth. And the traitor had avowed his purpose of assassination! "No!" said Raymond, with desperation: "Philip is safe; *his* innocent blood shall not flow; *his* young morn shall not yet close;" and, returning to his cell, the Friar secreted a dagger under his garment, and with a calmness of exterior fearfully contrasting with the emotions of his heart, awaited the arrival of Villequier.

Meanwhile the wretched tool of his sovereign's passions remained alone in the church in which he had been left by the Dominican. In the silent hour of night, the horror of his meditated crime presented itself with awful force to his imagination: he reflected that the word of a loyal and gallant knight was more sacred than a monarch's will; and at last, to shun the name of traitor and assassin, adopted the manly resolution of submitting to voluntary exile. His hour of rendezvous with Father Raymond drew near; as also the time appointed for his meeting with the young stranger. He returned home, armed himself from head to foot, and just as daylight commenced, proceeded to the monastery. The monk having announced that he expected the visit of a stranger during the night, the gate was immediately opened to Villequier, who, without interruption, traversed the vast cloister and its winding galleries,

till he reached Raymond's cell, through the half open door of which gleamed the pale reflection of a lamp. On a rude wooden seat, near a bed, the woollen curtains of which were closely drawn, sat Raymond himself, his head sunk upon his breast, his arms hanging listlessly by his sides, and a crimsoned blade in his right hand. To add to the horror of the scene, the garments of the monk and the floor of his cell were stained with blood.

At this appalling sight Villequier started in terror: not the slightest movement betrayed the friar's consciousness of a stranger's presence.

"Hist! Father Raymond!" exclaimed the Count.

"What is thy will?" demanded Raymond, in hollow accents, and suddenly rising from his seat.

"You see before you the penitent who last night implored your counsel."

"Ay, I expected thee," said the monk, seizing Villequier by the arm, and dragging him towards the bed. "I expected thee," repeated he, in a tone of frenzy. "Know, stranger, that he who last night accepted thy challenge was my son. Thou wouldst have assassinated him, but I awaited thee—here—with this dagger. This morning a penitent visited my cell; I mistook him for another—and stabbed to the heart—not thee, assassin!—but Philip, mine own son! Behold him," exclaimed the monk, suddenly dashing aside the curtains of the bed, and exposing to view a ghastly corse. "Behold him! his blood cries aloud for vengeance; his blood stains this dagger, and shall be mingled with thine!"

Beside himself with passion, the monk with his dagger struck at Villequier, whose cuirass turned aside the blow directed by a hand which grief and rage had rendered unsteady. Drawing his rapier in self-defence, the Count speedily overpowered Raymond. "Hear me!" cried Villequier, "I come to tell thee that I am not an assassin. Hear me—thy life is in my power!" Raymond heeded nothing save vengeance, and, spite of his adversary's forbearance, still attacked him with unexampled fury. Villequier, who had the advantage of his armour, acted strictly on the defensive, but the monk at last attempting to close with the object of his hatred, and making a sudden spring to seize him by the throat, unguardedly rushed upon the point of his rapier, and instantly fell to the ground—weltering

in his blood. The ill-fated man was pierced to the heart.

Struck with horror at this unexpected catastrophe, the conqueror in the sad strife raised the lifeless body, which he would fain have recalled to existence—but in vain: the vital spark had fled for ever. Removing the cowl, which completely concealed the monk's countenance, who shall paint the despair, the terrible revulsion of feeling, which paralysed Villequier's faculties, as he distinguished the features of his father!

* * * *

The satisfaction of Henry III. on learning the death of the individual who had profaned with a blow the sacredness of royalty, was much diminished by the sudden disappearance of the Count Villequier from his court. In vain the strictest enquiries were made throughout every province of France. The anxiety of the monarch was destined to remain unmitigated by the slightest intelligence of the parricide's fate.

PAUL.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF MARY AND HER INFANT.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

Kind Heaven but outreach thine arms for thy child,
All that earth could bestow on my passage has smiled;
I have blossom'd awhile, and have loved. SCHILLER.

We thought not, when life's morning sun
On Mary shone so bright,
Its course should ere the noon be run,
And set in early night.

We thought not, when the bridal wreath
Of faithful love was bound,
How soon its flowers relentless Death
Should scatter on the ground.

We thought not, when the hopes of life
Around her fairest smiled,
And with fond arms the youthful wife
Embraced her new-born child;

And all a mother's first sweet joy
Suffused her eyes with tears,
As she beheld her lovely boy,
And thought of future years;

That even then, with ruthless power,
Stern Death his dart had aim'd,
And, 'midst the raptures of that hour,
His gentle victim claim'd.

Alas! that all the ties which love
Could wind around the heart—
The dearest, best, that earth e'er wove—
Should thus be rent apart!

But thus, the fairest hopes we form
On earth's frail joys alone,
Are crush'd by every passing storm,
And wither'd and o'erthrown!

And thus, amidst our deepest grief,
To each the thought must come,—
Why weep we o'er our sojourn brief?
This world was not her home!

ALGIERS IN 1830-1.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A RECENT TRAVELLER.

THE population of Algiers is composed of several nations, or castes, similar in their origin; but, notwithstanding their union under the same government, differing essentially in their manners and primitive customs. A statistical account of the various indigenous inhabitants of the kingdom will serve to convey an accurate idea of the population of the capital.

The Asiatic Turks, whose numbers under the régime of the Deys were constantly recruited by fresh enrolments, formed a distinct and privileged class; in whose hands were the entire wealth, power, and honours of the state, and from whose ranks the Dey was invariably chosen. They were the absolute masters of the country, in which, however, if we may use such an expression, they possessed but a life interest; taking no root in the soil, and leaving no legitimate inheritors of their wealth or name. With regard to their enrolment in Asia, not the slightest restriction was imposed on the agents on whom devolved the performance of that duty. Even the most heinous crimes, clearly brought home to the accused party, frequently presented no obstacle to his election as a member of the privileged class. The mention of the following occurrence will suffice to prove the unlimited authority assumed by the agents, and sanctioned by the long-established custom of the East:—

In the month of August, 1798, an Albanian Catholic, in the open day, assassinated a female in the public street in which the enrolment took place at Smyrna. One of the police, who by accident arrived on the spot, immediately pursued the assassin; who, finding himself hard pressed, sought refuge in the office of the Algerine agents. No sooner had he entered than he boldly exclaimed — “I adopt the Mussulman faith, and enrol myself for Algiers.” Knowing the effect of these magic words, he then haughtily turned round and flourished his yatagan in the faces of his guards, who, penetrated with a deep sense of their rashness, prostrated themselves with the utmost humility before the embryo member of the Algerine regency. In an hour after this event, the murderer

calmly pursued his daily promenade through the populous streets of Smyrna. Shortly after his arrival at Algiers, he was promoted to the important and lucrative post of *secca emini*, or director of the mint.

Of all the Turkish inhabitants, who, on the first occupation of Algiers by the French, composed the government and the principal military force of the country, but a few hundred individuals remained in that and other towns (the greater part, too, of this feeble remnant were affected with blindness or other infirmities; or, in consequence of advanced age, were unfit for military service). The rest returned to Asia.

The policy adopted by the last reigning Dey, and at a later period the blockade of the Algerine ports, alike contributed to diminish the number of the Turks in Algiers, of whom there were not more than three thousand capable of bearing arms when France annihilated the power of that barbarous state.

Ranked in the order of their worldly consideration and wealth, the *Coulouglis* form the second class of the inhabitants of Algiers. Being the sons of Turks by Moorish females, they by that circumstance forfeited all claim to the political privileges which they might have enjoyed by virtue of their paternal descent, had not the prejudice entertained against them passed into a maxim of state. A similar law was in force in Egypt, before the occupation of that country by the French army. Custom, more binding among the Turks than written law, declared the children of the Mamelukes incapable of succeeding to the rights of their fathers. In like manner, the *Coulouglis* in Algiers were from the moment of their birth considered as simple subjects. The ostensible motive for this invidious regulation was, that intermarriage with native women sullied the purity of the Ottoman blood: but the true cause of exclusion originated, on the one hand, in the fear of destroying certain ideas of superiority attached to soldiers transplanted from a foreign soil; on the other, in the dread of the ascendancy which family ties might gradually usurp over the minds of men whose first duty was

supposed to be the abnegation of all social affections.

The Couloglis at Algiers were invariably treated with the greatest kindness and solicitude by their parents, who, with a view to make them amends for the rank and privileges to which they were forbidden to aspire, sought every opportunity of enriching them. This circumstance may account for the wealth and personal consideration which most of them enjoyed.

It is a somewhat curious fact, that the Turks who became members of the Algerine government, invariably discarded the customs and prejudices of the East in favour of those which prevailed in their new country. In testimony of this assertion may be mentioned the tenderness which they displayed to their own offspring, to the exclusion of the practice of adopting children; whereas, in the East, the bare fact of adoption confers rights to which those of nature are frequently sacrificed. The motive for this extraordinary and indeed unnatural Eastern custom has its source in an opinion that the infant born in wedlock is in some measure forced upon the parent; whilst the child of adoption is the result of free and unbiassed choice. In the "Picture of the Ottoman Empire," by the Baron Mouradjha d'Ohson, Swedish minister, the author relates an incident which took place at Constantinople during the reign of Selim III., and which affords a curious example of the Turkish predilection for the above-mentioned practice.—A wealthy individual one day perceived from his balcony a group of children playing in the street. Having no heir, he was suddenly seized with the whim of adoption, and with that view beckoned to one of the children, with whose features he was particularly struck. By his orders, a messenger was immediately despatched in search of the boy's father. On the arrival of the latter—"Your child pleases me," said the rich man; "do you wish that I should adopt him?" The poor man, who was a shoemaker, dazzled by the offer, and consulting but the welfare of his offspring, assented with every demonstration of gratitude; and shortly afterwards retired, loaded with presents. One of those sudden revolutions in the wheel of fortune, more common in the East than elsewhere, subsequently ex-

alted the once indigent artisan to the summit of prosperity. He was then reminded of his son, and advised to receive him again under his parental care. "Allah forbid!" cried the favourite of destiny: "Allah has disposed of him; and I submit to the decree!" Having formed this pious resolution, he in his turn adopted another child.

When the French landed in Africa, the number of the Couloglis amounted to ten or twelve thousand. Of these, a certain proportion was usually required for the war establishment of the Dey.

By strangers, the Couloglis have often been confounded with the Moors, whom they in one respect resembled, viz. in their exclusion from the highest offices of the state. The only exception ever made to this general rule occurred with regard to the beylick of Constantine. The present bey is a Coulogli. The Moors, however, form a distinct class, which must be ranked as the third in importance amongst the inhabitants of Algiers. They are for the most part industrious; and, being gifted with a general aptitude for business, have, since the conquest of Algiers, been employed in various public administrations by the French, who have hitherto found no reason to repent of their confidence.

When Algiers fell into the hands of the French, the Jews, whose monopolising spirit prompted them to regard with a jealous eye the activity and intelligence displayed by the Moors, but too successfully exerted their intrigues to banish from the country the wealthiest individuals of that opulent and enlightened class. The breach thus made in the population must operate materially to the disadvantage of the French, whose policy it is to extend their patronage and protection to the Moors in an inverse proportion to the privileges withdrawn from the Jews.

Islamism is the religion professed by the first three classes of the Algerine population. The sectarian followers of this faith, though distinguished from each other by more or less important shades of difference, may be ranked together in a fourth class, both from the general points of resemblance between their respective creeds and from their taste for a wandering life. Amongst the last-mentioned castes are the *Berbers*, or shepherds, who, descended from the ancient Numidians, are the primitive inhabitants of the soil; the *Bedouins*, who claim the same origin as the

tribes dispersed throughout Arabia, Egypt, and the intermediate deserts; finally, the *Cabiles*, a general appellation employed to designate the peasantry of the country. These various classes prefer the tranquil pleasures of rural life to the turmoil and dissipation of the city, in which they seldom make their appearance except when unable to procure occupation elsewhere. On such occasions, *Berbers*, *Piskeria*, *Cabiles*, &c., crowd to the capital, to exercise the different species of industry in which they excel; and remain till their labours may have enabled them to earn a feeble sum, that, for a considerable time, ensures their comforts in some distant spot more congenial to their habits. During their stay at Algiers, they sometimes enter into the married state: this, however, happens but rarely; as, when the moment of departure arrives, their wives and families must generally make up their minds to an eternal exile from scenes endeared to them by early associations.

The Jews, both in a moral and political point of view, form the fifth and last class of the population of Algiers: their number is estimated at four or five thousand. Three fourths of them inhabit the capital; the remainder are settled in the smaller and less important towns. Any other people, so inconsiderable on the score of numbers, would remain almost unperceived amidst a population of two millions of Mahometans. Not so the Jews, whose shuffling, intriguing, avaricious propensities force them into notice. During the power of the Deys, an immense distance separated this portion of the inhabitants of Algiers from those who could scarcely be called their fellow-citizens. To widen the separation still further, by means of physical inflictions, the government enacted for its Israelite subjects a code of laws no less humiliating than severe. They were compelled to adopt a particular costume; they were the victims of arbitrary and invidious distinctions; and even their crimes were marked for still deeper execration — were branded with still blacker infamy, not only by the cruelty but by the speciality of their punishments. A comparison between their treatment at Constantinople, and the sanguinary legislation which, at Algiers, almost excluded them from the pale of society, will place these facts in a clearer light. At Algiers, for a crime for which a Turk would have been simply beheaded,

a Jew was burnt at a slow fire, nourished from time to time with timber still moist and green. In the capital of the Ottoman empire, a Mussulman and a Hebrew, convicted of the same offence, generally received the same chastisement; but the widely different estimation in which each living criminal was held, was marked by the treatment reserved for his lifeless clay. The remains of the decapitated Turk were so disposed that the severed member rested on his heart; the headless Jew, exposed in a more ignoble position, seemed to invite the fury of a fanatic rabble, whose hate was but augmented by the thought that the victim was beyond its sting. So excessive is the disgust which true Mahometan believers ever manifest towards the children of Israel, that recently, at Algiers, the bare idea that the French intended to admit the Jews to a participation in the public offices of the state, prevented many of the Turks from rallying round the standard of their conquerors.

Of all the classes composing the population of Algiers, the Jews are, perhaps, the most intelligent. This mental superiority on their part results from a love of gain, which incessantly stimulates them to the pursuit of wealth, and inspires them with a knowledge of the means best calculated to preserve it when acquired. Their advantages in this respect are invariably directed to sordid and selfish ends. The Couloglis and the Moors, though less gifted with acuteness, are more independent and frank, more upright in their dealings, better adapted for public business, and more inclined to study and understand the general wants of society. Under a more enlightened government than that of the Deys, they have given abundant proofs of their capacity, and of their moral fitness to participate in the highest offices of administration. The Jews, on the contrary, are, at the best, of most equivocal utility: they are neither proprietors, farmers, nor even merchants in the strict acceptation of the term: their landed properties consist of a few insignificant country-seats; their knowledge of agriculture is confined to the cultivation of flowers and fruits; and their commerce is but exorbitant usury. Should danger threaten the colony, they can with ease transport their floating capital elsewhere; and, from some distant theatre, display their Pharisaical sympathy for

reverses from which themselves are secure. Some of the Algerine Jews, it must be admitted, are honourable men : these, however, are but the brilliant ex-

ceptions to a general rule ; their merits, too, are enhanced by the paucity of their numbers.

THE TOMBS OF THE COVENANTERS.

BY G. R. CARTER.

Oh ! Time — the beautifier of the dead.

BYRON.

FORGOTTEN is their dreamless sleep
Amid these mountains lone,
But balmy dews upon them weep,
And winds around them moan ; —
The violet blooms, the dark pine waves,
Unheeded o'er their nameless graves.

But firm amid the battle-shock
In ages past they stood,
And stemm'd it as a lofty rock
Repels the stormy flood !
They breathed revenge where'er they came,
With brands of steel, and hearts of flame !

By glorious lessons were they taught
Their freedom to maintain,
But when a tyrant's minions sought
To bind them with the chain,
The spirit of their fathers gave
Its kindred impulse to the brave.

And wildly thrill'd their trumpet-peal
Like thunder from the cloud,
Invoking many a native steel
To rise and smite the proud, —
It thrill'd — and altars were redeem'd
Where'er the tide of battle stream'd.

Although their tombs have moulder'd long,
Their memory haunts the land
Where fame perpetuates in song
The valiant mountain-band ;
Forgotten is each nameless stone,
And Glory lights their sleep *alone*.

And when the sunny winds convey
Their plaintive tones around,
Or softly o'er the violets play,
Their graves seem holy ground ;
Nor shall the dews neglect to weep.
Their tribute where the mighty sleep.

STANZAS.

Oh! ask me not — I cannot sing,
 The music of my soul is o'er,
 And mirthful notes to mem'ry bring
 The joys that I may taste no more.
 The strains of sadness now I breathe
 Would nought of bliss to thee impart;
 Ah! no — for thou must never hear
 The echo of a broken heart.

Yet I was blithesome once, and gay,
 My spirit light as is thine own;
 Its sunshine now has pass'd away,
 A blight o'er every hope is thrown:
 Then ask me not — I cannot sing
 The music of my soul is o'er,
 And mirthful notes to mem'ry bring
 The joys that I may taste no more.

R. H. M.

CUSTOMS AND ANTIQUITIES OF MAY-DAY.

As we presume that our readers will feel interested by a description of some of the customs observed in "the olden time" at this happy season, we have, by permission, extracted the following particulars from Hone's entertaining "Every-day Book and Table Book."

May-day was the great rural festival of our forefathers. Their hearts responded merrily to the cheerfulness of the season. At the dawn of May morning the lads and lasses left their towns and villages, and repairing to the woodlands by sound of music, they gathered the May, or blossomed branches of the trees, and bound them with wreaths of flowers; then returning to their homes by sunrise, they decorated the lattices and doors with the sweet-smelling spoil of their joyous journey, and spent the remaining hours in sports and pastimes.

Of the manner wherein a May game was anciently set forth, he who above all writers contemporary with him could best devise it, has "drawn out the platform," and exhibited the pageant, as performed by the household servants and dependants of a baronial mansion in the fifteenth century. This is the scene: — "In the front of the pavilion, a large square was staked out, and fenced with ropes, to prevent the crowd from pressing upon the performers and interrupting the diversion; there were also two bars at the bottom of the enclosure, through which the actors might pass and repass, as occasion required. — *Six young men* first entered the

square, clothed in jerkins of leather, with axes upon their shoulders like woodmen, and their heads bound with large garlands of ivy-leaves, intertwined with sprigs of hawthorn. Then followed *six young maidens* of the village, dressed in blue kirtles, with garlands of primroses on their heads, leading a fine sleek cow, decorated with ribands of various colours, interspersed with flowers; and the horns of the animal were tipped with gold. These were succeeded by *six foresters*, equipped in green tunics, with hoods and hosen of the same colour. Each of them carried a bugle-horn attached to a baldrick of silk, which he sounded as he passed the barrier. After them came Peter Lanaret, the baron's chief falconer, who personified *Robin Hood*. He was attired in a bright grass-green tunic, fringed with gold; his hood and his hosen were parti-coloured, blue and white; he had a large garland of rose-buds on his head, a bow bent in his hand, a sheaf of arrows at his girdle, and a bugle-horn depending from a baldrick of light blue tarantime, embroidered with silver; he had also a sword and a dagger, the hilts of both being richly embossed with gold. — Fabian, a page, as *Little John*, walked at his right-hand; and Cecil Cellerman the butler, as *Will Stukely*, at his left. These, with ten others of the jolly outlaw's attendants who followed, were habited in green garments, bearing their bows bent in their hands, and their arrows in their girdles. Then came *two maidens*, in orange-coloured kirtles with white courties, strewing flowers, followed immediately by the *Maid Marian*,

elegantly habited in a watchet-coloured tunic reaching to the ground; over which she wore a white linen rochet with loose sleeves, fringed with silver, and very neatly plaited; her girdle was of silver baudekin, fastened with a double bow in the left side; her long flaxen hair was divided into many ringlets, and flowed upon her shoulders; the top part of her head was covered with a net-work cawl of gold, upon which was placed a garland of silver, ornamented with blue violets. She was supported by two *bride-maidens*, in sky-coloured rochets girt with crimson girdles, wearing garlands upon their heads of blue and white violets. After them came four other females in green courties, and garlands of violets and cowslips. Then Sampson the smith, as *Friar Tuck*, carrying a huge quarter-staff on his shoulder; and Morris the mole-taker, who represented *Much* the miller's son, having a long pole with an inflated bladder attached to one end. And after them the *Maypole*, drawn by eight fine oxen, decorated with scarfs, ribands, and flowers of divers colours; and the tips of their horns were embellished with gold. The rear was closed by the *hobby-horse* and the *dragon*. When the May-pole was drawn into the square, the foresters sounded their horns, and the populace expressed their pleasure by shouting incessantly until it reached the place assigned for its elevation; and during the time the ground was preparing for its reception, the barriers of the bottom of the enclosure were opened for the villagers to approach and adorn it with ribands, garlands, and flowers, as their inclination prompted them. The pole being sufficiently ornamented with finery, the square was cleared from such as had no part to perform in the pageant; and then it was elevated amidst the reiterated acclamations of the spectators. The *woodmen* and the *milk-maidens* danced around it according to the rustic fashion; the measure was played by Peretto Cheveritte, the baron's chief minstrel, on the *bagpipes*, accompanied with the pipe and tabour, performed by one of his associates. When the dance was finished, Gregory the jester, who undertook to play the *hobby-horse*, came forward with his appropriate equipment, and, frisking up and down the square without restriction, imitated the galloping, curvetting, ambling, trotting, and other paces of a horse, to the infinite satisfaction of the lower classes of the spectators. He was followed by Peter Parker, the baron's ranger, who personated a *dragon*, hissing, yelling, and shaking his wings with wonderful ingenuity; and to complete the mirth, Morris, in the character of *Much*, having small bells attached to his knees and elbows, capered here and there between the two monsters in the form of a

dance; and as often as he came near to the sides of the enclosure, he cast slyly a handful of meal into the faces of the gaping rustics, or rapped them about their heads with the bladder tied at the end of his pole. In the mean time, Sampson, representing *Friar Tuck*, walked with much gravity around the square, and occasionally let fall his heavy staff upon the toes of such of the crowd as he thought were approaching more forward than they ought to do; and if the sufferers cried out from the sense of pain, he addressed them in a solemn tone of voice, advising them to count their beads, say a paternoster or two, and to beware of purgatory. These vagaries were highly palatable to the populace, who announced their delight by repeated plaudits and loud bursts of laughter: for this reason they were continued for a considerable length of time; but Gregory, beginning at last to falter in his paces, ordered the dragon to fall back. The well-nurtured beast, being out of breath, readily obeyed, and their two companions followed their example; which concluded this part of the pastime. Then the *archers* set up a target at the lower part of the green, and made trial of their skill in a regular succession. Robin Hood and Will Stukely excelled their comrades; and both of them lodged an arrow in the centre circle of gold, so near to each other that the difference could not readily be decided, which occasioned them to shoot again; when Robin struck the gold a second time, and Stukely's arrow was affixed upon the edge of it. Robin was therefore adjudged the conqueror; and the prize of honour, a garland of laurel embellished with variegated ribands, was put upon his head; and to Stukely was given a garland of ivy, because he was the second best performer in that contest. The pageant was finished with the archery, and the procession began to move away to make room for the villagers, who afterwards assembled in the square, and amused themselves by dancing round the May-pole in promiscuous companies, according to the antient custom."

It was a great object with some of the more rigid among our early reformers to suppress amusements, especially May-poles; and these "idols" of the people were got down as zeal grew fierce, and got up as it grew cool, till, after various ups and downs, the favourites of the populace were, by the parliament, on the 6th of April, 1644, thus provided against:—"The lords and commons do further order and ordain, that all and singular *May-poles*, that are or shall be erected, shall be taken down, and removed by the constables, bossholders, tithing-men, petty constables, and churchwardens of the parishes where the same be, and that no

May-pole be hereafter set up, erected, or suffered to be set up within this kingdom of England, or dominion of Wales; the said officers to be fined five shillings weekly till the said May-pole be taken down." Accordingly down went all the May-poles that were left. The restoration of Charles II. was the signal for their restoration. On the very first May-day afterwards, in 1661, the *May-pole in the Strand* was reared with great ceremony and rejoicing.

It was near the May-pole in the Strand that, in 1677, Mr. Robert Perceval was found dead with a deep wound under his left breast, and his sword drawn and bloody, lying by him. He was nineteen years of age, had fought as many duels as he had lived years, and with uncommon talents was an excessive libertine. He was second son to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Perceval, Bart. Some singular particulars are related of him in the "History of the House of Yvery." A stranger's hat, with a bunch of ribands in it, was lying near his body when it was discovered; and there exists no doubt of his having been killed by some person who, notwithstanding royal proclamations and great enquiries, was never discovered. The once celebrated Beau Fielding was suspected of the crime. He was buried under the chapel of Lincoln's-inn. His elder brother, Sir Philip Perceval, intent on discovering the murderers, violently attacked a gentleman in Dublin, whom he declared he had never seen before; he could only account for his rage by saying he was possessed with a belief that he was one of those who had killed his brother. They were soon parted, and the gentleman was seen no more.

The "*Mayer's Song*" is a composition, or rather a medley, of great antiquity: the following is a literal transcript of it:—

The Mayer's Song.

Remember us poor Mayers all,
And thus do we begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all this night,
And almost all this day,
And now, returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands,
It is but a sprout,
But it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

The hedges and trees they are so green,
As green as any leek,
Our heavenly Father He watered them
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

The heavenly gates are open wide,
Our paths are beaten plain,
And if a man he not too far gone,
He may return again.

The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower,
We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a
light,
A little before it is day,
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May.

It appears from a volume of "Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland," published in 1825, that there are romantic remains of antiquity connected with the celebration of May-day in that country of imagination. In the pleasing work just quoted, it is stated that at early dawn on May-morning, "the princely O'Donoghue gallops his white charger over the waters of Killarney." This popular superstition is founded on the following legend:—

In an age so distant that the precise period is unknown, a chieftain named O'Donoghue ruled over the country which surrounds the romantic Lough Lean, now called the Lake of Killarney. Wisdom, beneficence, and justice distinguished his reign, and the prosperity and happiness of his subjects were their natural results. He is said to have been as renowned for his warlike exploits as for his pacific virtues; and as a proof that his domestic administration was not the less rigorous because it was mild, a rocky island is pointed out to strangers, called "O'Donoghue's Prison," in which this prince once confined his own son for some act of disorder and disobedience.

His end — for it cannot correctly be called his death — was singular and mysterious. At one of those splendid feasts for which his court was celebrated, surrounded by the most distinguished of his subjects, he was engaged in a prophetic relation of the events which were to happen in ages yet to come. His auditors listened, now wrapt in wonder, now fired with indignation, burning with shame, or melted into sorrow, as he faithfully detailed the heroism, the injuries, the crimes, and the miseries of their descendants. In the midst of his predictions, he rose slowly from his seat, advanced with a solemn, measured, and majestic tread to the shore of the lake, and walked forward composedly upon its unyielding surface. When he had nearly reached the centre, he paused for a moment; then turning slowly round, looked towards

his friends, and waving his arms to them with the cheerful air of one taking a short farewell, disappeared from their view.

The memory of the good O'Donoghue has been cherished by successive generations with affectionate reverence, and it is believed, that at sunrise, every May-day morning, the anniversary of his departure, he revisits his ancient domains. A favoured few only are, in general, permitted to see him, and this distinction is always an omen of good fortune to the beholders: when it is granted to many, it is a sure token of an abundant harvest—a blessing, the want of which, during this prince's reign, was never felt by his people.

Some years have elapsed since the last appearance of O'Donoghue. The April of that year had been remarkably wild and stormy; but on May-morning the fury of the elements had altogether subsided. The air was hushed and still; and the sky, which was reflected in the serene lake, resembled a beautiful but deceitful countenance, whose smiles, after the most tempestuous emotions, tempt the stranger to believe that it belongs to a soul which no passion has ever ruffled.

The first beams of the rising sun were just gilding the lofty summit of Glenaa, when the waters near the eastern shore of the lake became suddenly and violently agitated, though all the rest of its surface lay smooth and still as a tomb of polished marble. The next moment a foaming wave darted forward, and like a proud high-crested war horse, exulting in his strength, rushed across the lake towards Toomies mountain. Behind this wave appeared a stately warrior, fully armed, mounted upon a milk-white steed: his snowy plume waved gracefully from a helmet of polished steel, and at his back fluttered a light-blue scarf. The horse, apparently exulting in his noble burthen, sprung after the wave along the water, which bore him up like firm earth, while showers of spray, that glittered brightly in the morning sun, were dashed up at every bound.

The warrior was O'Donoghue: he was followed by numberless youths and maidens, who moved light and unconstrained over the watery plain, as the moonlight fairies glide through the fields of air; they were linked

together by garlands of delicious spring flowers, and they timed their movements to strains of enchanting melody. When O'Donoghue had nearly reached the western side of the lake, he suddenly turned his steed, and directed his course along the wood-fringed shore of Glenaa, preceded by the huge wave that curled and foamed up as high as the horse's neck, whose fiery nostrils snorted above it. The long train of attendants followed, with playful deviations, the track of their leader, and moved on with unabated fleetness to their celestial music, till gradually, as they entered the narrow strait between Glenaa and Dinis, they became involved in the mists which still partially floated over the lakes, and faded from the view of the wondering beholders; but the sound of the music still fell upon the ear, and echo, catching up the harmonious strains, fondly repeated and prolonged them in soft and softer tones, till the last faint repetition died away, and the hearers awoke as from a dream of bliss.

St. John the Evangelist's day occurs early in this month.

There is a curious legend, that while St. Edward the Confessor was dedicating a church to St. John, a pilgrim demanded alms of him in the saint's name, whereupon the king gave him the ring from his finger. The pilgrim was St. John, who discovered himself to two English pilgrims in the Holy Land, bidding them bear the ring to the king in his name, and require him to make ready to depart this world: after this they went to sleep. On awakening they found themselves among flocks of sheep and shepherds in a strange place, which turned out to be Barham Downs in Kent; wherefore they thanked God and St. John for their good speed, and coming to St. Edward on Christmas-day, delivered to him the ring with the warning. These the king received in a suitable manner, "And on the vigyll of the Epyphanye, next after, he dyed and departed holyly out of this worlde, and is buried in the Abbey of Westmester by London, where as is yet unto this daye that same rynge."

JE NE LE VERRAI PLUS!

Par LOUISA H. R. C*****, Auteur de "La Montagne de St. Lié."

ESPÉRANCE, tu fuis! ta voix consolatrice

Ne relevera plus mes regards abattus;

Mon cœur est déchiré, ma vie n'est qu'un supplice:

Je ne le verrai plus!

C'est en vain que je cherche à m'abuser encore,
 Mes instans de bonheur sont à jamais perdus :
 C'est en vain que je l'aime, en vain que je l'adore ;
 Je ne le verrai plus !

Pourquoi me plaire encore à cultiver ma lyre ?
 Les accords par E**** ne sont plus entendus ;
 L'écho seul qui m'entend, hélas ! ne fait que dire,
 Tu ne le verras plus !

Je ne le verrai plus !—que ne cesse ma vie !
 Ces battemens cruels, et ces soupirs perdus,
 Ne me rendront jamais la paix qui m'est ravie :
 Je ne le verrai plus !

BIOGRAPHY OF FLOWERS.

FAMILY OF PRIMULA—THE PRIMROSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HINTS TO JUVENILE GARDENERS."

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows
 The nodding oxlip and the pale primrose." SHAKESPEARE.

THERE are some flowers whose elegance and fragrance confer on them the right of entry into our gardens, although the boon hand of nature has flung them freely over every glen and glade. The *Primula veris*, called by our ancestors primrose, or first rose, is among these favoured guests ; and those who, unable to distinguish between wild flowers and weeds, would mercilessly displace from the flower-border the crimson-tipped daisy or the azure speedwell, will spare this fair vestal of the woods when she ventures to seat herself among the ivy roots of some ancient elm that protects the garden-bound, and will welcome her "to come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty."

Primrose-time is the phrase by which country-people, in their unconscious poetry, have designated the months of March and April ; though, in a southern aspect, the primrose is found during the first weeks of February ; and, in a northern, late in the month of May. In districts favourable to the production of wild flowers, three decided varieties may be gathered in woodlands to which no suspicion of cultivation can be attached, since, in the Domesday book of William the Conqueror, the ground is mentioned as forest land. These varieties are the pale yellow, the pure white, and the lilac, which

sometimes assumes a brilliant pink hue. To the two last varieties Miller adds the appellation *Constantinopolitana*, implying that they are of foreign origin ; but they are genuine natives of our own climate. The botanical structure of this flower is generally displayed to young students as an easy exemplification of the first rudiments of the science, both in the natural and artificial methods. It is a perennial plant, with thick fibrous roots, crowned by a cluster of large oblong, indented leaves, which have a rough surface ; the stalks of the leaves spring direct from the root, so do the flower-stalks, and both are beautifully tinted with pink : they grow singly. The flower-stalks, which are numerous, are terminated by a salver-shaped flower, inserted in a whole calyx, or green sheath ; the corolla, or coloured part of the flower, is divided into five heart-shaped segments, which are whole in the middle of the flower, and united in a tube fastened to the base of the calyx. The wholeness of the corolla, and its open appearance, occasion it to be considered as salver-shaped instead of rosaceous. In rosaceous flowers the petals are separate ; they are very slightly inserted into the calyx, and, in a few days, yield to every breeze : hence the showers of snowy petals which our fair readers will find scattered at the end of this month,

when the wind waves the blossoming boughs of the cherry, the plum, and the pear; those beautiful and useful trees being, in common with most fruit bearers, ranked in the natural order *Rosacea*. We have thus minutely dwelt on the natural orders of the flower, because that part of botany is too much neglected by young students, who would do well to devote their attention to the natural orders of Tournfort and his followers rather than to the Linnean system. The eye will thus be taught to gain a more accurate knowledge of the outward appearance of plants than can be acquired by ladies who consider themselves botanists merely because they have learned by heart Linneus's classes and orders. Without disparagement to the labours of that great man, we would simply imply that his system ought to be the last instead of the first lesson of a botanical student. Many ladies, wholly ignorant of the habits and culture of the flower which they hold in their hands, can define its botanical arrangement according to Linneus. There is, in fact, no science forming part of the modern education of females in which so much artificial quackery is displayed as in the mode of teaching botany in schools. The utility of the study of the natural orders is thus exemplified:—"There are certain orders and classes called natural," says a luminous author on botany, "because every genus and species comprehended under them are not only distinguished by the characteristic marks, but likewise possess the same qualities, though not in an equal degree. For example, show a botanist the flower of a plant whose calyx is a double-valved glume (like wheat or oats), no corolla, with three anthers, two pointals, and one naked seed, he can pronounce, with absolute certainty, that the plant from which the flower was taken bears seeds of a farinaceous quality, and that they may safely be used as food. In like manner, show him a rosaceous flower with twelve or more anthers, all inserted into the internal side of the calyx, although it belonged to a flower growing in Japan, he will pronounce, without hesitation, that its fruit may be eaten with safety. On the other hand, show him a plant whose flower has five anthers, closing at the top over one pointal that has one petal, and whose fruit is a berry, he will tell you to abstain from it, because it is poi-

sonous." Linneus has a luminous treatise on natural orders, highly interesting and entertaining, the study of which we would recommend previously to an acquaintance with the artificial structure of flowers. Linneus's natural orders are not founded on one general plan, like Tournfort's, descriptive of the shape of the blossom, or like Ray's, treating of the shape and numbers of the seed, or like Magnol's (whose classification is supplementary to that of Tournfort), descriptive of the calyx or leafy cup which encloses the flower. Linneus's natural orders, without adhering, as a general plan, to the peculiar structure of blossom or calyx, are founded on any striking feature presented in common by plants which have otherwise little or no relationship. To proceed with the flower under consideration, its natural order, according to Linneus, is *Presiæ* (from *precious*, early). "These consist of the primrose, an early flowering plant, and some others which agree with it in habit and structure, though not always in the character or circumstance expressed in the title. These plants, which possess no striking uniform characters, are in general innocent in their quality."—*Linneus' Natural Orders*. We will conclude by defining the botanical structure of the primrose, according to the artificial arrangement of Linneus. Pluck asunder the blossom and the calyx, and at the bottom of the calyx will remain a green bead, which is the germen or seed vessel; from this rises a slender pillar, headed by a smaller transparent head or stigma; altogether this is called in our language the pointal (in Latin *pistillum*). As there is but one pointal, the order of the primrose we find to be *Monogynia*. Then take the blossom, open the tube, and just where it swells a little thicker, five little thrums, covered with yellow dust, will appear. These thrums are the anthers; and as there are five of them, the class is known to be *Pentandria*. Let any lady examine this familiar flower according to our directions, and she will have taken a good botanical lesson, though not encumbered by crabbed technicalities.

The primrose holds a distinguished place in village pharmacopœia, and is administered with great success by those excellent but much despised practitioners, old women. Its bruised leaves and blossoms form the principal ingredient of an ointment which never fails to assuage the

anguish of obstinate blisters. It would have been fortunate for Mr. St. John Long's last victim had she been under the care of a worthy goody with whom we are well acquainted, and who regularly provides her store of primrose ointment in primrose time; albeit, the flowers are gathered in the proper planetary hour, and this stave duly sung to them:—

Thou art good for many grief,
And healest many a wound;
In the name of sweet St. John
I lift thee from the ground.

Candid patients, who put little faith in this right ancient canticle, and still less in planetary hours, will yet allow that these fond vain customs do not impair the virtues of this fair and salubrious flower.

The culture of the primrose is simple. The roots both of the single and double varieties are speedily multiplied by being parted. The single plants bear a profusion of seed, and young plants are reared without the least trouble, merely by scattering the seeds in spring or autumn, on newly dug ground, situated in a shady corner. About twelve months generally elapse before the seedlings blow, but they bear larger flowers, and the leaves are arranged with more regularity than those of the plants obtained by parting. The primrose is one of those valuable species which grow freely, and bloom in the greatest beauty under the deep shade of trees. The double varieties of this flower were early known to our ancestors, since we find noted in Johnson's "History of English Gardening," that John Parkinson, who lived in 1577, designates, in one of his works, twenty-one different sorts of primroses and cowslips; and that the double sorts had long been established in English ground. In the same clever book mention is made of a tradition, stating that the double crimson primrose was first obtained by sowing the seeds (perhaps of the pink primrose) in earth mixed with a great quan-

tity of soot. We have heard of white flowers, whose seedlings have become red from being reared in a box, in which earth was half mixed with Dutch pink. These vagaries of our ancestors are at present exploded as vulgar errors; but as they may be easily subjected to experiment, they deserve a trial.

Our great early poets, in many a beautiful address and allusion, have sanctified the primrose. This modest flower the classic Ben Jonson, in his beautiful "Sad Shepherd," has thus identified with the vernal season:—

"Earine,
Who had her very being and her name
With the first knots or buddings of the
spring,
Born with the primrose and the violet,
Ere earliest roses blow."

By some irresistible attraction, the dew appears to linger on the leaves and blossoms of the primrose, long after the sun of a glorious May morning has exhaled it from open meadow and waving tree. To this circumstance, which has not escaped the searching eye of the poet, Crashaw thus alludes:—

"The dew no more will weep,
The primrose's pale cheek to steep."

And again, Carew, in his playful lines, sent with primroses to a lady-love:—

"Ask me why I send you here
The firstling of the vernal year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose, all bepearl'd with dew;
I straight will whisper in your ears
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears.
Ask me why this flower doth shew
So yellow, pale, and fainting too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it will not break;
I must tell you these discover,
What doubts and fears are in a lover."

The remaining flowers in the primula family may form the subject of an article in a future number.

E. S—.

PORTFOLIO.

SUMPTUARY LAWS.

THERE is little probability that sumptuary laws will again be enforced among civilised nations, but some of our readers

may take an interest in the following brief retrospect of the manner in which they were formerly imposed.

In Greece the courtizans, who were

the only women possessed of intellectual acquirements, were prohibited from wearing jewels in the streets. In one of Menander's comedies we find Thais depositing her ornaments in a casket, and ordering her attendant to carry them from one house to another. At Rome, by the provisions of the *Orchia lex*, women were prevented from wearing vestments of many different colours, likewise all jewels exceeding the weight of half an ounce of gold. In France too a similar sumptuary law was once enacted. By an edict dated 1294, Philippe le Bel regulated the number of dresses which each peer was allowed to possess. Dukes, counts, barons, and their ladies enjoyed the privilege of wearing four robes each; prelates, two robes and two capes annually. Bannerets might purchase three, (but it was specified that one of these must be a summer garment,) and citizens two; as for the serfs and *villains* they were graciously permitted to wear such, "shreds and patches" as they could procure.

Charles V. of France having ordered one hundred and eighty plum-trees, and nearly as many apple-trees, to be planted in the Royal Gardens, the news of this gigantic undertaking was echoed from one end of the kingdom to the other. The historian of his son and successor Charles VI. asserts, that the palace of that monarch was furnished with wooden chairs, such as in these march of intellect and upholstery days, would be pronounced unfit for the servants' hall. It is added too that, to prevent the intrusion of the royal pigeons into the state apartments, his last mentioned majesty ordered wire-work fences to be fitted to all the windows of the Chateau des Tournelles, the Louvre of the epoch.

A curious comparison, says a French writer, might be made between the sums formerly paid for objects of necessity or luxury, and the prices of different articles at the present day. In 1302 the dress of a king's page cost one hundred and seven sous, (about four shillings); that of a maid of honour, eight French livres; that of a female of lower rank a third less, and that of a *femme de chambre* fifty-eight sous. The scarlet robes made for Philip Augustus for the occasion of the Easter Festival, cost twenty-six livres and a half: a dress lined with fur and worn by the King on All Saints'

Day, eight livres; tunics, twenty sous each. The finest linen used by ladies of the highest rank, was sold for one sous eight deniers per yard. The sum expended on a modern elegant's cashemire would in those days have renewed the wardrobe of the whole court.

One of the most extraordinary sumptuary laws ever issued, was the edict of the English Parliament against long-toed shoes. It appears, that from the time of Richard II. to the era of Edward IV., the shoe-toes had gradually increased to such a length, that for the sake of comfortable walking, the exquisites of the day were under the necessity of tying up their toes to their knees; and to add to the hideousness of the fashion, a dandy of that epoch invariably wore stockings of clashing colours; for instance, one blue or green, and the other red or yellow. On the accession, however, of Edward IV., a severe sumptuary law was issued against inordinate toes; which, unless reduced to moderate dimensions, were mercilessly clipped at the corners of the streets by officers appointed for the purpose. Edward's good taste in dress nearly shook his throne; many a gallant of the white rose, indignant at the insult offered to his toes, having become a partizan of Lancaster and Margaret. The enamelled monuments of the fourteenth century still present many curious specimens of this absurd style of dress. The summary proceeding of Edward seems to have afforded a hint to Peter the Great, who at a later period shaved his Russians *vi et armis*.

A Portuguese monarch, execrated by his subjects for his cruelty, had been informed that a certain old woman was in the habit of daily and ostentatiously offering her prayers to Heaven for the preservation of his existence. Ignorant of the motive for such conduct, the despot ordered the old woman to be summoned to his presence, and demanded the reason of her excessive zeal. "Ah! sire," replied the old lady, "I have lived long in the world, and I have ever remarked that to unworthy sovereigns still worse have succeeded. Your grandfather was bad, your father still worse, and, if possible, you surpass both in vice. Who knows but your successor may render even your majesty an object of regret? Have I not, then,

reason to weary Heaven with prayers for the prolongation of so valuable a life?"

THE PRIDE OF TALENT.—General Bec had once a dispute with a Spanish grandee, who, in the violence of his passion, so far forgot himself as to reproach the gallant soldier with the obscurity of his birth. "How dare you contradict a man of my rank?" said the proud Castilian; "you, who were formerly a coachman! is there no difference between us?" "Yes," replied the general, "a very great difference: Had you commenced your career as a coachman, you would be so at this moment."

EVERY THING IN ITS PLACE.—

"Your hand annoys me very much," said a well known personage to a talkative noodle who, suiting the action to the word, with rather too much vehemence, frequently passed his hand before his face. "Your Excellence," replied the bore, "we are really so crowded at this table that I hardly know where to put my hand." "Put it on your mouth," was the reply.

LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE.—On leaving the château of Wolfberg we made room in our vehicle for an inhabitant of the environs, who, like us, was proceeding to Constance. Our fellow-traveller was an old weather-beaten French soldier, discharged from the service of his country, and who had retired to Switzerland to breathe the air of liberty, which in the land of his fathers was, in his opinion, of an uncomfortable consistency. The son of Mars gave a deep sigh to the memory of those halcyon days of victory when independence was the soldier's motto. At the same time that he declared himself a warm partizan of public liberty, our new acquaintance expressed his unqualified admiration of the despot who had ruled his country with a rod of iron. By degrees, forgetting his attachment to law, justice, reason, and equal rights, and fancying himself at the head of a troop of hussars or Mamelukes of the ex-guard, this zealous defender of the public cause gradually warmed with his subject, and thus deplored the downfall of the military régime:—"In those days," said he; "I mean in the time of the Emperor, when a soldier made his appearance in a public place; in a *café*, for instance, or in a ball-room, or, in short, no matter where, he said just what he pleased, and always concluded with a 'Who pretends to be dis-

satisfied—who dares maintain that I am wrong?' Did an insolent civilian, a pert pekin, presume to remonstrate, so much the worse for him; out of the window with him; all his own fault; why fasten a quarrel upon the military? Ah! those were times! but now a-days liberty is an idle word—a mere figure of rhetoric."—*Voyage dans les Alpes par un Parisien.*

IMPERIAL SCALE OF CHARGES.—On a certain occasion, at dinner, Napoleon enquired of his *maitre d'hôtel* the price of a *vol au vent*, which had just been put on the table. "Twelve francs for your Majesty, and six francs for a private individual," was the answer. "Ah! you mean that I am robbed?" "No, sire; but it is customary for an emperor to pay double for every thing."

A COURTLY DEBTOR.—A courtier of the imperial régime, who had never reckoned the punctual payment of his debts in the number of his virtues, appeared one morning dressed with unusual magnificence at Napoleon's levee. The emperor having complimented him on the splendid embroidery of his costume, "Sire," replied the courtier, with an air of modesty, "*Cela se doit.*"

LOUIS XVIII. AND GENERAL RAPP.—Louis XVIII. happened to hold a court on the day when Napoleon's death was announced at the Tuileries, and the butterflies that fluttered in the sunshine of royalty were unusually gay and gaudy in honour of the momentous intelligence. One individual kept aloof, and the tears that moistened his cheeks formed a strange contrast with the expression of delight that beamed on every other face. The solitary mourner was General Rapp. The king perceiving him, invited him to approach: "You weep, General," said he. "Ah! sire," said the veteran, "your Majesty will deign to pardon my tears—I avow them; I weep for Napoleon—I owe him all—all, even to the happiness of now serving your Majesty." The monarch, raising his voice, made the following kindly reply:—"General, my esteem for you is at this moment increased: if your fidelity can thus survive misfortune, to what extent may not I count upon your loyalty!"

PORTATIVE PLAGUE.—The Turks in their contest with the Russians are said to have invoked the aid of a powerful but novel ally—the plague. A number of traffickers in infamy, such as are to be

found in every country, were despatched by the Ottomans for the purpose of disseminating the virus amongst their enemies. This may account for the appearance of this horrible scourge in many principalities where its ravages were formerly unknown. At Bucharest, at Odessa, and elsewhere, it broke out at different times, but was eventually repressed by the vigilance and firmness of the Russian generals.

The following is stated to be the mode in which the pestiferous messengers above alluded to, without personal hazard to themselves, inoculated the plague amongst their neighbours:—A portion of infectious matter was carefully extracted from the body of a diseased individual, and enclosed in a crystal receptacle, which was afterwards hermetically sealed. The breaking of this Pandora's box dispersed a host of evils sufficient for the desolation of an entire province.

An industrious dealer in pestilence presented himself before Napoleon in 1808, and proposed, for a certain recompense, to cross *la Manche* for the purpose of correcting the redundancy of British population. The emperor, struck with indignation, ordered the miscreant to be seized and deprived of his treasure, which was instantly consumed in a red-hot furnace.

NAPOLEON AND CHARLES.—The ex-monarch of France frequently indulged in the pleasures of the chase. Napoleon, too, was fond of hunting; but after a different fashion. A short time previous to the three days' revolution, the following pithy epigram was chalked on the walls of Paris:—

Charles X. roi des chasseurs;
Napoleon, chasseur de rois!

CONVERSATION between a French veteran who had served in Spain, and one who had survived the Russian campaign:—“What sort of creature is a Spaniard?”—“An animal dry as tinder, black as a mole, and smoking like a chimney.” “What does he eat?”—“Chocolate and garlic, garlic and chocolate: and now, what kind of being is a Russian?”—“One who rides a horse with a rope halter, carries a lance headed by an old nail, and wears a long beard.” “What does it feed on?”—“Can't tell; I never found any thing catable in its country.”

COSTUME OF A CHINESE GENTLEMAN IN 1830. — His full and flowing garments

are made of the most costly crape and silk; his boots or shoes are of the best black satin, manufactured at Nankin, and cut in the same shape as those worn in Europe during the thirteenth century, with high soles and strong heels. His trowsers are richly embroidered at the knees. On his head he wears a cap shaped like that of the French national guard, and loaded with embroidery. His pipe is of amber and coral, damasked with gold and silver, and set with topazes, pearls, and rubies. The tobacco is of the best manufacture of Tokien. An English gold watch and toothpick case are suspended from one of his button-holes by a cordon of pearls. He holds in his hand a fan of ostrich feathers or of papyrus. His attendants and palankin-bearers are all clothed in silk, and the palankin itself is not less elaborately adorned than its master.

MOTION OF WAVES, A DECEPTION.—

There is a curious optical deception attending the alternate elevation and depression of the surface of a liquid. The waves thus produced appear to have a progressive motion, which is commonly attributed to the liquid itself. When we perceive the waves of the sea apparently advancing in a certain direction, we are irresistibly impressed with a notion that the sea is itself advancing in that direction. We consider that the same wave, as it advances, is composed of the same water, and that the whole surface of the liquid is in a state of progressive motion. A slight reflection, however, on the consequences of such a supposition, will soon convince us that it is unfounded. The ship which floats upon the waves is not carried forward with them; they pass beneath her, now lifting her on their summits, and now letting her sink into the abyss between. Observe a sea-fowl floating on the water, and the same effect will be seen. If, however, the water itself partook of the motion which we ascribe to its waves, the ship and the fowl would each be carried forward, and would have a motion in common with the liquid. Once on the summit of a wave, there they would continually remain, and their motion would be as smooth as if they were propelled upon the smooth surface of a lake. Or, if once in the valley between two waves, there likewise they would continually remain, the one wave continually preceding them, and the other following. — *Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

Review of Literature, Fine Arts, etc.

THE PIOUS MINSTREL. Charles Tilt.

IN this excellent selection, we trace the piety and delicacy of a female mind. The Editress deserves great praise for the liberality and discernment with which she has culled many sacred blossoms from poetic ground, not avowedly consecrated to religion. Among these we find some beautiful lines of Mrs. Hemans', and some from Lord Byron. "The Pious Minstrel" is enriched with treasures borrowed from our sacred poets of a more ancient date, with judicious extracts from Withers, Quarles, Lord Vaughan, and holy Mr. Herbert. The work is neatly got up, with remarkably clear type. An interesting portrait of Robert Pollok, the author of "The Course of Time," forms the frontispiece.

ALIBEG THE TEMPTER; a Tale wild and wonderful. Newnan and Co.

HIS Satanic Majesty has this season made a most alarming inbreak upon the trade: he has taken his walks east and west, and in all directions, popping into every bookseller's shop he encounters. The consequence is, that there is scarcely a house of note from Leadenhall to Burlington Street but has put forth a novel or poem with the Gentleman in Black for the hero. The work under consideration is not destitute of power; it displays imagination; and the author is evidently a person of extensive reading, and therefore never disgusts by any ignorant violation of costume and historic truth, although his hero is fiend-driven into almost every clime under the sun. The moral is good, which is more than can be said for some of its prototypes. The author appears to have kept in view *Matutin's* last work, from which, however, he has not taken a servile copy. He occasionally falls into the errors common to the Montorio school, of rant and bluster, and "lang-nebbed words;" he has yet to learn that simplicity of style enhances in a tenfold degree, power of thought, or probably he has adopted the opinion, that coarse high-seasoned provision is best adapted to the palates for which he caters. We extract the con-

cluding pages as a candid specimen of the work.

Not long afterwards, as a caravan on its way to Mecca was passing near the border of the Red Sea, a body was observed lying on the sandy beach, which the heaving billows appeared to have recently ejected from their "brinish bowels." The tattered remains of an eastern habit were insufficient to shade the blistered limbs, and the features seemed already festering fast into decay: yet, though

"Dark the dead skin upon the hairless skull,"

on his countenance still appeared impressed the horror of the conflict he had evidently endured while dying. The caravan consisted both of merchants and pilgrims; but the mercantile portion seemed far too deeply engaged with their own concerns, to bestow the slightest regard upon any other object. A Mahometan devotee, however, at length approached the body, and viewed it with, at least, the semblance of compassion. His example was speedily followed by several others of his creed; and various were the conjectures broached respecting the race, and country, of the unhappy object whose lonely fate had arrested their attention. But all soon turned away, and, in the fervour of their devotion, forgot to bestow on those changed remains a charitable burial; that the midday sun might blister them no more, but look in vain, on the succeeding morning, for that which his scorching radiance could only hasten to corruption. A Christian religious, also, now advanced toward the bloated and disfigured corse; and, after gazing on it for a while, filled with disgust and horror, again withdrew trembling toward the caravan. Yet turning once more, ere he joined the motley throng, to take a final adieu of that "lost image of his Maker," whose fearful aspect was not likely to be soon forgotten, the venerable man could not avoid exclaiming, while he lifted his holy hands — "This could not have been a Christian!" Even the "pious elect" of their own separate faiths shrunk with dismay from the awful expression of those discoloured features. Each gazed on the hideous spectacle for a moment — each passed away, telling his beads, and the caravan proceeded on its journey.

It was the body of the wanderer! Some humble dervises at length drew near, who chanced to be following in the rear of the caravan, but whose faces were of a sabler hue than any of their preceding brethren,

and whose attire bore no resemblance to that of either the monk or Mussulman. Being firmly persuaded of the soul's transmigration, — a doctrine believed by many of the dusky tribes of Hindostan, — they are disposed to regard alike every thing in nature with benevolence and humanity. These also paused to ponder over the piteous sight, and turned aside to contemplate the distorted features. Without any other sign than a shuddering glance upon each other, they began to scoop a hollow with their palms in the loose sand, a little farther from the waves than where he lay. This being speedily accomplished, by their united efforts, they deposited him softly in his dreary resting-place, and "levelled over him the desert dust."

OMNIPOTENCE; a Poem. By Richard Jarman. Chappell.

HAD not the author of this poem entertained a lower opinion of its merits than it deserves, he would have avoided the adoption of a title which bears so near a resemblance to that of Mr. Robert Montgomery's poem—"The Omnipresence of the Deity." A man of real talent has no occasion to poach on the titlepage of a cotemporary; and authors who choose to ride into public notice on other people's shoulders invariably meet with desperate tumbles. In the present instance Mr. Jarman will by no means conciliate Montgomery's friends, and runs the risk of sharing the rabid attacks of the pack who now, in full cry,

hunt Montgomery to death; encouraged by the success which ever attends those who cater for the blackest passions — envy and malice. We are not unqualified admirers either of Miss Landon or Robert Montgomery; but the personal persecution which these young, and their enemies must add, successful writers, have undergone, is a hideous *exposé* of the worst feelings of human nature. We unhesitatingly aver, that when parody and personal attacks take the place of calm discussion, and candid examples of either faults or beauties drawn from the author's own work, the critic is, to use the mildest term, a charlatan — one who, armed with a poisoned knife, pretends to practise literary surgery for the public good.

We have met with many beauties in the perusal of Mr. Jarman's poem, which is suffused with a cheerful glow of piety, pleasing to a benevolent mind. His rhythm often falls musically on the ear, though his rhyme is sometimes defective; such rhymes as, declines — blinds, within — sing, contained — named, doom — home turf — mirth, are the effects of sheer carelessness, and are the more blameable because they might have been easily avoided. The author's inferences with respect to universal pardon are illustrated with some poetic beauty, particularly the four last lines.

Would endless life show prospects that could please,
If Truth had darken'd them with tales like these?
Or heav'n be worth a wish, if hell could throw
Around its pleasures an expireless woe?
How could the tender parent feel delight,
His child for ever banish'd from his sight —
Banish'd to realms, where Misery might reign,
The stern dispenser of unending pain?
How could the bride, in heav'n's new world, feel bliss,
Torn from her partner of her lot in this,
Whose sins to others had ne'er dimm'd the truth
With which he lov'd the angel of his youth?

We conclude our examination of this poem with an extract descriptive of the feminine character, which we sincerely

admire, and think peculiarly suited to the pages of a miscellany devoted to the ladies.

And Woman! — fairest ornament of earth,
More perfect springing from a later birth;
Solace in darkest hours; more nobly fond,
As each black trouble makes the heart despond;
Still smiling fondly and with kindest care,
When strongest blows the tempest of despair,
As the gay rainbow in the clouded sky
Shines out most vivid while the storm is nigh;

Man's guardian angel, life's most valued charm,
At once our pleasure and our shield from harm ; —
She too has changes, much like Man's they grow,
But softer whisper and more gently glow.

SIEGE OF CONSTANTINOPLE. *By N. Michell.* Smith and Elder.

THIS poem, although possessing little claim to originality, is altogether a work

of promise, as the first essay of a young author. We quote as a specimen a passage which has given us some pleasure in the perusal.

Yet seem'd to him the sky-arched, solemn hill,
A nobler shrine than temples rear'd by skill ;
More exaltation could his spirit feel,
The wild waves list'ning, than the organ's peal ;
He deemed that thunder, heard at midnight hour,
More high than language, spake th' Almighty's power ;
That stars taught mortals deeper to despise
Earth's grovelling scenes, than thousand homilies ;
For who e'er viewed those ever-blazing spheres,
Immense, unnumber'd, mocking wasting years,
Nor all resigned his dreams of earthly pride,
Spurn'd his dull clay, and o'er his weakness sigh'd ?
There is a grandeur, beauty, in their roll
Through azure space, that awes, yet wins the soul ;
And, burning like their living lights on high,
We long to mix with their immensity.

THE WORKS OF DR. ISAAC BARROW.
Edited by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D.
A. J. Valpy.

MR. VALPY deserves the highest encouragement from the public, for giving them cheap access to the hitherto unattainable volumes of Dr. Barrow. Confined as they were on the shelves of old libraries, they could only be obtained by accidental purchase, or lent by special favour to those whom the fame of this close reasoning divine had reached. We do not presume that our feeble praise can add to the well established reputation of Dr. Barrow ; but his name being in the present day better known than his writings, we will do what few of our contemporaries have troubled themselves to do — extract some choice sentences as specimens of this valuable writer. The present volume contains a series of sermons on Infidelity and Faith, and finishes with a series entitled “ Jesus the true Messiah.”

It is infidelity that maketh men covetous, uncharitable, discontent, pusillanimous, impatient.

Because men believe not Providence, therefore they do so greedily scrape and hoard.

They do not believe any reward for charity, therefore they will part with nothing.

They do not hope for succour from God, therefore they are discontent and impatient.

They have nothing to raise their spirits, therefore they are abject.

The naughtiness of infidelity will appear by considering its effects and consequences : which are plainly a spawn of all vices and villainies, a deluge of all mischiefs and outrages on the earth : for faith being removed, together with it all conscience goeth ; no virtue can remain ; all sobriety of mind, all justice in dealing, all security in conversation are packed away ; nothing resteth to encourage men unto any good, or restrain them from any evil ; all hopes of reward from God, all fears of punishment from him being discarded. No principle, or rule of practice, is left, beside brutish sensuality, fond self-love, private interest, in their highest pitch, without any bound or curb ; which therefore will dispose men to do nothing but to prey on each other, with all cruel violence and base treachery. Every man thence will be a god to himself, a fiend to each other ; so that necessarily the world will thence be turned into a chaos and a hell, full of iniquity and impurity, of spite and rage, of misery and torment. It depriveth each man of all hope from providence, all comfort and support in affliction, of all satisfaction in conscience ; of all the good things which faith doth yield.

Indeed, as in nature it is wisely provided that tigers, wolves, and foxes on the earth, that kites in the air, and sharks in the sea, shall not so multiply and abound, but that many tame and gentle creatures shall abide there by them ; so among men, that (among divers fierce, venomous, crafty, and mischievous men) so many poor, simple, and harmless

people do make a shift to live here in competent safety, liberty, ease, and comfort, doth argue his especial overwatching care and governance, who (as we are, in conformity to experience, taught by sacred Scripture) hath an especial regard unto the poor and unto the meek; providing for them, and protecting them.

MISCHIEF. Edward Moxon. 1831.
Price 2s. 6d.

It is a standard assertion, that "want of decency is want of sense;" and this is very applicable to the poem before us. Wishing to see the *end* of "Mischief," we hastily perused the finale of the tale; and, but with a view of doing justice to all works submitted to our notice, should never again have troubled ourselves to open its pages. We would fain hope, however, that the talented writer of some portions of the work, tired of his subject, left it to be finished by some of that class of writers who care not what they write. The tale itself is, simply, that an old Baronet hastily attaches himself to a young Scotch country girl, and marries her; then neglects her for the sports of the field, and domestic gaiety. One of his visitors introduces a stranger, who, if not the author of, is at least a principal agent in, the mischief recorded. On this account we cannot recommend the book, but we select some passages from its pages. It matters not how Sir Adam became first acquainted with his future spouse; whether she were pretty or ugly, accomplished or but half informed, she was his wife.

Next to the chase, Sir Adam's ruling passion,

The noble art of shooting was approved;
He hired a Highland moor in sporting fashion,
And every year six hundred miles he moved
From home, to revel in the blood he loved.

Ye wives of country gentlemen who sport,
And task their skins and sinews more than
brains;
And then come home to dine, and prose, and
doze;

You know, ye rural halves of Melton
Thanes,
Each Suffolk Punch's gentle Judy knows,
The widowhood a wife disparaged undergoes.

Fox hunting, too, is stirring work; but then

A hard day's riding fags the sturdiest wight.
If when the cock's first crow puts sleep to
flight,

Up to his saddle jumps the squire or knight,
And rides to covert in the twilight fogs,
And gallops all day long in reason's spite,
Led by a fox's brush and yelping dogs;
What wonder if at home his limbs are life-
less logs."

To the extreme selfishness of some Benedicts may be traced much of the bitterness which destroys the happiness of wedded life; men such as these treat their wives only as *maitresses d'hôtel*, and give them but little of their society. This is one weakness; there is another in flirtation, when each gives the other licence, or liberty is taken by way of pique; "If you do so, so will I:" but the result of this is well depicted in the novel of "Flirtation;" and our fair readers, we are assured, have too high a sense of what is proper, for a moment to imagine that the absence of propriety in "a lord and master," is any justification for misconduct in the wife; but enough of this.

The author shows some ingenuity in introducing the following, which, at the present moment, is not inopportune. We take it as *the author* gives it.

Who cares if Whig is in or Tory out?
But no; should both retreat before the rabble
rout.

Tories in office never gave an inch
To general opinion, without fight;

Whigs out of office ne'er were known to flinch
From claiming all concessions, wrong or
right;

Between them both, extinguish'd was the
light

Of reason in the people; now, in place,
The Whigs stand trembling lest the monster
bite,

Whose rabid humour to themselves we
trace.

There is one verse, the 27th, which is *bien contant*; the rest is a sort of mock heroic. Much as we condemn the conduct of the poem, we should not be sorry to see another edition, revised and amended; and with this *amende honorable* to the feelings of propriety, we would cordially recommend the regenerate. In a note at the conclusion the writer disclaims all intentions of personality;—
Credat Fides.

EPITOME OF ENGLISH LITERATURE; or, A Concentration of the Matter of Standard English Authors. *Edited under the Superintendence of A. J. Valpy, M. A. Philosophical Series, Paley's Moral Philosophy.* A. J. Valpy.

WE know not a more difficult task in literature, nor one less frequently executed with spirit and ability, than the abridgment of a standard work. After a careful examination and comparison with the original, we can declare the condensation of Paley's Moral Philosophy to be ably done; to use the words of the Editor's prospectus, the maximum of information is given in the minimum of space. If equal care and skill are bestowed on the succeeding portions of the Epitome of English Literature, we shall consider the undertaking an incalculable benefit to the public, particularly to the ladies, whose studies may be generally pronounced a delightful and improving occupation, rather than a mode of gaining ostensible learning, or a critical knowledge of the defects and mannerisms of an author. For education libraries, and for the bookstand of a cultivated and accomplished woman, we can recommend this concentrated volume of Paley's Moral Philosophy. It is ornamented by a good portrait. The biographical sketch accompanying this Number is entitled to praise, likewise the notes. From these we make the following extract:—

The excellence of the private life of Paley is attested by all who knew him. In the language of his biographer, Meadley, "he was a good husband, an affectionate father, an indulgent master, and a faithful friend. Though economical from habit and principle, he was at times generous in his pecuniary transactions, charitable to the poor, and especially to street beggars, on a principle developed by himself in his Moral Philosophy. Ever the more esteemed as he was the better known, (for he had none of that seeming virtue, which dazzles at a distance, but cannot bear a close inspection) he wanted no disguise, nor did he ever assume any; and thus, though his little defects struck more forcibly the common observer, he at the same time enabled his more intimate friends to discover under them the latent

goodness of his heart." To some of these defects, probably, allusion is made by a writer in the Quarterly Review, vol. ix. p. 399., who, when accounting for the apparently strange fact, that a man, who had done so much service as Paley had done, should die without a mitre, while men far inferior in talents have obtained the highest honors, observes, that, while "a cloud of suspicion hung over Paley, and the prejudices of a great ecclesiastic obstructed his advancement—that the disappointment proceeded from the king himself. Homely truths about rulers, uttered in uncourtly language,* are no recommendations to high preferment: the peculiarities also of a man of genius render him less *producible*; and the jealousy of overbearing intellect, especially when directed to politics, leaves the way open to men of less talent, but more tact."

If a man saw in a field of corn a flock of pigeons, all of whom, save one, were engaged, not in choosing for themselves the best food, but the worst, and reserving the best for that single pigeon, the weakest and perhaps worst of the flock; and if, while that single pigeon was devouring or wasting at pleasure, he should see, when another hungry and hardy pigeon touched a grain of the hoard, all the other pigeons fly on the intruder and peck it to death, he would see nothing more than what is every day practised among men. In civilised society, ninety-nine persons toil to find superfluities for one, sometimes the least deserving of his species, getting for themselves only the worst and smallest share, and though quietly looking on, while they see the fruits of their labour spent or spoiled by that single one or his minions, joining to hang a man, whose necessities may have led him to take the smallest particle from the general hoard so unequally distributed.

After comparing these passages, who can blame George III., or truly say that he acted otherwise than as a wise legislator and conscientious head of the church? A bishop, or an archbishop, as far as we can see, is as amply provided for by our constitution as a royal ruler. The man, therefore, who would have accepted any preferment, much less a bishopric, and put forth such sentiments, could not have had consistent or honest principles. Though we may differ from Jeremy Bentham in

* The passage to which the Reviewer alludes, may be found in the Moral Philosophy, book III. chap. i. and which the king had in mind, when, on being asked to make Paley a bishop, he replied, "What, what, pigeon Paley? no, no."

many things, we are liberal enough to allow that he is an honest and conscientious man, because his life is consistent with his writings; but were we to see the said recluse accepting place, pension, and title, and figuring in the world under the semblance which he has so often condemned, charity itself must set him down, in plain English, as a rogue. The conclusion which we would draw from this reasoning, is, that Paley, although inestimable as a moral philosopher, ought not to have remained a member of any church whose principles were not those of uncompromising equality. The pigeon clause is a gratuitous profession of principles, not in the least needed, the impartial reader will allow, to aid the definition of the rights of property; it is rather a contradiction of the whole course of argument. Paley's wit had run away with him in this instance. Justice obliges us to add, that few writers on revelation have treated the subject with equal power.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY, No. XV.;
Tacitus, Vol. V. A. J. Valpy.

THE excellence of Mr. Murphy's translation is too well known to require comment; and with regard to Mr. Valpy's edition, we have already expressed our opinion. That opinion is in every respect confirmed by the appearance of the 15th Number.

FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY, No. XVI.
Theophrastus. A. J. Valpy.

THE characters of Theophrastus are of all ages. The individual varieties

which they present of the human mind are no less valuable to the modern observer, than to the philosopher of times that are no more. The writings of this friend and disciple of Aristotle are so well known to the general class of readers, through the medium of translations in various languages, that we confine our present notice to a well deserved commendation of the taste and neatness with which Mr. Valpy has brought forward the little volume now under consideration. The typographical execution is excellent; and the engravings, to the number of fifty, are good graphic illustrations of the characters to which they are affixed.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL. *A Series of the most approved Productions in Painting and Sculpture, executed by British Artists.* Charles Tilt.

WE have received the 10th and 11th Numbers of this neat little work, which contains some well executed engravings on steel. We were particularly struck with "*The Loosing of the Four Angels*;" "*The wounded Brigand protected*," from a picture by Salvator Rosa; and "*Breaking Cover*," an animated representation of a fox-chase by the elder Reinagle.

BRITISH DIORAMA, Queen's Bazaar, Oxford Street. — The Diorama, at which half an hour may be spent with much gratification, contains the following views: — The Interior of King's Chapel, Cambridge; the Lake of Llanberis; and the Basilica of Saint Francis. The architectural views are decidedly the best.

Drama, etc.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE amateurs of the Italian opera will regret the absence of David and Lablache, whose names will not, at least for some time, figure in the theatrical announcements of this house. Madame Lalonde appeared for the first time this season in the character of *Semiramide*, in the well known opera of that name. Her voice

possesses much sweetness, but her acting is in general deficient in grace and dignity. She has since sustained the part of *Ninetta* in the hackneyed opera of *La Gazza Ladra*. Much as we admire the music of this composition, its tame mock *tragique* is abundantly calculated to mar the effects of the most delightful melody. Many circumstances (some of which it were absolute

temerity on our part to particularise) contribute to render Madame Lalande an indifferent representative of *Ninetta*. Signors Sentini and Levasseur have also made their respective *débûts* this season. The former is tolerable in the part of *Assur* (opera of *Semiramide*); but still more effective as the keen and satiric *Figaro* in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. Levasseur restored *Don Basilio* to the degree of consideration and importance to which that personage is really entitled. The season appears fertile in *débûts* — *c'est à dire*, the *débûts* of old and established favourites. Mademoiselle Taglioni — the Taglioni — has appeared in the ballet of *Flore et Zephir*, and also in the new pageant of *Kenilworth*. In the latter, she danced a *pas de deux* with Paul, to which succeeded the *Tyrolienne*. As we cannot suppose that any of our readers have not seen Mademoiselle Taglioni, we think it unnecessary to state more than the fact of her re-appearance.

On the 19th ultimo, their Majesties, for the first time since their accession to the throne, honoured the Italian Theatre with their presence. On this occasion, the opera of *La Gazza Ladra*, with the ballet of *Kenilworth*, were performed by command. Notwithstanding the importance of the debate in the House of Commons, the theatre was extremely crowded. The King and Queen were accompanied by the young Princes of Cumberland and Cambridge, who appeared highly delighted with the whole of the performances, especially with the dancing of Mademoiselle Taglioni. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, who were present, arrived at the theatre a few minutes before their Majesties: it was the first time of the Princess Victoria's appearance at the Opera. The King was dressed in the full uniform of an admiral; the Queen in full dress. We are happy to say that their Majesties appeared in the enjoyment of excellent health.

Bellini's opera, *Il Pirata*, has introduced to the notice of the British public Signor and Madame Rubini, in the characters of *Gualtiero* and *Imogene*. The Signor was eminently successful. Madame Rubini, whose voice is an ordinary soprano, possesses no very striking claims either as an actress or a singer.

DRURY LANE. — A new Easter piece, entitled *The Ice Witch*, or *the Frozen Hand*, has been produced at this theatre.

The plot turns upon the adventures of *Harold*, the Sea King, and his kenchman, *Magnus Snoro*; who, being wrecked on an iceberg in the Scandinavian Sea, are taken under the especial patronage of the Ice Witches, two of whom, *Druda* and *Hecla*, become desperately enamoured of their respective *protégés*. The latter, in due course of time, lapsing into inconstancy, are visited with severe pains and penalties through the agency of the Ice Witches. *Harold's* left hand becomes frozen — his touch is death. *Magnus Snoro*, on whom is inflicted a comparatively lenient sentence, is transformed into a sort of walking icicle — a miniature man mountain of frost and snow. After sundry tribulations endured on the part of the spell-bound adventurers, the timely appearance of the Sun God dispels the charm; and the piece terminates with the happy union of *Harold* and *Magnus Snoro* to their mortal but not less bewitching loves, *Ulla* and *Minna*, appropriately represented by Miss Crawford and Mrs. Waylett. The scenery and decorations are gorgeous and splendid.

A new farce, bearing the title of *Nettlewig Hall*, or *Ten to One*, has been performed here. Its merit appears to be of a very mediocre description; and the structure of the plot, if a plot it can be called, is most flimsy.

The long-expected and long-announced drama of *The Pledge*, or *Castilian Honour*, founded on, or rather translated from, Victor Hugo's tragedy of *Hernani*, is the most striking novelty which, during the present season, has been performed at this house. The original being the production of one of the first living French poets, and having obtained in Paris the most unprecedented success — a success in which the present imitation seems likely to participate. The following brief outline of the plot may be acceptable: —

Hernani is a bandit chief of good family: his father, a Spanish grandee, perished on the scaffold. The son loves and is beloved by *Donna Xanthe* (in the original *Donna Sol de Silva*), a relative of *Don Leo* (in the French play *Don Gomez de Silva*), a crusty old gentleman, who wishes to marry her. *Hernani*, however, has a still more redoubtable rival in the person of *Don Carlos*, King of Spain, and afterwards the Emperor Charles V. At the commencement of the third act, where the developement of the story begins,

every thing is prepared for the celebration of *Don Leo's* marriage with *Donna Xanthe*. *Hernani* arrives in the disguise of a pilgrim; and, in despair at his mistress's supposed infidelity, discovers himself. Next arrives the King, at the head of his "men at arms," in search of the proscribed *Hernani*. *Don Leo* refuses to violate the laws of hospitality by betraying his guest's retreat. The King persists; but finally retires, carrying off *Donna Xanthe* as a hostage for her lover. The old Duke, furious against *Hernani*, whom he had protected solely from a motive of stern and chivalrous honour, endeavours to provoke the bandit to single combat. *Hernani* refuses; alleging that his existence is necessary to second their mutual projects of vengeance; but delivers to *Don Leo* a horn:—"Whenever," says he, "the blast of this horn shall reach my ear, I swear, by the memory of my father, that I will die by my own hand!" The scene during the fourth act is laid at Aix-la-Chapelle, where the Diet are assembled to name a successor to the vacant throne of Maximilian. *Don Leo*, *Hernani*, and other conspirators, attempt the life of *Don Carlos*, who is one of the candidates. The project is defeated; *Don Carlos* is elected with the title of Charles V.; and the new emperor magnanimously pardons *Hernani*, and consents to his union with *Donna Xanthe*. There, it might be supposed, is the dénouement of the piece:—Not so: the jealous *Don Leo*, intent upon vengeance, sounds the fatal horn—the signal for *Hernani's* suicide. Honour commands him to obey; he swallows poison. His youthful spouse shares his destiny; and, to wind up the catastrophe, *Don Leo* falls lifeless into the arms of his attendants, and is carried off the stage, instead of plunging a dagger into his own heart, according to the arrangement of the original drama.

This play contains many beauties, and many defects: even partiality must admit that the plot is a *little* extravagant. It was, notwithstanding, extremely well received. The acting was in general good.

Mr. Planché's *Legion of Honour*, taken, as usual, from the French, is an interesting piece. Liston and Harley were most amusing. We were also much pleased with the acting of Mesdames Waylett and Orger; and of Miss Poole, though

last not least—that is to say, as to the *morale*.

COVENT GARDEN. — Mr. Peake's Easter melodrama, *Ncuha's Cave*, or the *South Sea Mulineers*, being founded on Lord Byron's well known poem of *The Island*, we deem it unnecessary to enter into any minute details of the story. Suffice it to say, that the piece resembles the general run of such monstrosities, and possesses the proper quantity of explosions and other "moving accidents." Miss Taylor seemed impressed with a becoming sense of dignity in the part of *Ncuha*, daughter to his Majesty of Too-boonai; and Mrs. Viuing felt, or appeared to feel, quite at home as the lieutenant of a man-of-war. The scenery is the best part of the entertainment.

Azor and Zemira, or *The Magic Rose*, an opera in three acts, adapted from Spohr, seems likely to obtain the honors of a prolonged run at this theatre. It is founded on the fairy or rather the nursery tale of *Beauty and the Beast*. The present adaptation does great credit to the talents of Sir George Smart, the composer. Miss Inverarity, as *Zemira*, fully sustained her high reputation; and Mr. Wilson, as the metamorphosed *Prince Azor*, deserves no mean share of praise. Till the third act, however, his part is unimportant. *Fatima* and *Lesbia*, the sisters of *Zemira*, were well played by the Misses Cawse. The opera has been brought forward with unusual splendour, and was received by the public with the most unanimous applause.

Massinger's drama, *The Maid of Honour*, has been revived, principally, we believe, to afford Miss Fanny Kemble the opportunity of appearing in a new character suited to her powers. She performed the part of the heroine, *Camola*, with considerable taste and judgment. Since the days of Massinger, a revolution in opinion has unfortunately taken place, on the subject of dramatic composition; hence it is that in the judgment of a modern audience, the poetry of our elder dramatists seems better adapted for the closet than the stage. Bustle and action are now-a-days imperatively required; and between a modern tragedy and a melodrama, it would perhaps be difficult to draw the line of demarcation. This may in part account for a certain degree of coldness with which the play was in question received, notwithstanding Miss Kemble's

felicitous conception of the part which she had undertaken. On the whole, as far as theatrical representation is concerned, we fear *The Maid of Honour* will shortly sink into the oblivion from which she has been momentarily rescued.

It is said that the following notice was lately posted up in the Green Rooms both of Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres: — "The proprietors regret that they are under the necessity of informing the ladies and gentlemen of this establishment, that in consequence of the dissolution of Parliament, and the general political excitement of the country, they are compelled to limit the performance to three nights in the week, till it may be found expedient to return to the usual arrangements."

The above notice created an extraordinary sensation amongst the *corps dramatique*, many of whom are said to have protested in the strongest terms against this managerial *coup d'état*.

ADELPHI THEATRE. — Messrs. Matthews and Yates are again "at home" for the season. The bare announcement will be sufficient for our laughter-loving readers; the more especially as it would be scarcely practicable to convey a just idea of an entertainment, which, to be enjoyed, must be witnessed.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS, MUSIC, &c. — In Paris, public affairs seem to exercise a baneful influence on all within the domain of art. The Parisian concerts are ill attended, with the exception of those given by Paganini, who appears to have discovered the secret of lulling even the fever of political excitement. During his stay in the French capital, it might be deemed the height of temerity in a brother artist to tempt the chance of an opposition concert. Such experiments, however, have

been tried; and serve but to prove, that till the visit of the Genoese shall have been "steeped in Lethe, and forgotten," the present race of violinists may "hide their diminished heads," or rather, hang up their unheeded instruments. According to the terms of his engagement with M. Laporte, Paganini was, on the 25th ult., to leave Paris for London, where he is expected to pass the whole of May, June, and July. He purposes to visit Scotland and Ireland; in the commencement of the winter to return to Paris; and after some stay in the latter capital, to travel through Belgium, Holland, and Russia.

A grand vocal and instrumental concert was lately given in Paris, by a Mademoiselle Leonarka Neuman, a young violinist of Warsaw, aged *eleven* years. A third portion of the profits was destined to aid the cause of the Poles. The youthful performer is said to have already obtained the most flattering reception from the public of Vienna, and also of Berlin.

La Sonnambula, a new opera of Bellini, in two acts, has been represented with much success at the theatre *Carcano*, at Milan. The subject, taken from one of Scribe's ballets, has been arranged with considerable taste.

At Venice, a new opera, entitled *Il Benoiswiski*, has been brought out at the theatre *de la Fenice*; the libretto by Rossi, the music by Generali. The instrumentation of this opera is, on the whole, extremely feeble; its success with the public was most equivocal.

The once celebrated singer, Lays, died recently at Ingrandes, department of Maine et Loire, at the advanced age of seventy-three. He was the last of the Gluck and Sacchini school.

Fashions.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

THE extreme coldness of the weather seems to have cast a chill upon the splendours of Longchamps, as few of the expected novelties in fashion have as yet appeared. We have, in fact, to detail the elegant preparatives with which the Parisian shops at present teem, rather than modes actually naturalised among our

élégantes. *N'importe*; it is as well to anticipate; the spring fashions, once adopted, being nearly as evanescent as the blossoms of the season.

The piercing east winds which have prevailed since Easter, have compelled the ladies, both at the fête of Longchamps, and in their usual daily drives through the Bois de Boulogne, to hide their

charming spring dresses with cachemire shawls, large boas, and shawl pelerines. The white canezous, sometimes dimly seen in close carriages, are of a diamond form, with lappets for epaulettes on the shoulders. They are made of tulle; and instead of being surrounded with blonde, they have a deep flounce of the same, with coloured satin ribands drawn through the hem. The season is extremely rich in elegant new patterns of printed muslins. Those called Mandarinines are printed with pagodas and Chinese patterns: those called Erigone, with foliage of the vine, and bunches of grapes. Blazoned muslins, which are altogether new, are figured with shields and heraldic patterns, and have a singular but very tasteful appearance. The others are flowered muslins, with rather larger branches of flowers, shaded according to their natural colours. In jaconot figured muslins, there are storm patterns in various colours; many ring patterns; some of honeysuckles, which are extremely beautiful; and others of sweet peas. *Mouseline de laine* is likewise printed with a variety of pleasing colours and patterns. There is little variety in the form of the corsage, which for high dresses is crossed on the bosom: the waists are not quite so long, nor the dresses so short, in elegant society; in that several grades below the best, the skirts of dresses have been cut so short, that trowsers à l'enfant are often worn with them; and very requisite they are. The attempt to introduce flounces has proved a failure, or they are but partially adopted; the hems of dresses are about half their former width; stripes of riband à la tablier, each ending with a large bow at the hem, have been seen in carriage costume, even in a morning. These stripes, springing from the belt, where they are very little separated, and gradually widening to the hem, assume the form of a small apron very much sloped. Pointed epaulettes are still in favour; they are continued à la révers, down the bust, gradually becoming smaller to the belt. Shot gros de Naples, with a plain surface, are little worn: pelisses shot à la mille raies are frequently seen, as also mauve and green, or green and spirit lilac; likewise shot gros de Naples, figured in little squares; dark wood-coloured satins are likewise used at present in walking-gowns and pelisses. We will now give a few tout ensembles of the most approved morning and carriage dresses.

A gown of reps, wood-brown; corsage draped crossways, back quite flat. Cottage bonnet of white watered silk; a bouquet of three plumes, a butterfly trimming of blonde. A shawl of white cachemire, shoes of black prunella, bracelets of gold chain work.

A dress of watered silk *vin de lie*, plain corsage, a large collar of worked cambric, trimmed in vandykes, with a narrow plaited frill, a pelerine of points of the same material, a small hat of watered gros de Naples, *vert chou* lined with spirit lilac crape, surrounded by a demi-veil of blonde, and trimmed with narrow lilac ribands in tufted rosettes; cap of blonde, trimmed with narrow ribands. Enamel chain bracelets.

A redingote of aventurine silk, figured in the natural colours of that beautiful spar; corsage crossed in very full plaits; hat of watered mauve silk, lined with white crape; placed over the same, two branches of white lilac come far beyond the front of the bonnet, and fall forwards; blonde ribands; a boa of chinchilla or swan's down. Bonnet caps are often of very close quilled tulle, of two rows each, which are divided by a series of rings made of narrow satin riband.

In evening dress, fancy seems almost exhausted in the great variety of splendid materials offered to the choice of the fair votaries of fashion: among these, painted gauzes, silk muslins, organdi, and blondes figured with coloured satin flowers, are stamped with the sanction of the highest ton; these are all for full dress. For half dress and dinner parties there are many charming novelties; among which may be noted a new material, very light and soft, called *mûrier de Chine*; this is silky and flowing, and is either plain, or figured with various printed designs. Another invention is called *anatis*, silk muslin, painted with simple patterns, for half dress. *Foulard du Bengal*, an elegant imitation of Indian muslins in silk and thread, for robes de promenade. *Yar-ma*, a pretty material, demi-transparent, brocaded with silk flowers, intermixed with painted ones, for dinner or full walking dress. For these latter purposes, and likewise for full dress, there is a new invention of great beauty, called Chinese Persians, which are a species of Chinese crape; they will, it is supposed, be general this summer.

Evening dresses are usually made with the fall of blonde called mantilla on the

bias and shoulders, with ribands placed from the waist to the hem of the dress, or trimmed *à la tablier*, as before described. Long knots of riband or cord often supply the place of epaulettes. Dresses cut sloping to the waist, and exceeding full, are in increasing favour. In this form they are sustained by a corded petticoat, worn beneath the dress, so as almost to realise the traditional reminiscences of a bell-hoop. For dinner dress, a robe of *gros de Naples* of the colour *vert bourgeois* (bud green), embroidered at the head of a low hem with an elegant wreath of white floss silk, in hops or vine leaves; hat of white crape, with green ribands, figured with blonde, and curled white feathers tipped with green. Dresses of *denü parure* are simple white muslins, either plain or figured *à la Virginie*: the corsage is *à la rêvers*; and crossing on the bosom is a full fichu of cut silk muslin, of a rich maroon or cerise colour. This is often trimmed above a low hem, and produces a novel and pleasing effect.

For evening dress, a robe of *gaze d'Asie* is frequently worn, figured with white satin foliage, and ornamented with eight white satin bands, placed bias from the waist to the hem, where each riband is confined by a bouquet of spring flowers; a double band of white satin forming the hem. Another for court dress:—A robe of white crape, richly embroidered at the hem with pure gold. In the hair an iris and a knot of gold riband, the ends of which are *à longs pans* (depending in lappets). The numerous courts held by the Queen of England have rendered the fashion of lappets universal on the Continent. Another, which has been exceedingly admired:—A robe of *crêpe mauve*, richly embroidered above the hem with pure silver thread; on one side of the hem a white poppy, the stalk of which is hidden by a large knot of mauve riband, brocaded with silver; the corsage draped *à la Grecque*; sleeves *à la coté*. On each shoulder a large knot of riband, from which depend silver cords *en aiguillette*; the hair a good deal raised, with folds and braids *en couronne*; round the hair a crown of white poppies. Painted gauze scarf. The jewels are pear-pearls. Dress of cherry-coloured silk muslin over white satin; at the height of the hem, bands of brilliant gold worked; corsage folded on the bosom, a mantilla fall at the back; sleeves *à la coté*, formed in four

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large puffs at the back of the arm, and lappets. The hair drawn to the back of the head, and raised *en couronne*; a few curls on the temples; two red plumes; a ruby chain *à la Ferronière*, clasped on the brow; bracelets, and girandola necklace, earrings, and *agrafe* of rubies.

There is a great alteration in sleeves, which are very short, and made with three or four large puffs, between which is placed a long bow; some are varied with three *pans* or lappets, richly trimmed, and of unequal lengths, which fall below the elbow, so that only the front of the arm is shown. It is difficult to imagine the great change thus produced in the whole appearance of full dress, after the long reign of *berret* sleeves.

Bands *à la Ferronière* are still generally worn; the hair *en couronne*. Garlands of flowers are universal in full dress; a few curls on the temples. Dress hats are chiefly of white or yellow crape, with curled feathers of the same colour. Lappets are much worn in full dress. Silk pelerines, entirely composed of points, are at present preferred to lace and muslin. No sort of fur is seen, except light-coloured boas. Aprons, which are non-important articles of dress, are lined with coloured silk, and made smaller than in the winter. With sloped dresses, sloped aprons are worn: the apron, in this respect, conforms to the cut of the dress. Riband aprons are worn in full dress, or a trimming in imitation of aprons.

The new-fashioned parasols in Paris have eye-glasses or small lorgnettes in place of a handle. The greatest novelties in jewels are earrings, necklace, and bracelets, worked in gold, of the form of shells. These are admired, and worn with a white muslin dress for a young person.

It is considered excellent taste to ornament an apartment with girandoles, door-plates, lustres, chimney-ornaments, candlesticks, &c. of cut polished steel. The fabled hall of Aladdin can alone convey an idea of the dazzling effect produced when a room thus furnished is brilliantly illuminated. It is expected that this fashion will be universally adopted; particularly as a preparation has been discovered which preserves steel from rust, even when disused for months.

An ingenious invention has lately been exhibited, called the *Mnémographe*.—A person may, with the utmost facility,

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write in the dark by the aid of this instrument, which is a tablet, containing letter-paper and grooves for the purpose of guiding the hand and pen securely. It promises to be of the utmost utility to the blind.

PAINTING ON GAUZE.

FOR whatever purpose the material may be intended, whether for borders of dress scarfs or handkerchiefs, it must be extended on a frame before it is painted. Very light screens may be easily made of whalebone or cane bent in an oval form, and the gauze afterwards stretched over it. These are far preferable to such as are made with the heavy iron frames sold in shops; and to hold which, for any length of time, is an absolute penance. When the gauze is stretched tightly, the drawing may be commenced; but there must be no sketching on gauze with a lead pencil, or the delicate material will soil and rend under it. The gauze may be laid over any pattern chosen; the designs of the Chinese books of rice paper, so often imported, are eligible. The pattern, which is visible through the gauze, may be easily outlined with a fine-pointed brush dipped in Newman's permanent white. In this species of painting no transparent tints can be used: all colours that are not naturally body-colours must be made so by being mixed with white; but those which are body-colours, as red-lead, scarlet, verditer green, and the smalt blues, may be used in their original state. The bird, flower, or butterfly may be dead-coloured with the different tints: if laid on quickly, their meeting edges can be softened and blended by a third brush dipped in white; or a harmonious neutral tint; likewise the deepening shades and colours may be rubbed in while the subject is moist. When dry it will present an opaque surface: if the gauze is not very fine, a few holes like pin-holes will appear on the coloured surface. These are troublesome, and the chief difficulty of the work; they must be filled up with dots when dry, as the more the gauze is fretted and rubbed when wet the more pin-holes will appear. The figures may then be finished, little strokes and marks made with pure transparent colour; in this state of the painting, the transparent colour must not be mixed with white. The gummy colours are best for finishing, they must be taken off the cake with the

point of the brush, or mixed very thick. Touches with gummy colours will show on the darkest opaque surface. The best finishing colours are lakes, red and yellow, Indian yellow, carmine, or sap-green, according to the hues of the subject. Carmine is excellent for finishing and shading every species of blue and purple, of course in moderation for light blues. Strokes made with lake will be apparent even on lamp black. Gold and silver, which may be laid on with great ease, produce a beautiful effect with the other colours where the subjects require it. While drying, if ever so tightly stretched, the gauze will have a puckered or cockered appearance; this must not occasion disappointment, as the whole will by degrees become perfectly smooth if put in a dry place at a distance from the fire, sometimes it will be nine or ten days before this is effected. Gum is often recommended, but its use is dangerous; if too much used, the body colours will curl up and peel off in drying.

If the above rules are carefully attended to, this mode of painting will rival the most elegant Indian painted gauze.

RIDING DRESS.

Amongst the numerous fashions which have appeared this year at the fête of Longchamps, we have selected one consisting of a most elegant riding habit for ladies, in green cloth. The corsage descends in a point in front, and is much corded; the skirt is very full and long, and braided up the front *en tablier*; the sleeves are very large at the top, and tight from the elbow to the wrist, and are ornamented with cording similar to the corsage. A black beaver hat and green veil is worn with this costume, which, we have no doubt, will be adopted by our *élégantes* who are fond of the healthy exercise of riding. As the mysteries of male attire are somewhat less complicated than those of a feminine toilette, it were superfluous to enter into detail with regard to the costume of the accompanying figure.

WEDDING DRESS.

THE hair is dressed in braids, and ornamented with white roses and orange flowers. Rich lappets of figured Brussels lace depend from the back of the head.

Full curls on each side of the temples. The dress is of figured Brussels lace over white satin; the skirt is trimmed with a very deep flounce of the same lace, and is rather raised on the right side, and fastened with a *bouquet* of white roses and orange flowers. The corsage is made tight to the shape; over it is a fall of white satin, cut in the shape of a *pelerine*, and edged with a light white silk fringe; it is fastened in the middle by a diamond brooch. An elegantly-worked *chemisette* is seen; long full sleeves of the same material as the dress. Diamond earrings, necklace, bracelets, and chain. White satin shoes.

BALL DRESS.

THE hair is dressed in bows and braids, and ornamented with pearls and a branch of white roses; full curls on each side. Dress of white crape over white satin; at the height of the hem is a fall of narrow blonde and a white satin *rouleau*. On the right side is a bow of riband, one end of which is brought up the front, and fastened under the belt on the left side. Over the corsage is a double fall over; white crape edged by a narrow blonde; very full short sleeves. Necklace and earrings of pearls. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF IMPORTANT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE all engrossing importance of the Reform Question, and the length of the account extracted from a weekly paper of the dissolution of both Houses of Parliament, necessarily compel us to devote little space to foreign intelligence, which at the present moment is comparatively of minor consequence. It is gratifying, however, to observe that the accounts from abroad teem each day with the news of fresh successes obtained by the Poles over their barbarous enemies. The unanimity and enthusiasm of the former, is described as beyond all praise; and there exists little doubt that the insurrection has spread in Lithuania. Among the many anecdotes of Polish firmness which have been mentioned, we may quote the following. A Russian General having summoned a Polish fortress to surrender, and having tauntingly remarked that the revolt, as he termed it, was the work of a handful of hot-headed youths, the commandant, a gallant veteran, as his sole reply forwarded to the Russian an envelope containing a lock of his own grey hair.

Some partial tumults have taken place in Paris. A number of workmen uttering seditious cries assembled on the Place de Grève: four of the ringleaders were arrested near the Hotel de Ville. The disturbances still continuing it was found necessary to disperse the rioters by a charge of cavalry; in which several individuals were severely wounded. Several

printed hand-bills were circulated on the exchange, containing the ridiculous menace that *Henry V.* would refuse to recognise the obligations contracted by the Citizen King; several well dressed individuals, uttering shouts of *Vive Napoleon II.* were arrested on the Place de Grève. The French Chambers were dissolved two days before the British Parliament.

The ill-fated but guilty Polignac made an ineffectual attempt to escape from the fortress of Ham, through the chimney. He was speedily recaptured.

Lisbon has been the scene of the most atrocious proceedings. Several executions have taken place in consequence of alleged political offences. A Frenchman was publicly flogged through the streets, for no other specified crime than that of belonging to a Masonic Lodge. Don Miguel having thought proper to turn a deaf ear to the remonstrances of the French government, some French ships of war have been sent to the Tagus. Should reparation be still denied, the Portuguese despot may probably, ere long, add another name to the list of Kings minus a crown.

THE SCENE AT THE PROROGATION, FRIDAY, APRIL 22.

(From the Examiner.)

A REPORT having become prevalent that his Majesty intended to dissolve Parliament in

person, great numbers of persons repaired to Westminster. At a little before two o'clock the state carriages were drawn up at St. James's Palace. Shortly afterwards his Majesty, attended by his Officers of State, took his seat in the carriage, and, escorted by his guards, proceeded to the House of Lords. On his way, the people, who had hastily assembled, loudly cheered him. In the meantime, at the House of Lords, but few Peers had assembled; the intention to prorogue Parliament so early not being generally known. A few Peers were seen in their robes, and a considerable number of Peeresses were seated on the opposition benches. The crowd below the bar was intense.

The Duke of Gordon presented a petition against Reform, which excited general laughter. After several petitions on this subject had been presented, the Lord Chancellor left the woolsack, and withdrew into the room behind, in which he was to receive his Majesty. Lord Shaftesbury was immediately called to the chair by a number of the opposition Peers. Lord Wharnccliffe rose to address the House; but the Duke of Richmond immediately rose to order, and stated that he should move that the standing order of the House should be read. One of these orders was, that the Noble Lords should be seated in their proper places: another was, that there should be no strangers in the House. He observed one Noble Earl sitting near one of the junior Barons, and other Peers were not in their proper seats. The Marquis of Clanricarde, the Marquis of Londonderry, and the Lord Chief Baron, all rose to order, but each spoke at the same time. The Marquis of Londonderry was loudest, and he was heard to call on the Noble Duke to explain himself. If the Noble Duke thought he was to be the hero of this *coup-d'état*, he was mistaken; and he pitied the Noble Duke, who resorted to this stratagem to stop the privileged rights of members of that House. (*Loud cries of "Order," and "Hear, hear."*) A scene of indescribable uproar ensued. Several of the Peers literally howled. We heard a gentleman state, that he had been at radical meetings of mechanics of the lowest class, and he had never seen any uproar to exceed it. Lord Wharnccliffe was standing on the floor, and exclaimed that he rose to move the resolution of which he had given notice. He was in his situation as a Peer of that House, and he demanded to be heard. He had given notice of a motion which he should not now preface, but which he should, according to the notice, take leave to read. The terms of the motion was to the effect, that an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, humbly represent-

ing to his Majesty that his loyal subjects the Lords Spiritual and Temporal had heard with anxiety the report that a dissolution of Parliament was about to take place, and imploring his Majesty not to prorogue or dissolve Parliament at the present juncture; as, under the present excitement which prevailed in Ireland, and throughout Great Britain, it would be likely to lead to great danger to the Crown, and prevent that calm and deliberate discussion of the subject which its importance demanded.

The Lord Chancellor at this moment entered the House, and immediately addressing it, said, with great emphasis — "I never yet heard that the Crown ought not to dissolve Parliament whenever it thought fit, particularly at a moment when the House of Commons had thought fit to take the extreme and unprecedented step of refusing supplies. (*Loud cries of "Hear, hear," "The King, the King!"*) and immense confusion. The Lord Chancellor immediately left the House to meet the King, before his entering to take his seat on the throne.)

The Marquis of Londonderry (with much warmth) — "As long as I have the honour to hold a seat in this House, I never will submit to —" (A tremendous uproar prevented the Noble Marquis from proceeding.)

Lord Mansfield obtained silence, and said, that he never, in the whole course of his life, had witnessed such a scene, and he trusted he never should see the like again. He had heard with astonishment that it was incumbent on the King to dissolve Parliament, when the House of Commons had taken the extreme and unprecedented step of refusing supplies. He desired to use no intemperate expression; but as far as God had given him, perhaps, an imperfect share of understanding, he felt that the King and the country was now to be placed in a most awful predicament, such as it never had been in before. He would not accuse his Majesty's ministers with any thing like a want of charity; but he did accuse them of weakness, and of conspiring together against the safety of the state, and of making the Sovereign the instrument of his own destruction. (*Hear, and great confusion.*) Upon the question of Reform he had not stated his opinions, because the bill had not been before that House, and because he would not entrust himself upon it, as he thought the probability was that the bill never would come there—that it must, as it had done, close the last of those inglorious aberrations — those theories — untenable speculations of ministers who had been merely distinguished for incapacity never observed before. (*Cheers from one part of the House.*) This was one of the measures suggested by the factions of

a disturbed country. It was the result of the councils of those who had advised the King to adopt a plan of Reform such as they themselves had never before thought of — such as they had never hoped to carry — and such as, when they presented it to Parliament, presented it merely to show that they redeemed their pledge; applying, at the same time, with mendicant intumescence, to their antagonists, to suggest a better plan. It was not a dissolution of Parliament, but it was what they themselves candidly confessed they wished to have, namely, a reformed House of Parliament, from which alone they could expect what they desired to have. Their desire in the first instance was to have a reduction of taxes, which they knew could not take place, without a previous reduction of the national debt; next the reduction of sinecures; next the reduction of salaries; and next the appropriation of that species of property, which has hitherto been called Church property, to an entirely different purpose. He proceeded to observe, that he had stated to his Majesty, that were a reformed House obtained, not only would these things be assailed, but attacks would be made upon the privilege and upon the existence of that House; and, at last, upon the privileges of the Crown itself — those privileges which the Crown did not hold for its own benefit, but for the happiness and interests of the people, with which it was happily and intimately connected. He had a pleasure in repeating this at a time when popular clamour was at its height, and if, in his warmth, he had expressed any thing that was personally offensive to any individual — (Here the cries of "*The King, the King, the King,*" were heard, and a loud voice sounding out "*God save the King.*") At that instant the large doors were thrown open on the right hand side of the throne, and silence having been instantly obtained, his Majesty, accompanied by his attendants, entered the House. His Majesty mounted the throne with a firm step, seated himself, and immediately bowed to those on the right and left, saying he begged their Lordships to be seated. Several bills then obtained the royal assent; amongst which were the Civil List bill, the County Rates bill, the River Wye Navigation bill, the Liverpool and Manchester Railway bill, the Preston Railway Bill, and a great number of private bills. After the bills had received the royal assent, and the members of the House of Commons had been summoned to, and appeared at the bar, his Majesty, after putting on his glasses, read the following speech in the most firm, distinct, and audible manner, so as to be heard with more ease and accuracy than probably any speaker who ever uttered a word in that House: —

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have come to meet you for the purpose of proroguing the present Parliament, with a view to its immediate Dissolution. I have been induced to resort to this measure, for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of my people, in the way in which it can be most constitutionally and authentically expressed, on the expediency of making such changes in the representation as circumstances may appear to require, and which shall be founded on the acknowledged principles of the Constitution, and may tend at once to uphold the just rights and prerogatives of the Crown, and to give security to the liberties of my people.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I thank you for the provision which you have made for the maintenance of the honour and dignity of the Crown; and I offer you my special acknowledgments for the arrangements you have made for the state and comfort of my Royal Consort. — I have also to thank you for the supplies which you have furnished for the public service; and I have observed, with satisfaction, that you have endeavoured to introduce the strictest economy in every branch of that service; and I trust that the attention of the new Parliament, which I shall forthwith direct to be called, will be applied unceasingly to that important subject.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I am happy to inform you that the friendly intercourse which subsists between myself and Foreign Powers, affords the best hope of the continuance of peace; to preserve which my most anxious endeavours shall be constantly directed.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"In resolving to have recourse to the sense of my people in the present circumstances of the country, I have been influenced only by a paternal anxiety for the contentment and happiness of my subjects; to promote which I rely confidently on your continued and zealous assistance.

"My pleasure is, that this Parliament be prorogued to Tuesday, the 10th day of May."

As soon as his Majesty had concluded, he descended from his throne, and immediately proceeded to the Palace. On the outside of the House he was received with deafening shouts. Whilst he was on the throne, Earl Grey held the sword of state, and the Lord Chancellor stood at the King's right hand, holding the purse. A great number of other members attended, and surrounded his Majesty while on the throne. All parties left the House immediately the King had

retired; and the papers state that it is utterly impossible to describe the countenances of the anti-reformers during the whole proceedings.

HOUSE OF COMMONS. — *Friday, April 22.*

The House of Commons was early crowded. The Speaker appeared in his robes. On the presentation of a petition from Kent, on the subject of Reform, Sir R. Vyvyan rose, amidst tremendous confusion, and said, that the appearance of the Speaker in his robes solved the question which he had asked last night. He addressed the House. He exclaimed, in a tone of rage at the highest pitch of his voice, "It is folly to disguise from ourselves that we are on the eve of a revolution." (*Loud cries of "Hear hear."*) An honourable and learned civilian said last night that I had attempted to raise the cry of "No Popery!" again; that I had tried to raise religious agitation. I boldly avow that that is my feeling and my object. (*Loud cries, and shouts of "Hear, hear."*) For, sir, it cannot be denied that we have lost the balance of power between the English and Irish members. (*Hear, hear.*) I do not, sir, blame the Roman Catholic priests for the part they have taken in returning members to this House. I only censure those measures which gave them the power." (*Hear, hear.*) He proceeded to exclaim against the Irish Catholics and Mr. O'Connell, who, he said, was now the sole governor of Ireland. (*Cries of "Hear, hear," and "No, no."*) "If that Honourable Member were now in his place, I would most humbly pray him not to exert his great influence in the present agitated state of Ireland. I would pray him, sir, to be merciful in these days of agitation; and I would pray him, sir, moreover, to have mercy on the present Whig administration. (*Tremendous shouting, and cries of "Hear," from all quarters.*) For two centuries the constitution of Parliament has remained the same as it is now. A change, however, is about to take place, and, strange to say, the funds were rising. (*Hear, hear, hear.*) Little, sir, do the fundholders know of the effects of a reformed Parliament. (*Tremendous shouts of "Hear, hear."*) They ought to know that no new Government had much regard for the debts of an old one. (*Hear.*) Let, sir, the fundholders not deceive themselves. Let them not lay the flattering unction to their souls, that their property was safe, or that the funds would not be touched. (*Hear.*) Why, sir, the very men now in power, those who have advised the King to dissolve, in order to keep their places; those very men have always contended that the money that was to carry on an unnecessary and useless war — (*Loud cries of "Question."*) Sir, the question before the House is, whether we are to

be dissolved or not. (*Cries of "No, no; that is no longer a question;" and laughter.*) Well, then, the question is, are we to be dissolved because we have voted the number of the English members should not be reduced?"

Sir Francis Burdett here rose to order. He submitted that there was no question before the House. An Honourable Member had presented a petition in favour of Reform, a measure which had his perfect concurrence and — (*Loud cries of "Order" from all parts of the House.*)

The Speaker said, the question before the House was on a petition, praying for Reform. What the Honourable Baronet had been speaking about, was a dissolution of Parliament, which, in his humble opinion, was not at all, or in any way, applicable to the question of Reform. (*Hear.*)

Several Honourable Members rose at the same moment, and a scene of uproar and confusion took place, such as had not been witnessed within the memory of the oldest person acquainted with the proceedings of that House. As soon as order was temporarily restored, Sir R. Vyvyan again addressed the House, and assailed the ministers. They had held out to the different classes of the country, the very great benefit that would accrue; but if a change took place, it may be for the benefit of the one, and the injury of the other. No great change could take place without injury to some. (*Hear, hear.*) The farmers would no longer obtain those profits which they had hitherto been in the possession of. (*Hear, hear.*) Ministers could not appeal to the agricultural interests with any hope of success; and a stronger feeling of excitation had not prevailed since the time of the breaking up of Sir Robert Walpole's administration. The prevailing opinion now was, that the tithes were to be repealed. (*Hear.*) If we get a reformed Parliament, it would take the crown off the King's head. — [At this moment the discharge of cannon announced that his Majesty had arrived at the House of Lords. As every succeeding gun was fired, the cheers and groans of members became stronger and louder. The shouts were, indeed, most deafening.] — Sir R. Vyvyan attempted to proceed, but not a single word could be heard.

Sir R. Peel rose, and approached the table. The scene at this moment was such as to beggar description. During the confusion, Lord Althorp rose on the opposite side of the table. The Noble Lord on one side, and the Right Honourable Baronet on the other, exerted all their physical strength to obtain a hearing. Their action and manner were most extraordinary and animated. The confusion here rose in the House to the greatest possible height.

The Speaker called "Order," and the whole

of the members rose from their seats, when loud cries of "*Shame, shame!*" resounded from all parts of the House.

After order was restored, Sir R. Peel rose, and after having complained of the manner in which the dissolution had been made; that it set aside the honour of the House; he declared, however, that he was not like his Honourable Friend, the member for Cornwall — he was not inclined to despair; for if the people united in the great cause of supporting their liberties and their constitution, he had the greatest confidence of the most happy results. (*Hear.*) It was, however, proper that the people of England should know what was likely to take place; a reformed Parliament would give the Government of this country into the hands of demagogues. (*Hear.*) It would reduce this happy country, like other once flourishing countries, to a state of despotism and destruction. Revolt was showing itself in the West India colonies, and would soon extend to England. His Majesty's Government, to save themselves from loss of power, had advised his Majesty to dissolve Parliament. (*Hear.*) If the Crown was to be so easily influenced — if its independence was to be so far extinguished, — it was an unthankful office to own a high official situation; and yet the present ministers dissolve for the purpose of protecting their places. The present administration, during the short period they have been in power, had shown always the greatest incapacity for business — (*Hear, hear, hear*) — they had shown the greatest imbecility of any administration in the history of the country. They had been in office for six months, and he begged to ask what they had done? They had tossed upon the table certain bills — game bills for instance — emigration bills; and then, after having established respecting them what they were pleased to denominate liberal principles, they left them to their fate. "If we are dissolved," said the Honourable Member — [Here the appearance of Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, the Usher of the Black Rod, at the bar of the House, prevented the Honourable Member from concluding his sentence.] The Usher: "I am commanded by his Majesty to command the immediate attendance of this Honourable House in the House of Lords, to hear his Majesty's royal assent to several bills; and also his Majesty's speech for the prorogation of Parliament."

The Speaker forthwith attended the House of Lords, with a body of the members, to hear the speech. No other proceedings took place in the Commons; and the House separated without any further manifestation of feeling.

The 10th of next month was the day mentioned, *pro formâ*, by the Lord Chan-

cellor, on Friday last, from the woolsack, as that on which the sad old Parliament then prorogued by order of His Majesty was to reassemble. We rejoice to have to announce that the 10th of May will be put to a far more honourable and more gratifying service. The sad old Parliament will never meet again. But a meeting will, nevertheless, take place in London on the very day above mentioned, — a joyous and affectionate meeting — not of borough-jobbers, to plunder the nation and insult it, but a meeting between King William and his faithful people, the loyal citizens of his great metropolis, whom our gracious Sovereign has signified his intention of honouring with his Royal Presence at dinner.

It is needless to say another word upon this grateful and animating subject: the heart of every Englishman must tell him how to manifest his feelings towards such a guest, — appearing as he does amongst those whose children's children, even to the remotest posterity, will idolise the memory of William the Fourth as that of the benefactor, the restorer, and father of his country. — *Times*.

THE COURT. — HER MAJESTY'S BALL.

ON Monday evening, 25th ultimo, the Queen gave her first state ball since her accession to the throne, in honour of the birth-day of the Duchess of Gloucester. The preparations for the entertainment, which took place at the palace, St. James's, were most splendid. A temporary orchestra was fitted up on the south side of the ball-room for the quadrille band. At the east end, a platform covered with crimson cloth was raised for the accommodation of their Majesties and the members of the Royal Family. Above the seats were hung crimson draperies, with gold coloured fringe corresponding with the curtains of the room. The floor of the room was tastefully chalked; in the middle were the royal arms of England: on one side, the star of the order of the Garter; on the other, the star of the order of the Bath. At the top, W. R., enclosed in a wreath of foliage; at the bottom, A. R., similarly enclosed. The whole suite of rooms were brilliantly illuminated. The company began to arrive about half-past nine o'clock. The dresses worn by the ladies were remarkable for elegance and richness. His Majesty, dressed in a field-marshal's uniform, entered the ball-room at a quarter past

ten o'clock; when the quadrille band in the ball-room, and the band in the throne-room, led by Weippert, immediately struck up "God save the King." The Queen, the Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cumberland, the Duke of Sussex, the Landgrave of Hesse Homberg, the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Leopold, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Prince George of Cambridge, soon afterwards followed. The Queen's dress was of white satin, richly embroidered with gold. Dancing then commenced. At one o'clock supper was served in the banqueting-room: after supper the King retired. Her Majesty left the rooms at half-past two o'clock. This company, amongst whom

were most of the foreign ambassadors, and several noble and distinguished personages, shortly afterwards quitted the palace.

His Majesty's visit to Guildhall is fixed for the 17th of May.

RACES.

CHESTER, May 2d; York, 9th; St. Albans, 10th; Liverpool, 11th; Stafford and Epsom, 17th; South Shields, 23d; Manchester, 25th; Ascot, 31st. Beverley and Newton, June 1; Stockbridge and Buckston, 8th; Tenbury, 19th; Bath, 15th; Newcastle, 20th; Wells and Bridgnorth, 22d; Bridgwater, Lancaster, and Bibury, 28th; Ludlow, 29th.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS. — Sons.

March 28. At Upper Clapton, the lady of Lieutenant *Gustavus Evans*. — March 31. In Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square, the lady of *William Belton Creadock*, Esq. — April 2. At Coombe, Surrey, the lady of *T. W. Sutherland*, Esq. — April 2. At Gloucester Place, the lady of *Charles Gonne*, Esq. — April 6. At Kensington, the wife of *Henry Ronalds*, M. D. — April 10. At 17. Eaton Place, the lady of *Charles Brownlow*, Esq. M. P. — April 5. At Woodland, near Wellington, Somerset, the lady of *John Day*, Esq. — April 7. At Market Harborough, the Honourable Mrs. *W. de Capell Brooke*.

BIRTHS. — Daughters.

April 4. The lady of *M. J. Quin*, Esq. — April 6. At Southgate Park, Mrs. *William Tennant*. — April 1. At Cheltenham, the lady of *Charles Earle*, Esq. — April 10. At Palmer's Green, the lady of *Isaac Walker*, Esq.

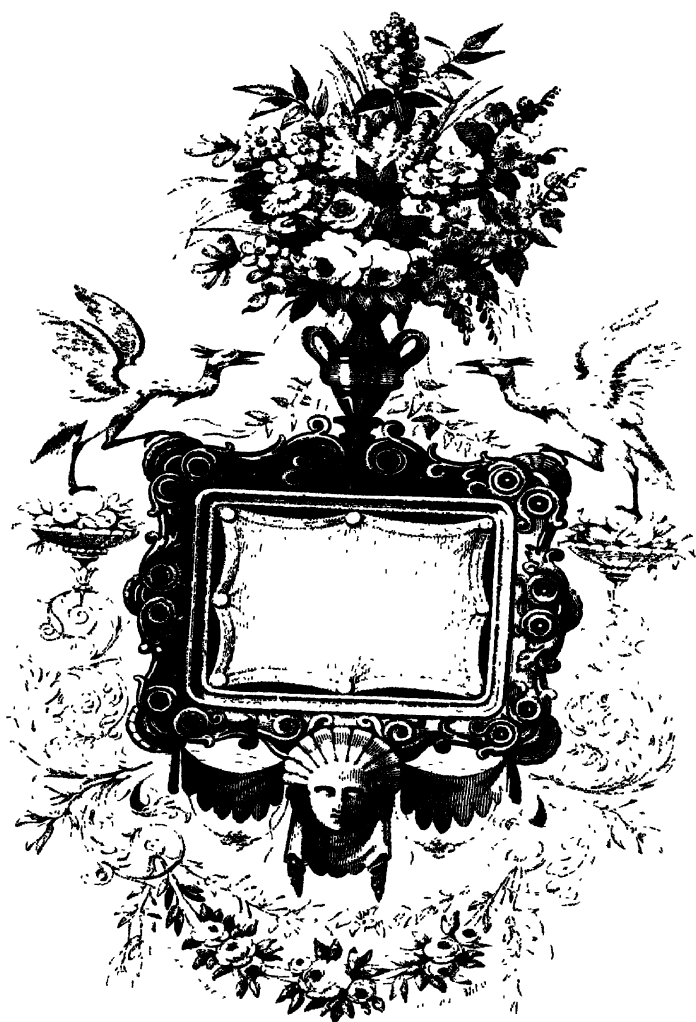
MARRIAGES.

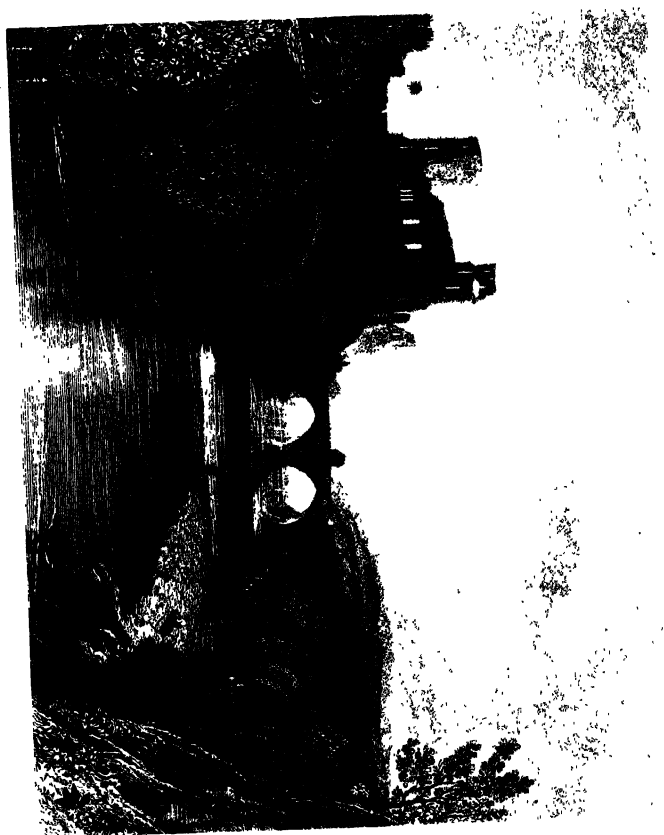
April 4. At St. Pancras Church, New Road, by the Rev. E. P. Hannam, Lieut. *J. W. Dunbar Moodie*, of His Majesty's 21st Regiment of Fusileers, and son of the late *James Moodie*, Esq. of Melsetter, to *Susanna*, youngest daughter of the late *Thomas Strickland*, Esq. of Reydon, in the county of Suffolk. — April 15. At Waterbeach, by the Rev. H. Fardell, A. M., Prebendary of Ely, *James M. Wilt*, Esq. of Swaffham Prior, Cambridgeshire, to *Sarah*, youngest daughter of the late *John Turner*, Esq. of Cadbury, Devonshire. — April 5. At St. John's, Hampstead, the Rev. *Henry Causton*, A. M., to the Honourable *Frances Hester Pouys*. — April 6. At Tottenham, *Robert Thomas Fletcher*, Esq. of

Brentford, to *Ellen*, only daughter of *Charles Andrew Thomson*, Esq. — April 18. At Fulham Church, *W. B. Lund*, Esq. of Hampstead, to *Magdalen*, daughter of the late *George Yellow*, Esq. of Hammersmith. — April 12. At Iver Church, Lieutenant-Colonel *Bridger C. B.* to Miss *Jane Copeland*, of Iver, Bucks.

DEATHS.

March 27. At Jersey, *James Trinkey*, Esq. of Lewisham, Kent, aged 83. — March 31. At Richmond, Surrey, Mr. *John Little*, in the 86th year of his age. — April 2. At Solihull, Warwickshire, *John Short*, Esq. aged 92. — *Sussanah*, widow of the late *Joshua Walker*, Esq. of Clifton House, near Rotherham, and of Blyth Lane, Notts, aged 71. — April 4. At Cople House, Bedfordshire, the Right Honourable Lady *Charlotte Ludlow*. — April 6. At Grosvenor Place, *Petro Vae*, Esq. — April 4. At Bath, *Jonathan Wathen*, Esq. of Magdalen Hall, Oxford. — April 2. At Walworth, Mrs. *Coleman*, widow of the late Mr. *Thomas Coleman*, of Waltham Abbey, Essex, in her 85th year. — March 30. At Edinburgh, Miss *Margaret Keith Abercromby*, daughter of the late General *Abercromby* of Glasshaugh, Banffshire. — April 6. At Lewes, the Reverend *W. Johnstone*, aged 86. — In Italy, suddenly, the son of *Louis Buonaparte*, whose death is attributed to poison. — *John Abernethy*, Esq. the very eminent surgeon, at his residence, Enfield. — April 26. Lord and Lady *Walsingham* at his Lordship's house in Harley Street, Cavendish Square: the former burnt to death, and almost to a cinder, in his own sleeping chamber, the latter by fractures received in consequence of jumping out of the window to escape from the flames.



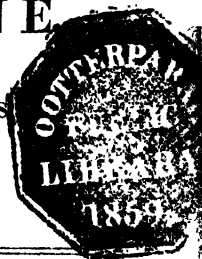


THE LADY'S MAGAZINE

OR

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

Improved Series.



VOL. III.

JUNE, 1831.

No. XVIII.

THE GOOD SHIP HOPE.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

CAPTAIN HUGH WINTERSTERN, in command of the good ship *Hope*, as the continuation of our narrative will more fully acquaint the reader, was every inch a seaman, as bold a tar as ever trod the quarter-deck or hoisted the jib. He had commenced his naval career as a simple cabin-boy, and from that humble station had been promoted to the dignified rank of helmsman. To what further elevation he might have attained on board a king's ship is a matter of uncertainty, as at the battle of Trafalgar he enjoyed the superlative glory, if not good fortune, of having his left arm fractured by a splinter, and after the amputation of that member was discharged from his Majesty's service with most excellent certificates. A good character affording but slender diet, and repose being wholly unsuited to our gallant tar's humour, he seized the first opportunity of tendering his services as chief mate of a privateer. Whilst in this situation, his share of the prize-money, obtained from some lucky captures, enabled him to purchase a few treatises on navigation; and as he needed no master in the practical part of that science, he soon made considerable progress in the theory. In process of time he became the captain of a pirate lugger, carrying three guns, and manned with a crew of sixty desperadoes, whose exploits have, to this day, left no pleasing recollections among the petty traders of the French coast. The termination of the war was a deathblow to Winterstern, who had begun to con-

ceive hopes of amassing a little fortune at the expense of our opposite neighbours; but as Hugh on land was like a fish out of water, he resolved again to trust his fortunes to his native element, were it even on board a lubberly merchantman. Being known for an old sailor, and no flincher, he was at once intrusted with the command of a vessel. On the abolition of the slave trade, his dexterity in eluding the British cruizers, still more than his numerous stratagems for defeating the vigilance of the French cutters, rendered him an invaluable acquisition to the traders in ebony.*

To his praise be it spoken, Winterstern by no means entertained that slavish respect for routine which many stubborn old sailors bring with them into the higher ranks of their profession. One of his innovations, which raised him mightily in the estimation of the slave-owners, was the construction of a brig, built under his own immediate inspection, on a peculiar plan, and destined for the negro traffic. This vessel, which was aptly named the *Hope*, was a fast sailer, long and narrow in her hull, like a man-of-war, and yet capable of containing a more than usual number of blacks. To the hold, in which the negroes are usually confined, the ingenious constructor would allow but the height of three feet four inches; an elevation which, in his opinion, afforded ample sitting-room to slaves of reasonable stature. "And why," remarked the humane and economic Winterstern, "why

* The slang term for the slave-dealers.

should they remain eternally on their legs? on their arrival at the plantations, they will have but too much of that work." Again, in most of the slave-ships, the negroes being disposed in two parallel rows, their backs reclining against the side planks of the hold, a space is left between the feet of those composing each rank, and a free passage is thus secured through the double file. In this narrow interval, however, Winterstern usually placed an additional stratum of negroes; by which ingenious contrivance his vessel contained at least ten or a dozen more head of black cattle than another of the same tonnage. Strictly speaking, as his ship-owner observed, it might have held a still greater number: "But then," as Winterstern feelingly replied, "humanity! the inalienable rights of man! for," added he, in justification of his liberal views, "these poor devils of negroes, after all, are our brethren!"

On a certain Friday, as superstitious folks have since remarked, in the month of September, A. D. 180-, the good ship Hope, well rigged and well equipped, sailed from the port of ——. Her voyage to the coast of Africa was unmarked by any particularity, save by its unusual rapidity; and this fortunate accident was still further enhanced by the circumstance that, at the moment when the Captain cast anchor, neither French nor British cruisers were on the watch. The opportunity was most favourable; accordingly the Hope was soon boarded by the principal slave-brokers of the country. Among the rest, Tamango, a famous African warrior and dealer in human flesh, had just conducted to the sea-side a goodly troop of negroes, and was selling off his live stock at the most reduced prices: for be it known, the chieftain was never at a loss to furnish, in exact proportion to the demands of his customers, a fresh supply of the commodity in which he dealt.

Immediately on his arrival in the river, Captain Winterstern disembarked, and paid his complimentary visit to Tamango, whom he found squatting in a straw-built hut, of rude and hasty construction, and accompanied by two of his wives, with a few slave-drivers. The African, in order to receive the white Captain with becoming dignity, had attired himself with inconceivable taste. The upper part of his exterior man was disguised in an old regimental jacket, presumed, from certain

indications on the main body of the garment, to have originally been of a scarlet hue. On one of the sleeves were still visible the four stripes of an infantry serjeant-major; and from each shoulder dangled two gold epaulettes, attached to the same button, and at every movement of the wearer gracefully bobbing, one in front, the other in the rear. The redoubtable Tamango was untainted with the effeminate European prejudice, which holds that a shirt is an indispensable portion of the human habiliment; and as the jacket which he wore on this occasion had evidently been made for some degenerate mortal of more diminutive mould, the buttons and button-holes situated at its nether extremity had long enjoyed sinecure places. To this circumstance must be attributed the frequent, and indeed ostentatious, display of a broad band of black untanned leather, in guise of a waistbelt, and occupying the space midway between the summit of Tamango's coarse linen inexpressibles and the dubious-coloured facings that terminated his military vestment. A huge broadsword, suspended to his side by means of a piece of cord, the hilt trailing far behind on the ground, added much to his martial appearance. The *tout ensemble* of the warrior received an exquisite polish from the ease with which he managed a double-barrelled fusil of English make, occasionally tossing it high in the air, and then with careless dexterity receiving it in its descent. Thus accoutred, Tamango figured as a unique specimen of an African fashionable—the very *beau idéal* of a tropical dandy.

For some time Winterstern silently contemplated the living portrait before him, whilst the African seemed to enjoy the impression which his gallant bearing produced on the white man, and, to show off his brawny person to the utmost, stood square to his front, somewhat in the style of a grenadier undergoing the inspection of a general officer. Winterstern, who passed for a connoisseur in such matters, could, in truth, scarcely contain his admiration; and at length, turning to his lieutenant, he declared that such merchandise, delivered safe and sound at Jamaica, would fetch a thousand dollars; "Not a stiver less, by G—," concluded the Captain, who always rounded his eloquence with some such emphatic but profane peroration.

Business invariably goes on much better when the parties concerned banish all ceremony, and talk over their affairs in a companionable way. Conformably to this acknowledged maxim, whites and blacks comfortably seated themselves on the ground; a sailor, who professed to understand something of the dialect of the Yolloffs (if such Pagans can be said to have a dialect), offering his services as interpreter. Next to a commodious disposition of the individual man, a modicum of cordial and enlivening beverage helps greatly towards the discussion of all questions appertaining to buying and selling. For this reason, when the customary civilities had been duly interchanged between the suite of Tamango and the messmates of the bold tar, a basket, containing sundry bottles of brandy, was at once introduced as a prelude to business. A few flasks having been despatched by way of sample, the Captain, to put Tamango in good humour, presented him with a magnificent copper powder-horn, on which was embossed in bas relief a striking likeness of his most gracious Majesty George III. The gift was accepted with suitable acknowledgments; and dealer and chapman, leaving the hut, proceeded to seat themselves in the shade, directly opposite to the brandy-bottles. These preliminary arrangements terminated, Tamango gave the signal for the appearance of the negroes destined for sale. A long file of slaves were accordingly conducted to the chieftain's presence; their bodies bent double with fatigue, and something, perchance, with fear. The neck of each miserable captive was imprisoned within a wooden machine, fashioned like a two-pronged fork, both points joined towards the nape by a cross bar, and the handle about six feet in length.

As each male or female slave passed in review before him, Winterstern disdainfully shrugged his shoulders; pronounced the men feeble and diminutive, the women too old or too young, and bitterly lamented the degeneracy of the negro race. "Zounds!" exclaimed he with energy, "how times are altered! I recollect when a black wench under five feet eight wouldn't fetch a dollar; and as to the negroes of those days, damme, if four of them wouldn't have turned the capstan of a frigate, and taken up the best bower anchor!"

This, it must be understood, was said entirely in the way of business, and in accordance with the approved fashion of disparagement in use amongst all purchasers; for notwithstanding the asperity of his criticism, the worthy Captain gave proof of his profound judgment, by selecting the stoutest and handsomest negroes from Tamango's stock. These, after some haggling, he consented to purchase at the market price; but with regard to the rest, he insisted on a considerable abatement. The African, on his side, as in duty bound, warmly defended his own interests; enlarged on the sound constitutions and robust frames of his negroes; expatiated generally on the scarcity of the article, and particularly on the mischief occasioned to the trade by the officious interference of Messieurs Wilberforce and the Saints; and concluded by proposing his very lowest price.

As soon as the interpreter had translated into passable English the *ultimatum* of Tamango, the Captain, shocked at the extravagant proposal, fired another tremendous volley of oaths, and instantly jumped on his feet, as though resolved to break off all negotiation with a man so utterly destitute of conscience. This hasty measure not suiting the black warrior's purpose, he with much difficulty prevailed on his customer to resume his seat on the ground. Away flew the cork, and, we believe, the neck of a fresh bottle; and the disputants having imbibed a reasonable quantity of the additional potation, the question was again argued in its various bearings. It was now the negro's turn to cavil at the proposals of Winterstern. Both spoke at once, shouted, squabbled, and drank as much brandy as would have served to float the good ship Hope; that is, gentle reader, if you will condescend to interpret our phrase metaphorically. It is here worthy of remark, that the above-mentioned liquor produced an opposite effect on each of the contracting parties: the more the European absorbed, the more he diminished his offers; the more the African swallowed, the less exorbitant became his demands; so that with the last glass of the last bottle, both vender and purchaser came to an understanding. For one hundred and sixty slaves, Tamango consented to receive in exchange some cotton stuffs, some gunpowder, flints, three kegs of brandy, and about fifty well-mended En-

glish fowlingpieces. The Captain and the half-intoxicated negro shook hands over the bargain, and the slaves were delivered to the crew of the Hope, who proceeded to disencumber them of their portable wooden pillories, which were forthwith replaced by iron collars and manacles; a fact that speaks volumes for the blessings of English liberty, and for the superiority of European civilisation.

Some thirty slaves were still left on Tamango's hands; the mere refuse of his stock; a sad mixture of old men, infirm women, and infant children. What was to be done with this residue? The brig was already full; but Tamango, wishing to make a clear sale, proposed to sell the lot at the price of a bottle of brandy each negro. The offer was extremely tempting. Winterstern bethought him, that at the representation of a Christmas pantomime, which he had many years before witnessed at a London theatre, he had seen a number of portly individuals insinuate themselves into a pit already crammed to suffocation, and absolutely succeed in squeezing themselves into seats, in virtue of the compressibility of the human frame. The recollection of this example served our tar as a precedent; he therefore selected twenty negroes from among the slenderest of the hitherto rejected batch.

Ten negroes, women and children inclusive, still remained; but for each of these Tamango, who now waxed more and more moderate, demanded but a single glass of brandy. Winterstern, who, as the reader may have perceived, was an adept at drawing parallels, again reflected, that in many places of public entertainment, and occasionally in stage coaches, children pay but half price, and may therefore be supposed to occupy each but the moiety of a seat. He accordingly consented to purchase three negro children; but at the same time vehemently protested that not another black, of what age, sex, tribe, quality, or denomination soever, should be admitted on board his vessel. Hopeless of disposing of his remnant in the fair way of barter, Tamango seized his fusil, and levelled it at the head of one of the female slaves, the mother of the three children just purchased by the English captain. "Bid for her instantly," cried the furious African, "or I show no mercy! — a glass of brandy — one little glass of brandy —

or I fire!" Winterstern, who prized humanity much, but good Cognac still more, demurred to this proposal. "In the devil's name, Blacky," said he, "what can I do with such damaged ware?" Tamango looked along the barrel of his fusil; when just at this critical juncture one of his wives turned aside his arm, and the contents of the piece whizzed harmlessly about three inches above the head of the trembling slave.

Maddened with the fumes of the brandy, and doubly infuriated at this act of conjugal rebellion, Tamango, as a corrective, was about to apply the butt of his fusil to the head and shoulders of his refractory helpmate. Winterstern, however, interposed in behalf of the sable beauty; when suddenly turning to him — "Take her," said the African in his rage; "I give her freely; she is yours."

Ayché was the belle of her tribe. The raven's plumage was not more brilliant than were her jet-black but regular features. Winterstern was a judge of ladies; that is to say, ladies of colour. Having measured Ayché's person at a glance, and terminated the hasty inspection with a smile of approbation, "I accept the gift," said he; "we have still room for one."

The interpreter was a man overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and generously resolved to make a sacrifice for the redemption of the seven remaining slaves, whom the remorseless Tamango seemed disposed to massacre without further respite. He accordingly offered, in exchange for this unpromising lot, an excellent *papier maché* snuff-box, the gift of his aunt, on whose presents he set a high value. "Agreed!" exclaimed Tamango; and the interpreter, instantly releasing the captives from their biforked yokes, gave them full licence to scamper off whithersoever they listed. The Captain then bade adieu to the black warrior, and busied himself with the necessary preparations for the embarkation of his live cargo. Time was exceedingly precious; the cruisers might at every moment make their appearance; for which reason, Winterstern prudently determined to weigh anchor before morning. As for Tamango, that well soaked personage made choice of a grassy and sequestered spot, where under the shade he laid himself down at full length, in order to doze away the effects of his spirituous potations.

On awaking, the warrior descried the English brig in full sail, and going down the river with a steady breeze. His head still confused with the revel of the preceding evening, he imperiously demanded his wife Ayché. A negro slave informed him, that the tender and submissive creature having unfortunately incurred his displeasure, he had of his own free gift bestowed her on the white captain, who had forthwith ordered her to be conveyed on board his ship. Thunderstruck at this intelligence, Tamango smote his forehead, seized his fusil, and, as the stream made several oblique and lengthy windings before it finally discharged itself into the ocean, he resolved to take a short cut with which he was acquainted, and which led directly to a little creek, distant about half a league from the mouth of the river. There he hoped to find a canoe that might enable him to join the brig, which, on account of her sinuous course, could not as yet have made considerable way. Having instantly acted on this idea, he found that his calculations had been just. He arrived in time to jump into a boat, and, plying the oars with vigour, was soon alongside of the Hope.

Great was the amazement of Winterstern at the second appearance of Tamango, and still greater on learning the motive which had procured him that unexpected pleasure. "No, no," replied he to the African's demand; "your gift I intend to keep in token of the donor's esteem;" and the jocular Captain, without further ceremony, turned his back upon the suitor. The latter still persisted, and offered in ransom for Ayché a portion of the objects which he had received as the price of his negroes. This proposal increased the Captain's merriment: with an ironical compliment to Tamango's taste, he declared his belief that Ayché would make an excellent wife. The suppliant, upon this, shed a torrent of tears, rolled himself frantically on the deck, and called on his beloved by a thousand endearing appellations. Winterstern the while, as cool as a cucumber, pointed to the canoe, and by nods and gestures intimated to the African that he would do well to think of making for the shore. Tamango heeded him not; and at last offered his gold epaulettes, his sabre, and even his double-barrelled gun; all of which were peremptorily rejected.

Whilst Tamango, in despair, writhed

like a madman on the deck, and battered his woolly head against the planks, the lieutenant of the Hope, approaching Winterstern, and whispering softly in his ear—"Last night," said he, "three of our negroes died; we have therefore plenty of room: suppose, in their stead, we were to take this sturdy well-built ruffian, who, in all conscience, is worth the whole three?" In a trice, Winterstern acknowledged the propriety of his lieutenant's suggestion. He reflected, that Tamango would sell for a thousand dollars at least; that this voyage would probably be his last; in a word, that his fortune was made; and that, as he intended to abandon the ebony trade, it signified but little whether his name should henceforth resound along the Guinea coast through the trumpet of good or ill report. The river bank was wholly deserted, and the African warrior at his mercy. The grand difficulty was to deprive him of his arms; for, while they remained in his possession, the bravest ten of the Hope's crew would have found him a formidable foe. The matter, however, was manageable. On pretence of examining the fusil which Tamango offered in exchange for his dear Ayché, the Captain requested permission to view it more closely; and in playing with the lock, adroitly contrived to shake the priming from the pan. The lieutenant, on his side, courteously expressed a wish to inspect the sabre; and Tamango being thus completely disarmed, a couple of stout sailors rushed upon him in a twinkling, tripped up his heels, and commenced the operation of pinioning his arms. Though stunned by the unexpected attack, the black made a most heroic resistance, and, spite of every disadvantage, succeeded in regaining an upright posture. With one vigorous blow he felled the sailor who had collared him; and leaving a portion of his jacket in the hands of the other, rushed furiously upon the lieutenant, who had obtained possession of his sabre. The latter aimed a stroke at the African's head, on which he inflicted an ugly gash, but less deep than broad, from the side-long direction imparted to the weapon. The luckless Tamango fell a second time; and in this position the sailors were enabled to secure his hands and feet. Bellowing with rage, and gnashing his tusks like a boar taken in the toils, he struggled to the last; then, faint with the

loss of blood, closed his eyes, and lay motionless on the crimsoned deck. His quick and husky respiration alone betokened that the vital spark was not wholly extinguished.

Winterstern for some time eyed his fallen adversary with a feeling of commiseration; then bursting into a loud laugh, "Zounds," said he, "this is what I call retributive justice! how those black rascals in the hold will chuckle to see their old master in his turn a slave! the devil's in it, if this don't teach them to put their trust in Providence!" Meanwhile, Tamango lay weltering in his blood. The interpreter, who, the evening before, had so charitably released the seven negroes, and who to his other qualifications added some knowledge of surgery, bandaged the wound, and essayed to address the sufferer with some words of consolation in his native tongue. Tamango remained immoveable and silent as a corpse. In this state he was carried by two sailors into the hold, and tossed like a log into the place reserved for his accommodation, as Winterstern facetiously denominated a portion of space about five feet by two. For two days the captive refused all sustenance, and scarcely opened his eyes. The companions of his durance, heretofore his prisoners of war, gazed on him with stupid astonishment; and such was the terror inspired by his presence, that not a single negro dared to insult the stern misery of one to whom he was himself indebted for hopeless bondage.

Favoured by a stiff breeze from land, the Captain's vessel soon left the coast of Africa far behind. Already free from all anxiety on the subject of the cruizers, Winterstern began to calculate the expected profits of his trip. His ebony had, as yet, sustained but little damage. Twelve negroes at most, and those the sickliest and the puniest, had died of suffocation — a mere trifle, scarcely worth mentioning! Our Captain was in high luck; and in order to merit a continuance of such good fortune, resolved to pay all prudent attention to the health of his human cargo. For this purpose, he gave orders that the negroes should each day be suffered to remain on deck during one hour out of the twenty-four. In consequence of this humane regulation, the wretches were divided into three squads, each squad being in turn allowed exactly sixty minutes to inhale a provision of

fresh air for the rest of the day. The slaves whose turn it was to quit the hold, were strictly surveyed by the crew; the greater portion of whom were under arms to guard against the possibility of revolt: any attempt at which was rendered still more difficult, from the circumstance that the negroes were seldom released from their irons. At times, too, an old weather-beaten tar, who was an amateur performer on the violin, regaled them with an exquisite "taste of his quality." It was, indeed, a curious spectacle to behold their sable visages anxiously turned towards the musician, gradually losing the expression of torpid apathy, and expanding with an ample grin; their hands and feet the while keeping time to the melody as correctly as their fetters would allow them play. "Exercise," said the Captain, "is conducive to health;" wherefore he adopted the salutary practise of frequently compelling the negroes to dance, as horses embarked for a long voyage are made to prance and paw, without advancing an inch. "Dance and be merry, boys!" would the jolly Captain exclaim in a voice of thunder, while, as an incentive to the observance of the recreative injunction, the long lash of his whip performed its evolutions through the air. Who, after this, will say that slavery is a bitter draught? Brougham, Wilberforce, &c. &c. hide your diminished heads, and put your handkerchiefs in your pockets!

During several days Tamango remained under the hatches, from the effects of his wound. He at length re-appeared on deck; and with an air of conscious superiority looked down upon the awe-stricken crew of negroes, once his slaves, but now his associates in misery. At times he gazed mournfully, but calmly, on the wide expanse of ocean that surrounded his floating prison, and when weary of the sight, sunk down upon the spot where he had stood, scarce casting one look of anguish on the fetters that weighed upon his aching limbs. Winterstern, seated on the quarter-deck, tranquilly smoked his pipe, or occasionally received a glass of ratafia from the hand of Ayché, who, clad in a robe of blue dimity, her feet immured in a pair of delicate Morocco slippers, stood near the Captain with a tray of liqueurs. The African beauty was evidently attached to the personal staff of her new master, and seemed invested with an important, though rather

indefinite office: she was, in short, a sort of Hebe to this Jupiter Tonans of the Hope. One day, a malicious negro, who detested Tamango, made him a sign to look towards that side of the vessel where Ayché was at the very moment occupied with her functions. Tamango, turning his head, perceived his ex-wife; and uttering a savage yell, rushed upon the quarter-deck ere any opposition could be made to so enormous a breach of naval discipline. "Ayché!" cried he, with the voice of a stentor, to which the bewitching slave responded with a shriek of terror; "Ayché!" repeated Tamango in a solemn tone, "beware! think you that in white man's country there is no *Mumbo Jumbo*?" Part of the crew instantly sprang upon the audacious mutineer, who, heedless of the blows showered on him from all quarters, quietly resumed his place, whilst Ayché seemed petrified by his awful appeal. Even the science of the interpreter was unable to expound the mystery attached to the attributes of *Mumbo Jumbo*. In vain the Captain endeavoured to console his cup-bearer: neither caresses, nor even blows—for the patience of an angel has its bounds—produced the slightest effect. Winterstern growled like a bear. Luckily, at this moment the officer of the watch was betrayed into some trifling peccadillo—a most timely accident, which served as a safety-valve for the issue of the Captain's spleen.

The next morning, Tamango, haughty and unbending as before, again appeared upon deck. Watching her opportunity, Ayché suddenly quitted the quarter-deck, where she had been seated beside the Captain, threw herself at the feet of her whilom spouse, and in the accents of heartfelt despair—"Pardon! pardon! Tamango," sobbed she. The African looked on her for a moment in silence; then, quick as thought, availing himself of the interpreter's momentary absence, "A file!" said he; and turning his back to Ayché, as though in contempt of her penitence and tears, stretched himself on the deck. The monosyllable was not lost upon the ear for which alone it was intended: though, uttered in the speaker's native dialect, it excited no suspicion in the minds of Winterstern and his crew.

Confined with the other negroes, Tamango nightly exhausted his savage eloquence to inspire them with a generous

love of freedom. He explained to them how slight was the danger to be apprehended from an attempt to shake off their fetters; he expatiated on the comparatively feeble numbers, on the hourly increasing negligence, of their white oppressors; talked vaguely of his ability to conduct his fellow captives in safety to their country; boasted his knowledge of the occult sciences, in which the Africans are superstitious believers; finally, he threatened with the vengeance of his patron, the devil, such as should refuse to aid him in his meditated enterprise. These harangues being uttered in the dialect of the Peules, which was understood by most of the negroes, but not by the interpreter, the latter entertained no suspicion of their inflammatory tendency. The reputation of the orator, and the implicit respect which the slaves were accustomed to pay to his commands, marvellously seconded his rhetoric; and at length his comrades, ripe for rebellion, with one accord pressed him to fix the day of their deliverance. Precipitation, however, would have thwarted his measures: he replied obscurely to the conspirators, that the time was unseasonable; that the devil, who had appeared to him in a vision, had not yet given the signal; but that the auspicious moment was at hand. Meanwhile, the crafty chieftain made numerous experiments on the vigilance of his guards. On one occasion, a sailor left his fusil against the side of the gunwale, and amused himself by watching the movements of a troop of flying fish that followed the vessel. Tamango carelessly took up the fusil, and in grotesque fashion began to imitate the gestures of the sailors, whom, on the preceding day, he had observed during their performance of the manual exercise. At the expiration of a few moments he was compelled to give up the piece; but his purpose was fully answered: the experiment had taught him that he could, at least, handle firearms without arousing immediate distrust; "And when the tug comes," said he with a glow of inward exultation, "the bravest of this white crew may come off but sorrowily in a grapple with Tamango!"

Shortly after this occurrence, Ayché, with a well-assumed air of compassion, threw a biscuit to her husband, at the same time making a sign which he alone understood. The biscuit contained a

small file, on which depended the entire success of the conspiracy, and which Tamango at first carefully concealed from the prying eyes of his comrades. At night, however, he began to mutter certain unintelligible sounds, which he accompanied with gestures appropriately uncouth. At last he shrieked aloud, and varied the intonations of his voice to such a degree that the terrified negroes imagined him engaged in animated conversation with Satan *in propria persona*. The supposed magician put an end to the farce by uttering a triumphant yell. "Comrades," said he, "the invisible Spirit subject to my power has fulfilled his promise. Courage, and you are once more free! Behold the instrument of our deliverance!" With these words, he held up the file to the view of his companions, and the shallow cheat was received as an article of faith by intellects still more shallow.

At length came the eventful day of liberty — of vengeance. The revolvers, bound to each other by a solemn oath, had maturely concerted their plans. The most determined of the band, with Tamango at their head, on being in turn admitted upon deck, were to seize the arms of the crew. Others were to rush in a body to the Captain's cabin. All that might have succeeded in filing their irons were to join in the opening attack; and after massacring the sailor charged with the key of the fetters, were to proceed to the assistance of their less fortunate or less industrious comrades still in chains.

On that day it chanced that Winterstern was in excellent humour. Contrary to his wont, he had even pardoned one of the crew whose back was about to renew an intimate acquaintance with the cat-o'-nine-tails. He next paid divers compliments to the officer of the watch, and announced to the ship's company that on arriving at Jamaica each individual should receive a gratification from his privy purse. Intoxicated with such agreeable communications, the tars had already, in idea, spent the entire of the promised bounty. Delightful visions of Jamaica rum, and of lamp-black-coloured houris, floated before their minds' eyes, when Tamango and his associates were conducted upon deck.

The mutineers had applied the file so artfully, that no trace of the operation was visible; and yet so thoroughly, that the slightest effort sufficed to break their

chains. Besides, each so loudly clanked his irons, that the most suspicious of the crew were lulled into perfect security. Having inflated their lungs with a sufficiency of air, the negroes joined hands, and commenced a rude African dance, whilst Tamango, in the sonorous tones that once echoed through his woods, sung, or rather shouted, the wild war-cry of his tribe. When the dance had ceased, Tamango, apparently exhausted with fatigue, stretched himself at full length at the feet of a sailor who lazily reclined against the gunwale of the vessel: the conspirators, with seeming artlessness, imitating his example, each of the crew was thus surrounded by several negroes. On a sudden, the ringleader of the revolt, first gently breaking his half-sundered fetters, gave the signal by a loud shout, and then dragging by the leg the sailor at whose feet he lay, violently pulled him down. To plant his knee on the fallen man's breast — to seize his fusil — to stretch the officer of the watch lifeless on the deck — was the work of the next minute. Each of the ship's company on duty was attacked in the same manner, disarmed, and butchered without pity. From every quarter of the vessel resounded the cry to arms. Confusion was at its height. The boatswain's mate, who was intrusted with the key of the fetters, was one of the first to fall a sacrifice to the fury of the negroes, who now inundated the deck. Such of the mutineers as were unprovided with weapons, seized the capstan bars, or the oars of the long-boat. Though from that moment no hope remained for the ship's crew, a few of them made a gallant stand on the quarter-deck, but were speedily overwhelmed by the superior numbers of their assailants. Winterstern, though wounded, had lost neither his courage nor his physical strength. Perceiving that Tamango was the life and soul of the conspiracy, he rightly judged that, the leader once overpowered, his accomplices would fall an easy prey. Actuated by this conviction, he rushed forward to attack the African chief, who, nothing loth, advanced to the encounter. Both met in the gangway leading from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck. Tamango, armed with a musket, which he held by the muzzle and used as a club, was the first to strike. By a slight movement, the Englishman evaded the blow; and the butt of the piece striking with force

against the deck, and snapping across, the recoil was so violent that the barrel escaped from Tamango's hold. His fate seemed inevitable: Winterstern, with a ferocious grimace, raised his arm, and was about to cleave the unarmed warrior; but Tamango, nimble as the panther of his native Afric, suddenly closed with his opponent, and seized his sword arm. A deadly struggle ensued, the one endeavouring to obtain possession of the sabre, the other to retain it in his gripe. After a few moments of dubious strife, both fell upon the deck, the African undermost. Still undismayed, the latter grasped his adversary with the whole strength of his muscular arm, and, tiger-like, fastened his teeth in the ill-fated Winterstern's throat. The blood spirted like a torrent from the wound; and the Englishman, writhing in torture, dropped from his nerveless hand the sabre, which Tamango triumphantly seized. Instantly disengaging himself from the Captain's almost lifeless body, he sprang on his feet, and, accompanying each blow with the ferocious yell of a cannibal, hacked and hewed his prostrate victim till not a spark of life remained.

The victory was no longer doubtful. A few of the Hope's crew, who had laid down their arms, in vain implored the pity of their vanquishers: all, even to the interpreter, were barbarously massacred. The lieutenant, however, sold his life dearly. Having retired to the fore-castle, near one of the swivel-guns loaded with case-shot, with his left hand he pointed the piece, and so gallantly handled the sabre with which his right was armed, that he was speedily surrounded by negroes thirsting for vengeance, and hurrying to the assistance of their comrades. At that moment he pressed the trigger, and in the midst of the dense mass of his foes opened a wide avenue paved with the dying and the dead. Short-lived was his triumph. In a few seconds he was a disfigured corse.

The work of vengeance was achieved. The last lifeless body had been cast into the deep, to feed its scaly monsters; and the negroes, glutted with slaughter, raised their eyes to the sails of the Hope, which, swelled by the breeze, seemed still to obey their oppressors, and, spite of victory, to waft the victors to the land of bondage. "All is then vain!" cried they with mournful energy: "can we hope that this great ocean-god of the whites

will bear us to our native land,—us, that have shed the blood of his worshippers!" Some of the oldest negroes among the tribes having intimated that Tamango was gifted with power over this stupendous idol of their enemies—"Tamango! Tamango!" shouted a hundred voices; "why does he not appear? He has brought us to this pass, and he must deliver us." The African, less grossly ignorant than his fellows, felt the difficulty of his position, and, as may readily be imagined, was in no haste to tender his fruitless aid. The negroes became clamorous, and rushed to the cabin; where their chief was found seated, one hand resting on the guard of the captain's blood-stained sabre, the other extended to Ayché, who had fallen on her knees before him. Spite of the triumph to which he had so effectually contributed, the gloomy reserve of his manner betrayed his anxiety. It was, however, too late to hesitate. Urged by his companions, he made his re-appearance upon deck, affecting a degree of composure that might have indicated his perfect confidence in the manœuvre which he was resolved to hazard. The negroes, who had heretofore obeyed him in fear and trembling, now in their turn ordered him to steer the vessel. Tamango approached the helm with deliberate pace; as if anxious to retard the moment which must infallibly decide the fate of his comrades, and his own.

Ignorant as were the negroes of all belonging to the arts of civilised life, not one of them had failed to remark the influence exercised on the ship's motion by a certain wheel placed opposite to a certain box: all of them, however, contemplated this mysterious mechanism with a feeling of religious awe. Tamango, compelled to take a decisive step, examined the compass with profound attention, and at the same time moved his lips, as though he could decypher the characters on which he gazed with a vacant stare. Suddenly assuming the thoughtful attitude of one who makes a deep mental calculation, he approximated the tip of his fore-finger to his forehead. The negroes, meanwhile, surrounded him with open eyes and mouths, and with much internal wonderment continued to speculate on each of his sagacious gestures. Tamango at last appeared to have made up his mind. With that mixture of con-

'fidence and dread, inspired by blissful ignorance, he imparted a violent movement to the helm. In consequence of this extraordinary manœuvre, the brig made a sudden bound, somewhat after the fashion of a fiery courser rebellious to the spur of an unskilful rider. The gallant Hope, her affrighted crew, and ignorant pilot, seemed destined to go down together. All harmony between the direction of the sails and the government of the helm being rudely interrupted, the vessel was violently thrown on her beam ends. None of the negroes could preserve their footing: many of them fell overboard. Soon, however, the ship regained her equilibrium, as if proudly resolved to battle once more with destruction; but the wind at the same time increasing, both masts with a horrid crash fell upon the deck, which was covered with splinters, and with the rigging formed into a thick and unwieldy coil.

The panic-stricken negroes, with loud shrieks, sought refuge under the hatches; but the dismasted vessel, no longer propelled by the wind with the same fury as before, again righted, and heavily floated on the waves. Upon this, the boldest of the negroes ventured to quit their hiding-place, and attempted to clear the deck. Tamango spoke not a word, but resting his elbow on the binnacle, concealed his face with his hand. Beside him stood Ayché, but without daring to utter one phrase of consolation. By degrees the negroes drew near, and accosted him, at first with half-suppressed murmurs, and finally in terms of open menace. "Impostor!" cried they; "thou — thou alone art the cause of our sufferings. — Who incited us to revolt? Traitor! thou hast sold us to our enemies. Didst thou not vaunt thy science? didst thou not promise to conduct us in safety to our homes? Fools that we were, we trusted thee; and now must we perish because of thy offence against the great wooden idol of the white men!"

With a look of calm disdain, Tamango eyed his discontented comrades, who quailed beneath his gaze. Taking up two fusils, he made a sign to Ayché to follow him; and traversing the throng of negroes, who retired at his approach, he marched boldly towards the prow of the vessel. There he constructed a sort of rampart with some half-score of empty casks, and snugly intrenched himself behind this im-

proviso redoubt, from the interstices of which protruded the muzzles of his two barrels. The negroes, witnessing these formidable preparations, manifested not the least inclination to storm the battery. Some wept; some raised their outstretched arms to Heaven, invoking their own idols, and, to make all sure, those of their white foes; some fell on their knees before the compass, and, struck with admiration at the needle's mystic movement, worshipped as a god the work of man's hand; some lay listlessly on the deck, and, without an effort at self-preservation, almost without an idea but that their hour was come, resigned themselves to the sullen stupor of despair. Here and there, a bleeding, dying wretch besought a little water to cool his parched tongue, or, paralysed with agony, pointed to his gaping wounds, whilst his livid lip quivered with a half-uttered and unheeded prayer for pity. On a sudden, a negro, who had gone below, emerged from his retreat, and formally announced a glorious piece of intelligence: he had, in fact, discovered the Captain's liquor-chest, of whose contents his moist maudlin eye, and illuminated visage, proved that he had already made a satisfactory trial. The news for an instant suspended the clamours of his brethren, who hastened to descend and gorge themselves with brandy. In less than an hour, the wretches might have been seen skipping about the decks, wholly regardless of their past terrors, their actual danger, and vying with each other in the extravagance of brutal intoxication. Their fearful howls of laughter were mingled with the groans of many a wounded victim; — their barbarous and frantic dance, almost over the bodies of their comrades writhing in the last mortal pangs, seemed like the triumphant sport of demons revelling near the spirits of the damned.

Dark and chilly came the morning, and with it dawned fresh despair. During the night many of the wounded had died, forgotten by their fellows, till the sudden silence of those who had ceased to suffer warned the survivors to plunge the corpses in the waves. Encumbered with the floating dead, the vessel slowly made her way through a black and heavy sea. Such of the negroes as had slept away the effects of their libations, proposed to hold a sort of council, in order to deliberate on their position: a few of them, who were apprehen-

tices in the black art, but who, in the presence of Tamango, had modestly kept their science *in petto*, now volunteered their services. Several puissant charms were tried, but each fruitless essay only served to increase the general discouragement. No resource was left, save an accommodation with Tamango, who still maintained an imposing attitude within his intrenchments. He was, after all, the most learned of his tribe, and he alone could propose some measure adapted to the awful emergency of the case. In consequence of this unanimous decision, an old negro was despatched to the chieftain, with full instructions to conclude a treaty of peace, and to invite him to take a share in the deliberations; but Tamango, with the inflexibility of a second Coriolanus, turned a deaf ear to all entreaty. During the confusion of the preceding night, he had made an ample provision of biscuit and salt beef; and to punish the ingrates, he now expressed his firm and wrathful determination to live within the retirement of his fortress.

One consolation still remained; — it was the brandy. That beverage of Lethe lulled to sweet oblivion of the tempest — of slavery — of death. The livelong day was consumed in drunken riot. Then came sleep, and dreams of Afric — of straw-thatched huts — of forests clothed with gum-trees — of baobabs, overspreading villages with their luxuriant shade. Each morning brought with it a few bitter moments of sobriety. Then did each penitent reveller weep, and sob, and with frantic hand pluck out his hair, and smite his forehead still aching with debauch. But soon recommenced the orgies of the day; and next, that deep and heavy lethargy of the senses, so like the last long sleep, but that its prey can still repent and still offend.

Such, during several days, was the existence of the negroes. At length, to the surprise of all, Tamango, unsolicited, sallied from his fort, and advanced to the still standing trunk of the mainmast. "Hear me, slaves!" he exclaimed, while the negroes, at a respectful distance, formed a circle round the orator: "the Great Spirit," pursued he, "last night visited me in a dream, and vouchsafed to reveal to me the means of restoring you to your country. Your ingratitude to me, your best benefactor, merits the continuance of my wrath; but for the sake of these women and squalling urchins, I can

pity and pardon. Now, mark me. The white men alone are acquainted with the magic words by the aid of which these great floating houses are guided; but," added he, pointing to the long-boat and the other small craft belonging to the brig, "we may direct at pleasure these light canoes. We have but to fill them with provisions, to embark in them, and then to row in the direction of the wind. Fear nothing: the Great Spirit will command it to blow towards our native shores."

This extravagant project was hailed with universal approbation. None of the negroes appeared to entertain the slightest doubt that, by keeping a straight-forward course, they should at length reach some country inhabited by their tribes: for, as the scientific Tamango assured them, the blacks are in possession of the earth, and the whites are obliged to skulk in their vessels.

The brig contained but two boats fit for service. Both were immediately lowered. About eighty negroes were still living; but as that number would have proved sufficient to sink the frail barks, the sick and wounded were abandoned to their fate. Heart-rending were the shrieks of the forsaken wretches, who in vain prayed earnestly for death as their best boon from the hands of the deserters. The latter, crowded together beyond all reasonable proportion, rowed slowly from the brig. The sea rolled mountains high, and at every instant threatened to swamp the boats. One of them soon advanced far ahead of the other, which was more deeply laden, and in which were Tamango and Ayché. Those embarked in her could still distinguish the groans and lamentations of the negroes abandoned on board the brig, when a heavy wave took the little skiff abreast, and filled her with water. In a few seconds she went down. The negroes in the other boat, witnessing the disaster, rowed with redoubled vigour to avoid the necessity of affording to their perishing comrades such aid as might compromise their own safety. Not more than a dozen of the swimmers succeeded in regaining the brig. Among the number were Tamango and his wife. At sunset, the miserable pair watched the distant canoe as it gradually became less distinct: soon it showed like a dim speck upon the ocean, and then wholly disappeared.

On board the Hope, whose name was

then indeed a cruel mockery, were twenty human beings, one day tossed on a stormy sea, the next scorched by a tropical sun, and doomed to such extremity of woe as in the telling might seem an idle tale; or credited, would be judged, in loathsome reality, to surpass the creations of the most distempered fancy. Each moment was the harbinger of deadly strife,—the prize, a morsel of biscuit. The strong prevailed;—the feeble perished; yet not by the hand of his vanquisher, who but left him to die unaided. The first victims were the least wretched, for the rest had still to die—had still to achieve a few gradations in the scale of famine. Day by day their number was diminished, and the lagging hours were marked by sufferings, each less loud as the last approached. Death was the pilot of that hopeless crew;—one common ocean grave, their destined haven of rest.

In a few days, all but Tamango and his wife Ayché had perished. Their stock of provisions was wholly exhausted. Tamango, standing near the prow of the vessel, fixed his gaze intently on the gloomy horizon beyond; but nought could be descried, save the ocean and the angry sky. . . . Night came: it blew a hurricane, and so pitchy was the darkness, that from the spot on which Tamango had stood for hours, he was unable to distinguish the ship's stern. Ayché had thrown herself on a mattress in the captain's cabin, and at midnight Tamango sullenly placed himself at her feet. For some time neither uttered a word. "Tamango!" at length exclaimed Ayché, "to me dost thou owe these cruel sufferings."—"Who tells thee that I suffer?" demanded he sternly, and at the same time flinging on the mattress upon which she reclined the half of his last biscuit.—"Nay," cried she, mildly refusing the proffered food, "keep it for thyself, Tamango;—I am not hungry now:—why seek to prolong this anguish? Is not my hour at hand?" Tamango, without reply, quitted the cabin, and tottering upon deck, seated himself near the trunk of the mainmast. On a sudden, a loud hilloah was heard above the clamour even of the wind and waves, and a light was at the same time visible. The shout was repeated; and the next moment a dusky mass glided swiftly by

the brig, and passed so close that the yards of the unknown vessel almost touched Tamango's head. A lantern suspended to the mast threw its light on the faces of two of the crew, who seemed to keep watch on deck. Again a cry was heard, but less distinctly; and the vessel, riding furiously on the gale, disappeared from Tamango's view. Next, he saw the flash of a signal-gun, and, after a momentary interval, heard the report;—another flash, but no explosion—and then, all was dark and silent. On the morrow the storm had abated, and a few sunbeams played faintly on the still turbid waves, on which glittered no white sail: no help was nigh. Tamango closed his eyes, and stretched himself on the mattress. During the night, his faithful Ayché had breathed her last.

Not long afterwards a French frigate, bound for the Mauritius, fell in with the hull of the dismasted brig. A boat was instantly lowered, and part of the frigate's crew, having boarded the Hope, discovered the corse of Ayché, and Tamango still living, but so emaciated that he resembled a mummy rather than a human being. He was immediately received on board the frigate; and when she reached her destination, hopes of his recovery were entertained, and, but for his strong predilection for brandy, might ultimately have been realised. On his arrival at the Mauritius, the French planters, having from his own lips learned his history, would fain have executed him as a revolted negro; but this violent measure was over-ruled by a large majority, who considered it a pity to hang so fine a man; and besides, those whom he had massacred were only Englishmen! It was, however, written in the page of destiny, that in Tamango's person should be displayed the impotence of human punishment—the presumption of human pity. In the hospital to which he was transferred, his comforter in ordinary, a flask of good Cognac, was never absent from his pallet; though by what means introduced, we should be sorely puzzled to disclose. The services rendered to the convalescent by such a friend, may be easily divined. In a few weeks the immortal part of Tamango fled to join the spirit of his beloved Ayché.

PAUL.

THE RUINED HOME.

BY G. R. CARTER, ESQ.

The voices that have mingled *here* now speak another tongue,
Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the songs their mother sung;
Sad, strangely sad, in stranger-lands, must sound each household tone;
The hearth—the hearth is desolate, the bright fire quench'd and gone!

HEMANS.

A DREAMY hush is come
Amid the desolate glory of its halls;
Its roof is sunk, the ivy climbs its walls;—
Alas! the ruin'd home.

Where the blue fountain gush'd,
And breathed its liquid kiss upon the flowers,
And murmur'd like a bird in eastern bowers,
When skies with morn were flush'd;

Where the old whispering tree
Waved a glad welcome to the woodman's eye,—
The place is lone, the dark winds wander by,
And mourn *its* parted glee.

No more the festal lute,
Awaked to song by some familiar hand,
Restores a dream of fancy's haunted land,—
Its voice, its strings are mute.

Where are the joyful bands
Who made the woods enchanted with their mirth?—
Their bright forms vanish'd with their native hearth,
To pine in distant lands!

Alas! the ruin'd home;
Some curse hath driven its beauteous ones afar,
Where, gently musing on the twilight star,
O'er nameless shores they roam.

Divided is the chain
Which bound them to the Edens of their love,
And never will their favourite hill and grove
Entrance their hearts again.

Perchance the roses wave
O'er the pale records which proclaim their doom,
And with their fragrant breath and sunny bloom
Embalm the silent grave.

But they shall meet again!—
Oh! by the hope which kindles in the breast,
And points to worlds emparadised and blest,
Death fetters them in vain.

In heaven they shall unite,
The pure ethereal essence of the mind
A home coëval with itself shall find,
And quaff immortal light.

The pictured walls are dark,
The fount hath ceased to murmur through the air,
Hush'd is the morning hymn, the evening prayer,
And gloom'd affection's ark;

But *here* shall memory come,
Like sunshine from the sky when storms are o'er,
To soothe the wanderer's spirit, and restore
Peace to the ruin'd home!

NOTES OF A TOUR THROUGH SPAIN.

MADRID. — AN EXECUTION AT VALENCIA. — A SPANISH PRESIDARIO.

THE city of Madrid is built in the midst of a gently sloping plain, barren as an Arabian desert; and, when viewed from a distance, the innumerable spires of its churches and convents, which bear no slight resemblance to the minarets of Turkey, give it almost the aspect of an Eastern capital. The streets, which are usually crowded with Capuchin friars, and with monks of every order and denomination, are remarkable for cleanliness. The shops, which are gloomy and few in number, are far from presenting to the eye of a loungee the rich and diversified appearance which the fashionable London or Parisian *magasins* can boast; but this evident inferiority is in some measure compensated by advantages not to be met with elsewhere. Perhaps in the shops of no other metropolis could the curious in fans, veils, and combs, find a more elegant or a more varied assortment of such articles—to speak in the language of the trade: in fact, those feminine appendages are, by the modish artists of Madrid, manufactured to a degree of fantastic perfection.

The convents of Madrid are exceedingly numerous, and are for the most part simple and graceful in their architecture; their exterior façades are painted of a green or pale rose colour, like the kiosks of Smyrna and Constantinople. These establishments may be styled the head-quarters of an army of Franciscans, Dominicans, Bernardines, Augustines, Carthusians, Carmelites, and other holy fathers, who support themselves on public charity, or, whilst preaching temperance to a starving population, fatten on the enormous revenues of the church —

ad majorem Dei gloriam. Many of the religious communities of Madrid display an ostentatious, nay voluptuous, magnificence of costume: in every street may be seen monks with cassocks of the finest white kerseymere, and of an amplitude that speaks volumes for the liberality of the clerical schneiders. At the approach of their spiritual instructors, the crowd invariably retire, or give them the wall, with every symptom of devout and reverential awe for these cowed aristocrats of the land.

Every evening, when the hour of the *Angelus* arrives, the *Puerta del Sol*, situate in the centre of Madrid, presents a most attractive scene to the inquisitive observer; soldiers, monks, water-carriers, the busy and the idle of all ranks, mingling together, pell-mell, on this celebrated square, where for whole hours they remain motionless. At the different epochs of commotion and revolution which, in Spain, have succeeded each other since the commencement of the nineteenth century, the *Puerta del Sol* has been the theatre by turns of popular fury and of popular triumph — once the grand arena for the interchange of political opinions, it now serves a more ignoble purpose, and forms the meeting point on which, after dinner, the citizens of Madrid patiently undergo the process of digestion.

In Spain, between one and three o'clock, occupation of every description is suspended: this is the hour of the *siesta*, or, in other words, of that torpid inactivity in which every Spaniard who boasts the slightest acquaintance with civilised life is bound to indulge. At this hour the public offices are closed; all is silence,

unbroken except by the clamorous appeals of here and there a solitary water-carrier plodding with heavy tramp through the deserted streets.

A Spanish female never quits the precincts of home, unless enveloped in the protecting folds of the *mantilla* — a sort of black veil which covers her head, shoulders, and arms, and which adds to the monotony of a costume at all times distinguished for its gravity. Every thing in Spain bears a monastic stamp: the church is, in short, the supreme arbitress of the mode. Thirty-seven monasteries and twenty-eight nunneries compose the municipal representation, which is indissoluble; and whose members may be seen distributing soup to the descendants of Fernando Cortez with the haughty air which, of old, marked the Roman emperors when ordering the dole of a scanty pittance to the posterity of the Fabii and the Scipios.

Every modern traveller who has visited Paris (and the phrase is comprehensive, inasmuch as it necessarily includes every individual who has peregrinated sufficiently far to lose the sound of Bow bells), — every such *voyageur* may form a tolerable idea of the *Prado* in Madrid, by placing before his "mind's eye" the *Boulevard de Gand* in the former gay metropolis. For the benefit, however, of those who are *not* acquainted with Paris, should such a race of beings be extant at the present day, we take leave to state that the *Prado* is a long, wide, and shady alley, the trees on either side of which are constantly watered with the greatest care, and are thus clothed with a species of artificial verdure. To this fashionable walk the dandies and dandisettes of the Spanish capital are wont to repair, in the cool of the evenings, for the laudable purpose of staring and being stared at. A stranger accustomed to the rigid exterior of decorum by which the inhabitants of colder climes are distinguished, must, on his first visit to Madrid, experience much surprise at the appearance of a promenade where females walk in couples or in trios, as chance may direct; and where the protecting arm of a cavalier is by no means, as in our more precise England, a *sine quâ non* with the fair promenaders. Her fan is at once the companion, the protector, and the mask of a Spanish belle. The centre portion of the grand alley of the *Prado*, reserved for

vehicles of all descriptions, usually displays a panoramic exhibition of antiquity in every possible shape. Carriages not a jot different from those in vogue during the time of Philip V. and his immediate successors, pass and repass in lumbering succession; each stiff and courtly occupant looking like a remnant of a generation long since extinct — a living specimen spared by miracle to instruct another age in the principles of etiquette, according to which the Spanish Don of the olden time ate, drank, and slept. A philosopher might derive many a sage lesson from the contemplation of this phantasmagoric parade of crazy vehicles, which so forcibly recal the epoch of Charles Quint. They had their day; and, like them, the voluptuous equipages of our modern Sybarites will yet afford matter for the trite speculations of future pedestrian moralists. "*Vanitas vanitatum*," &c.

The palace of the Spanish monarch, awful in the majesty of its deathlike stillness, stands apart from the wretchedness by which it is surrounded. The monks alone, without fear and trembling, approach the avenues to this citadel of absolute power: the air of slavery agrees with the lungs of the holy fathers, whose flowing garments seem made to sweep the dust of a despot's antechamber. Gloomy indeed are the recollections attached to a palace, whose unhallowed precincts remind the spectator of disastrous scenes of civil warfare; and from whose mournful solitude, more than eloquent in its silence, the sovereign learns that he is *not* the idol of his people.

The press of Madrid is not altogether inactive, as may be seen by the following list of literary novelties recently placarded on the windows of an eminent publisher's shop: — *A Treatise on the Five different Modes of celebrating Mass*; *a Treatise on Confession*; *the Revelations of St. John, with Comments*; and the *Résumé* of Viscount d'Arlincourt, translated into Spanish.

The royalist volunteers, of whom much has been spoken, are a band of half-famished prowlers, dressed in sky-blue uniforms, and commanded by officers whose martial appearance and military talents are as nearly as possible on a level. Next to the venerable remains of antiquity already noticed under the head of four-wheeled carriages, these heroes, with their warlike appurtenances of sabre

and cigar, are the greatest curiosities exhibited on the Prado. The stranger sometimes smiles to hear them talk of Fernando Cortez and the Cid; but should he have crossed the Alps, his philosophic gravity returns, as he recollects that even in the Roman capitol the hooded Franciscans venture to pronounce the names of Brutus and Cicero.

A modern tourist, who presumes to meddle with pen, ink, and paper, is supposed to see, yea, to note down, every thing. Wherefore, with the reader's permission, and without further preamble, do we hazard the description of an execution, which, towards the conclusion of last winter, we witnessed at Valencia. The culprit was a peasant belonging to the neighbourhood; one who, for his hardihood and love of enterprise, inspired much terror, and even enjoyed a certain degree of esteem amongst the inhabitants of his village. For miles round, it would have been impossible to find a more active dancer, or a more expert bar-thrower; and had he but flourished in the days of chivalry, his inexhaustible stock of old ballads and romances would inevitably have gained him a distinguished reputation as a Troubadour. Under his escort, a traveller, had his portmanteau been crammed with doubloons, might have roamed from one end of the province to the other in perfect safety; the sight of our *majo's* carbine, more effectually than any passport, insuring "aid and protection in case of need." The *majo*, as our readers know, or do not know, — for we like to embrace every possible category, — the *majo* is a Spanish dandy, whose pretensions to gentility are considered somewhat equivocal by the more legitimate fashionables — a suburban exquisite, uniting in his single person many rare accomplishments; being, for the most part, a pink of gallantry, amazingly punctilious in matters of honour, and withal terrifically accurate in the bisection of a pistol-bullet on the edge of a case-knife at the distance of some five and twenty paces.

It so happened that on a certain day the inhabitants of Valencia were about to be regaled with the exhibition of a bull-fight; a spectacle which the *majo* of our anecdote invariably made it a point to witness. On this occasion, however, he was in a predicament, to say the truth, not unusual with "noble swelling spirits"

of his class; in short, he was without a *maravedi* in the world. This he deemed of little consequence, relying on the good offices of a friend, a royalist volunteer, who, on the day in question, was on duty near the place of exhibition. The *majo* made a sad mistake; the volunteer who was a pattern of discipline, peremptorily refused to let him pass. Both persisted. the one in forcing an entrance, the other in defending his post, till at length, irritated by the violence of the *majo*, the sentinel repulsed him with a blow from the butt of his carbine. The *majo* instantly retired; his clenched hands, his keen flashing eyes, and the sudden paleness of his features, too clearly indicating that he quitted the scene of action but to "make vengeance sure."

In about a fortnight, the volunteer, at the head of a detachment, was sent in pursuit of a party of smugglers. Having halted at a *venta*, or isolated inn, he was towards midnight aroused by a voice calling him by name, and exclaiming—"Open; I bring a message from your wife." The luckless royalist huddled on a few clothes, and descended the stairs. Scarcely had he opened the door when he received a brace of bullets through the lungs, and instantly expired. The murderer fled. Strong suspicion fell upon the *majo*, notwithstanding that half a score of pious old women swore, by their patron saints, that they had each seen the supposed delinquent walking quietly in his village precisely at the hour and moment when the crime had been committed. The *majo*, however, assumed an air of conscious dignity on the occasion, and publicly displayed his person, with the pride and self-benignity of a cavalier of honour who has winged his man, when a certain officious alguazil thought proper to arrest him. The *majo*, who happened to be in a good humour, at first laughed at the threats of the functionary; but finding the matter likely to prove serious, he gradually waxed warm, and made resistance. The alguazil roughly collared, and even struck him; and the prisoner acting, though somewhat precipitately, on the maxim of more honourable men, that a blow leaves a stain to be washed away only in blood, without more ado drew his poniard, and stabbed the officer of justice to the heart.

In Spain, so tedious and so uncertain are the forms of justice, or rather of law,

that had the affair been a common case of assassination, the murderer might, for aught we know, have escaped the halter ; but to occasion a vacancy amongst so respectable a body of men as the *alguazils*, and after the summary mode adopted by the *majo*, was considered a crime of the deepest dye. Accordingly the culprit was seized, thrown into prison, and, after "the law's delay," was placed upon his trial. The pleadings were of the longest ; but finally, notwithstanding an eloquent defence urged in behalf of the prisoner by a young advocate, who had his way to make in the profession, the judges, uninfluenced by the elevated and poetic considerations submitted to their notice, unanimously condemned the *majo* to death.

The gibbet on which the criminal was to suffer was erected late at night on the market-place ; and the workmen employed on this occasion were surrounded by a strong detachment of soldiers, who kept off the crowd. In most of the provinces of Spain, the instrument of death is elevated by individuals pressed into the service. Any attempt on their part to resist the orders imposed on them would be deemed an act of insubordination, and would subject them to the severest punishment. As some compensation, however, for their forced compliance with a task to which public opinion attaches the highest degree of odium, the authorities always allow the disagreeable duty to be performed at night, and under the protection of a military guard. These prudent precautions insure the workmen against the risk of being recognised, or stigmatised by their comrades as supernumerary finishers of the law.

The prison of Valencia is an old Gothic tower, situated at one extremity of the town, to which it serves as a gate, under the designation of *La Puerta de Serranos*. The architecture of this half-ruined structure is handsome, particularly the façade looking upon the course of the *Guadalaviar*, which, with its five bridges, may be seen from the platform of the prison ; as also the different walks around Valencia, and the luxuriant scenery of the environs. The prisoners are occasionally allowed to take a turn on the platform, to enjoy the melancholy pleasure of breathing, for a few moments, the pure air of heaven, — a privilege which has its value in the estimation of those who, during

the greater portion of the four and twenty hours, are incarcerated within four thick and gloomy walls. From the prison, such as we have described it, the criminal, mounted on an ass, was to pass through the most populous streets of Valencia to the market-place, whence, as our newspaper reporters would say, he was to be launched into eternity.

The gate of the prison, at which a numerous procession of Franciscans had been for a short time in attendance, was opened at eleven o'clock in the morning. The friars were preceded by a large crucifix of pasteboard, on which the painter, with an appalling talent of imitation, had represented the agony of the dying Redeemer ; and which was born by a penitent, escorted by two novices, each with a lantern attached to the end of a long staff. The Spaniards excel in the art of clothing religion in her most terrific garb ; and the cross, which is an important accessory to the scenic department of their executions, is generally the most horrible semblance of anatomy that the imagination can conceive or the skill of the artist portray. The cross-bearer who figured in this ceremony stopped at the gate of the prison, which was guarded by a small party of dragoons, and near which were grouped not more than a hundred idlers ; the populace of Spain, in general, manifesting little curiosity to witness an execution. On this occasion, the artisans occupying shops in the immediate vicinity of *La Puerta de Serranos* tranquilly attended to their business ; the peasants quitted the town after the sale of their fruit and vegetables ; in a word, with the exception of the Franciscans and the cavalry detachment already noticed, no external appearance gave indication of the sad drama about to be acted. With the people of Valencia this indifference to sights of death proceeds from their laborious habits, and not from their excessive sensibility, nor even from their familiarity with executions ; which, it must be admitted, are not sufficiently rare in that province to enhance the barbarous feelings of gratification derived from such exhibitions.

After a short delay, the *majo*, barefooted and attended by his confessor, made his appearance. He was a tall thin man, about thirty years of age, with a high forehead, thick jet-black hair, and large but sunken eyes. His costume was

a long loose black robe, on the bosom of which had been embroidered a blue and red cross; his shirt collar falling in plaits over the back and front of the shoulders. A white cord, rendered more conspicuous by the dark material of his garment, was twisted several times round his body, and, terminating in a complicated knot, attached his arms and hands together in an attitude of prayer. In his hands he held a small crucifix and an image of the Virgin. The confessor was a short, stout, ruddy, apoplectic-looking personage, who, with considerable unction, and the tact acquired no doubt by extensive practice, liberally supplied his penitent with the choicest morsels of ghostly consolation. The good man had grown grey in the post of comfort. Immediately behind the culprit stood a slender, diminutive, pale-faced individual, clad in a brown vest, knee breeches, and black stockings. But for his broad-brimmed grey hat, similar to that worn by the picadors at bull-fights, the mild and even timid expression of his features might have betokened a notary, or an alguazil, modestly seeking by simplicity of attire to obscure himself from the public gaze. At sight of the crucifix, he respectfully doffed his hat, and by that movement displayed a miniature ladder of ivory, attached, in lieu of a cockade, near the crown. To be brief, he was no other than the executioner.

On leaving the prison, the culprit, who, in order to pass under the wicket, had been compelled to stoop, quickly resumed his upright and somewhat commanding attitude, gazed steadfastly on the crowd, and heaved a deep sigh. His, however, was not a sigh of pain; it was one of heart-felt pleasure at his release from the impure and fetid atmosphere of a dungeon. His features were impressed with a strange mixture of resignation and anxiety, but not of fear; no dogged expression of animal hardihood, no affected bravado, betraying that he had merely "screwed his courage to the sticking-place" to meet the horrors of an awful but momentary struggle. His confessor having directed him to kneel before the crucifix, he obeyed, and kissed the feet of the image, the by-standers observing a solemn and breathless silence. The friar hastened to take advantage of this apparent feeling of devotion in his audience. Disengaging his right arm from the ample volume of sleeve which might have im-

peded his action, and thus marred the effect of his elocution, he in a strong and accented voice commenced a harangue, the frequent repetition of which on former occasions had probably impressed it on his memory. This *réchauffé* of eloquence was expressed in pure Castilian; but the periodical recurrence of the same tone at the end of every sentence produced a monotonous effect, and even neutralised the graces of the orator's style. This, however, was a matter of more importance to the rest of the auditory than to the unfortunate culprit, who understood no other dialect than that of his own province. As a supplement to what might be called the standing matter of the harangue, so admirably adapted to all possible cases of guilt, the preacher entered into an elaborate exposition of the major's crimes; glancing slightly at a few murders; but enlarging with peculiar force on the irreligion and want of faith, which alone, in the reverend father's opinion, had brought his penitent to an untimely end. "But, my son," said the confessor, who had now arrived at his peroration, "be thankful that you have been condemned merely to the gibbet; for, to impiety like yours, such punishment is absolute indulgence." A few words touching the inexhaustible mercy of Providence wound up the discourse; at the conclusion of which the confessor re-entered the prison, highly satisfied with his own performance, and, in the charity of his nature, little suspecting that, for reasons already intimated, his consolatory harangue had been entirely thrown away upon the culprit. His place was immediately occupied by two Franciscan monks, whose duty it was to administer spiritual comfort to the sufferer during his last moments.

The prisoner was next extended upon a mat, which the executioner, for form's sake, gently dragged towards himself, in order to fulfil to the letter the sentence of the law, condemning the criminal "to be first drawn on a hurdle, and then hanged." That done, the unfortunate man was mounted on an ass, which the hangman led by the halter, the two Franciscans marching one on each side, preceded by two lengthened files of monks of the same order, and by lay brethren belonging to the order of the *Desamparados*. Banners, crosses, and other holy insignia, were not forgotten. Behind the ass rode

a notary and a couple of alguazils, in full suits of black, and mounted upon sorry ill-caparisoned hacks. A picket of cavalry closed the order of march. Whilst the procession slowly advanced, the monks in a low hollow voice chanted their Litanies; and certain individuals, enveloped in cloaks, dexterously glided through the crowd, extending silver platters to the by-standers, and demanding alms for the poor wretch (*por el pobre*) on the confines of another world. The appeal was in general successful. The money, which we heretics might term a superfluity to a man within sight of the gibbet erected solely in his honour, was solicited with a view to purchase masses for the repose of the sufferer's soul; and no doubt the *majo*, who was a good Catholic, derived much satisfaction from the alacrity with which the pious heaped their mites upon the platters.

Philosophers may reason as they will, but these Catholic ceremonies—these crosses, these processions, and these masses—must afford exceeding comfort to such as believe in their efficacy. How flattering to the vanity of a criminal, the mournful pomp which gilds the closing scene of his existence! The fervent prayers of the monks, whom from infancy he has been taught to revere; the voices of the charitable, responding to the intercessions of the church with a devoutly muttered Amen; the holy hymn, from which the sinner learns to hope that even the tears of tardy penitence may not flow in vain;—all contribute to distract his attention—to conceal from him the fearful precipice on the brink of which he stands. If he but turn his head to the right, a Franciscan proclaims to him the infinite bounty of Heaven; to the left, another Franciscan assures him of the potent interposition of Saint Francis. Not an instant of repose is allowed him, for in his case repose were torture; it would inflict on him the agony of reflection. These considerations may explain the influence exercised by the monks, and particularly by those of the mendicant orders, on the lower classes of the Spanish people; of whom, with reverence to the Liberals be it spoken, they are in reality the support and consolation, from the cradle to the grave.

To return from this digression: the procession pursued a circuitous route, in order to pass through the widest streets,

and at length arrived at the market-place; an oblong square bordered with incommensurable houses, the windows of which, on each story, are furnished with iron balconies, at a distance resembling large cages. The gibbet, surmounted with the arms of Aragon, had been erected in front of a handsome Moorish building, called *La Lonja de Seda*. The circulation was not at all impeded, as the market-place was far from crowded: even the venders of fruit and vegetables had not thought proper to remove their stalls; and many of the balconies and house-tops were nearly empty. In one corner had been constructed a small temporary chapel, which, with the gibbet elevated at no great distance, was enclosed within a hollow square formed by royalist volunteers and troops of the line. The soldiers having opened their ranks to admit the procession, the prisoner, surrounded by monks, was assisted to alight from the ass on which he had been mounted, and was conducted in front of the altar, at which he knelt, and the steps of which he repeatedly kissed. During the interval which had elapsed between his departure from the prison and his arrival on the fatal spot, his figure had lost much of its upright position: his head now sunk upon his breast, and his strength evidently declined at every moment, though his fortitude was still unabated. Whilst he listened with attention to the exhortations of the friars, the executioner examined his apparatus; and when all was ready, approached the patient, placed one hand on his shoulder, and addressed him in the customary formula—"Brother, it is time." All the monks, with the exception of one, abandoned the victim to the executioner; who conducted him towards the ladder, at the summit carefully holding his large hat before the prisoner's eyes, in order to screen the gibbet from his view. The prisoner, however, who was desirous of proving that he had sufficient courage to face the instrument of his punishment, endeavoured, as his hands were fettered, to push aside the hat with his head.

At twelve o'clock precisely the executioner mounted the fatal ladder, dragging after him his victim, who ascended with some difficulty, as his back was turned towards the steps. The monk who accompanied them spoke without intermission, and with vehement gestures. Ar-

rived at the topmost step, the executioner with inconceivable promptitude passed the rope around the neck of the criminal, who by his confessor's direction repeated his Creed. "My brethren," cried the holy father, raising his voice, "unite your prayers to those of this poor sinner." The monk shortly afterwards descended the steps, and in a few minutes all was over.

In this perhaps uninviting chapter of pains and penalties, a word or two on the subject of the Spanish *Presidarios*, or Galerians, may be allowed to find a place. At Toledo, Seville, Grenada, and Cadiz, these men are frequently employed in making or repairing the roads. Their clothing is in general wretched, but their countenances by no means wear that sombre expression of despair observable in the features of men belonging to the same class in France. The reason is obvious. In Spain, political offences, or rather political opinions, differing from those of men in power, often consign individuals of respectable character to a fate which in France is exclusively reserved for the felon and the assassin; and on the principle that it is better to extend indulgence to a miscreant, than to treat an honest man with injustice, the annual condemnation of political victims to the *presidios* materially affects the degree of public estimation in which the entire of the galley-slaves are held. Thus, these unfortunate men are generally addressed in the familiar language of friendship by their guards and keepers, who consider them as comrades, and not, according to the savage custom of the French *garde-chiourmes*, as beings of another species.

The following anecdote, which we shall quote as nearly as possible in the words of a travelling friend by whom it was communicated, may serve as a faithful portraiture of the degree of friendly intercourse subsisting between the populace of Spain and the *Presidarios*.

"On quitting Grenada, with the intention of proceeding to Baylen," says our tourist, "I was overtaken by a tall gaunt individual, walking at a round military pace in the middle of the high road, and followed by a poodle dog. The costume of the stranger was singular in itself, as well as different from that of the peasants whom I had hitherto met. On spurring my horse into a trot, I was surprised at the ease with which the pedestrian kept

up with me. We afterwards entered into conversation together, and soon became (*soit dit en passant*) such excellent friends, that, on reaching a miserable inn by the road-side, we determined to breakfast in company. Our host produced a little sour wine, which, however, at the time, we pronounced delicious; and which, by the way, my guide, the stranger, and myself, drank from the same bottle; glasses, of what form or denomination soever, being superfluities unknown in that part of the country. My guide having questioned our new messmate on the subject of his four-footed travelling companion, the stranger replied, that his journey had been undertaken solely on account of the dog; which he was commissioned to deliver to a friend of his Commandant at Jaen. Hearing the word 'Commandant,' and observing that the speaker was not in uniform — 'You belong to the service?' said I, in a tone of enquiry. — 'No: to the presidio.' I was thunderstruck. 'Have you not remarked his costume?' demanded my guide, in his turn, surprised at my astonishment, and pushing the bottle first towards me in my quality of *caballero*, next to the Galerian, and afterwards himself imbibing a reasonable quantity of the acid potation.

"For what offence were you condemned to the galleys?" demanded I of the *Presidario*.

"A trifle," said he: 'I was present at a few deaths (*Me hallé en unas muertes*).

"The devil you were!"

"You shall hear," said he. 'I was a *Miquelete*, and with about twenty of my comrades was ordered to escort a convoy of *Presidarios* from Valencia. On the road an attempt at rescue was made; our prisoners joining in the revolt. Great was the embarrassment of our captain, who, had the convicts escaped, would have been held responsible for every act of outrage which they might subsequently have committed. Promptly forming his resolution, he ordered us to fire; and the word of command having been as promptly obeyed, fifteen of the prisoners measured their length upon the ground, their comrades betaking themselves to flight. All this, you must know, took place during the time of our famous constitution; but no sooner had the French restored legitimacy, as they called it, than we who had done our duty were tried, because amongst the *Presidarios* who

had fallen were several royalist *caballeros*. Our captain was unfortunately dead; and we were obliged to bear not only the odium of the charge, but the penalty attached to conviction. However, *my time will soon be out*; and as our Commandant considers me a trustworthy person, he has confided to my care this dog and a letter to be delivered to the Commandant of the presidio at Jaen.'

"Notwithstanding that my guide was a royalist, and the Presidiario by his own admission a constitutionalist, the greatest cordiality appeared to prevail between both. We at length resumed our route. I confess the conversation of the Galerian amused me extremely; and on the other hand, the cigars which I had given him, and the breakfast of which we had partaken together, had so ingratiated me in his esteem, that he determined to escort me as far as Baylen. 'The road is by no means safe,' observed he: 'I shall be able to procure a musket from one of my friends at Jaen; and thus armed, were we to meet a dozen of brigands, not one of them would so much as rifle you of a pocket handkerchief.'—'But,' said I, 'if you do not return to the presidio before a certain hour, your time will be augmented, perhaps, by a whole year.'—'Pshaw! nonsense: besides, you will

give me a written certificate, to attest the motive of my absence.'

"I should indisputably have availed myself of the good-natured proposal, but for a slight difference which interrupted the harmony that had hitherto subsisted between the Presidiario and my guide. Nothing could be more trivial than the occurrence which led to the breach. Though we rode at a brisk trot, the Presidiario had kept up with our horses for nearly eight Spanish leagues; when at last he asserted, that were we to push them into a gallop, he would not be left behind. My guide laughed at what he termed a ridiculous boast, but at my suggestion the challenge was accepted. Away we started; but though burdened with the poodle, which he was forced to carry on his back, the Galerian made good his words. Whip and spur proved utterly ineffectual: we were unable to pass him. My guide, who was the proprietor of the Rosinantes, made common cause with his cattle, and felt humbled by their defeat. Not having sufficient magnanimity to pardon the winner of the race, he avoided all conversation with him; and the Presidiario, perceiving that his society was no longer desirable, with the discretion of a true Spaniard quitted us at Campillo de Arenas."

TO THE SNOWDROP.

FIRST smile of Nature!—welcome, beauteous flow'r,
Thy mild approach to greet the new-born year;
Though pale and lonely, gladness marks thine hour,
The gentle harbinger of glory near!
Though plain thy vest and humble is thy mien,
Yet, fairest flow'ret! thou a grace canst breathe
Of fearless purity and calm serene,
That Virtue views thee loveliest in 'her wreath!

Offspring of winter's hour—thy chilling fate,
Like mine, poor snowdrop! sorrow's hand hath cast;
Rude storms have mark'd, like mine, thy transient date;
And I, like thee, might perish in the blast!
And like thee may I droop, unspotted, free;—
Thy white robed innocence is sorrow's dower;
Pour then, stern Fate, thy bleaching dews on me,
And let me perish spotless as this flower!

THE FORTY DOVES.

A TALE OF THE BAGDAD POLICE.

(From the unpublished Arabian Nights.)

AT Cairo dwelt an expert thief called Ali Vif Argent*, who obtained his surname from the extreme dexterity with which he eluded all pursuit: he seemed to possess the properties of quicksilver; there was no laying hold of him. One day he was carousing with some young men of his own vocation, whose society, however, he could not enjoy; for he felt unusually sad and listless. His companions, accordingly, advised him to take a walk through the town, for the purpose of amusing himself and exciting his spirits. After a short walk, Ali entered a coffee-house, where he remained some time without meeting any thing to divert him. Again he sallied forth into the streets of Cairo in search of adventures, and with more success; as on his second trial he encountered a water-carrier, who held a goblet in his hand.

"Holla!" cried Ali Vif Argent, "the proverb says, 'There is no liquor like wine;' but as my thirst is extreme, a draught of water will for once be welcome. — Holla! good water-carrier, fill your goblet instantly!"

After an attentive survey of his customer, the water-carrier filled the cup and presented it to Ali Vif Argent, who seized it and flung the water on the earth.

"How! dost thou not drink, then?" asked the water-bearer.

"Fill again," said Ali Vif Argent. The water-carrier obeyed, and again Ali threw the water on the ground.

"I see," exclaimed the water-carrier, "that thou art not thirsty; therefore leave me to continue my way."

"Fill once more, I tell thee," said Ali.

The goblet was once more filled, and this time Ali drank to the bottom of the cup; and when he returned it, gave a sequin to the water-bearer.

"Oh, this is far too little," said the latter; "too little from a great man like you!"

"How, wretch!" replied Ali Vif Argent, giving him a buffet; "a ducat too little for three glasses of water! I should

be glad to know where thou findest more generous customers than myself?"

"Doubtless," said the water-carrier, "I have before now met with far better."

"And pray who may they be?" asked Ali.

"If you will listen to me, Sahib," said the bearer of water, "I will in few words recount my history:— My father, who was sheik of the water-carriers of Cairo, left me a heritage of five young camels, a house, and a shop. I thought it indispensable to take a pilgrimage to Mecca, and during the journey all my camels died of thirst. I was forced to borrow money, and soon found myself in debt to the amount of two hundred ducats. Not daring, through fear of my creditors, to return to Cairo, I joined the Syrian caravan, went to Damascus, to Aleppo, and finally to Bagdad. There I presented myself to the sheik of the water-carriers, who had known my father, and to him I related my misfortunes. He gave me a shop, and I forthwith commenced the trade which I had formerly exercised at my native town; but I found a great difference between Cairo and Bagdad; for in the latter city few people are thirsty, and the few that are pay very ill. One day I encountered a troop of forty men, whose turbans were ornamented with pearls and crystal, and who walked in double ranks, carrying long staves in their hands.

"Who are those people?" asked I. The by-standers informed me that they were the police, commanded by Ahmed-ed-Deouf, who was now returning from the divan, accompanied by his colleague, Hassan Schouman.

"At that moment Ahmed-ed-Deouf stopped before me, and requested some water. I presented him a goblet full, and he flung it on the earth. Again he did the same thing, but the third time he drank like a great lord, just as you have done. He then asked who I was; whereupon I recounted my history, at the conclusion of which he gave me five ducats, and turning to his suite, exclaim-

* Neither M. Hammet nor M. Trébutier having given the Arabic surname of the hero of this tale, the translator has preserved the French appellation.

ed, 'I commend this man to your liberality.' Each gave me a piece of gold on the spot, and, what was better, all of them recommended me to their friends. Such an advantageous change was thus made in my circumstances, that in less than a year I found myself the possessor of a capital of one thousand sequins. I then longed to depart; for though a man prosper ever so well in a foreign country, he will find himself still better in his own. One of our poets says — 'The abiding place of a dweller in a strange land resembles an edifice built on the winds; the wind blows, the palace totters, and the traveller abandons it.'

"I proceeded to bid farewell to my benefactor Ahmed-ed-Deouf, who gave me a hundred ducats, a mule, and a letter for Ali Vif Argent of Cairo, and charged me to tell him that his ancient friend and colleague, Ahmed-ed-Deouf, was in high favour at Bagdad with the Khalif. Thus, you see, Ahmed-ed-Deouf is the man who, in return for a glass of water, which he drank like you, has loaded me with benefits, and even given me letters for his friends in Cairo; though, in truth, during the few days I have been here, I have not been able to deliver this letter, according to the address."

"May your eyes rejoice and your heart dilate!" exclaimed Ali Vif Argent: "you have encountered your man; I myself am Ali Vif Argent — give me my letter."

The water-carrier gave him the letter, which was couched in the following terms:—

"I write you these leaves, which will be borne on the winds. Were I a bird, I would fly to you, but how can I fly since my wings have been clipped? The provost Ahmed-ed-Deouf salutes his dear friend and companion, Ali Vif Argent of Cairo. Thanks to the activity of my genius, which has opened to me a career of honours, the Khalif has confided to me the command of his officers of police, whose head is Alidos the Camel. I march at the right hand of the Commander of believers, and my colleague, Hassan Schouman, at his left. If thou wilt follow my counsel, come, my friend — come to Bagdad; play some trick of thy old trade,

and I will promise thee a considerable appointment. I salute thee once again. Farewell."

The contents of this letter transported Ali Vif Argent to the third heaven: he kissed it, placed it on his head, and rewarded the bearer with six ducats. He then returned to his home, and equipped himself with a large cap, called *tarbousch*, which descended very low on his face, a sabre, a lance, and made every thing ready for his immediate departure.

"You quit us, then?" said his comrades, "when he sought them to take leave."

"Yes, for a time," replied Ali; "but I will not forget you during my absence; and should fortune enable me to lead a joyous life, I will send for you all."

Having mounted his horse, he left the city, and before he had travelled half a day overtook forty camels belonging to the *khowadjah** or sheik of the merchants. This person had quarrelled with the rest of the caravan, which had proceeded without him, and left him and his refractory camel-drivers in great distress in the desert.

"Come to my assistance," cried the *khowadjah*, as soon as he perceived Ali; for I know not what to do with these miserable camel-drivers."

"Ali Vif Argent, having reprimanded the camel-drivers, compelled them to take charge of their animals anew, and putting himself at their head, by means of forced marches joined the caravan. After some dexterity of negotiation, a reconciliation was effected between the adverse parties, when they camped for the night. These active services secured the esteem and gratitude of the *khowadjah*, who throughout the remainder of the journey treated Ali with great distinction. At length they arrived at the Valley of Lions; so called because infested with furious lions, which sometimes devour whole caravans.

Presently the *khowadjah* perceived one of these tremendous beasts coming down upon them with fury in his eyes. The old sheik thereupon began in a loud voice to make his last will, and deputed Ali Vif Argent, should he be fortunate enough to escape the lion, to take charge of his

* *Khowadjah* or *khodjah* signifies, in Arabic, an old man, a master, a sheik, a very rich merchant. The Franks, who carry on the commerce of the Levant, usually give this title to their brokers. It has the same sound as the English word *codger*, which, signifying a crusty old man, is perhaps the Arabic word *burlesqued*.

effects in the caravan, and deliver them to his son at Bagdad.

"But what wilt thou say if I go down and slay for thee this cat of the desert?"

"I swear to thee," answered the old man, "that on my arrival at Bagdad I will pay thee one thousand ducats."

Defended by a coat of mail, and armed with his cimeter, Ali Vif Argent attacked the lion, and at the second blow laid him dead at his feet. The old khowadjah, astonished at this act of valour, returned Ali a thousand thanks for his preservation, and renewed the promise he had made in his terror.

Having happily passed the Valley of Lions, the travellers entered the Valley of Dogs; which, being frequently ravaged by troops of Bedouins, was not less dangerous than the former place. In fact, they had scarcely entered the Valley of Dogs before they were attacked by a numerous band. Ali Vif Argent rode a mare well trained to all sorts of battle onsets. In this emergency he hung round her neck a number of little bells, the sound of which, when he charged the Bedouins, frightened their wild horses and sent them scampering across the desert in spite of their riders' efforts. Part of the brigands were thus disposed of, and the rest fell by the long lance of Ali. This was the last of the perils encountered by the caravan, which in a few days arrived safely at Bagdad, where the khowadjah paid the debt of gratitude incurred to Ali.

Having bidden the old man farewell, Ali enquired the way to the abode of Ahmed-ed-Deouf, and on his arrival at the house knocked at the gate.

"Open, open the door, my nien!" cried Ahmed-ed-Deouf to his people who guarded the portal; "it is Ali Vif Argent that stands at our gate; I recognise his manner of knocking."

On the entrance of Ali Vif Argent, Ahmed-ed-Deouf welcomed him with every demonstration of joy, and presented him to Alidos the Camel, and his forty officers of police. The party then passed the night in drinking and carousing.

On the following morning Ahmed accompanied his colleague to the divan, and requested Ali to remain for a few days concealed in his house, that he might avoid the enquiries of Hassan Schouman's division of police, whose attention was particularly directed to all strangers that arrived by the caravans.

"Do not imagine," continued Ahmed, "that Bagdad resembles Cairo: here the spies and creatures of the police swarm in every place like gnats and flies on a summer's day."

Following this advice, Ali Vif Argent reposed for three days in the quarters of Ahmed, till he began to be wearied with a state of inactivity; he therefore, on the fourth day, went out, to see the city and seek adventures. As he was strolling from street to street, he encountered forty slaves who marched in two ranks: they wore the turban of the Khalif's guards, and carried long staves in their hands. At the head of this band rode a personage mounted on a mule, and wearing a helmet of gold, and a steel coat of mail: this person was followed by a young female, likewise mounted, and completely veiled. This procession was composed of the forty slaves of Dalila, and her daughter Zeineb, who themselves headed the party, and proceeded in state to the divan to convey to the Khalif the despatches just brought by the forty doves.

In passing, both Zeineb and her mother noticed the fine figure and bold bearing of Ali Vif Argent, who they saw at a glance was a stranger in Bagdad. Impatient to know the name of this handsome young man, whose exterior reminded them strongly of Ahmed-ed-Deouf, Dalila, on her return, consulted her cabalistical books; and by a magical combination of letters and figures, soon discovered that his name was Ali Vif Argent of Cairo.

"I am charmed by his appearance," said Zeineb; "and do not intend to rest till I am acquainted with him."

"Take care, my daughter," replied Dalila, "that thou dost not fall into some snare; for the police will be delighted to revenge on thee the disgrace they sustained by the loss of their garments."

"Trust to my caution," said Zeineb: "I am, in all respects, your true daughter."

Zeineb then attired herself in her richest apparel, and having with the utmost coquetry embellished her person and adjusted her veil, she set out in quest of Ali Vif Argent, whom she soon met. Having contrived to let him obtain a glance of her lovely face and bright eyes, Ali was subdued by her beauty, and instantly accosted her.

"Whither are you going, beauteous maiden?" said he; "and to whom do you belong?"

"To one that exceedingly resembles you."

"Are you, then, married?"

"You are more ready to question than I shall be to answer," said she; and, turning away from him, began to walk at a quick pace. Ali Vif Argent as quickly followed. Both proceeded thus in silence till Zeineb stopped before the portal of a vast mansion, the gate of which was secured by a strong lock.

"Open, and walk in," said Zeineb, coolly.

"Where is the key?" asked Ali.

"I have lost it," was the reply.

"But," returned Ali Vif Argent, "the Bagdad police will interfere with people who open locks without keys."

The artful beauty made no reply, but a languishing glance from her bright black eyes irresistibly appealed to the heart of Ali Vif Argent, who, taking up an enormous stone, with one blow dashed the lock to pieces as though it had been made of glass. He then entered the palace with Zeineb, who led the way to a saloon, where she helped herself and her companion to refreshments, as if she had been perfectly familiar with the localities of the house. Ali seemed transported with rapture. After their repast, Zeineb went into the hall where there was a well, in order to wash her hands: all of a sudden she uttered a piercing shriek, and began to tear her hair and smite her breast.

"What is the matter, my charmer?" asked Ali.

"I am in despair," cried Zeineb; "I have dropped into the well a ring, for which, only yesterday, my husband gave five hundred ducats. I cannot taste a moment's peace till I have recovered this valuable jewel, for the loss of which I shall be called to a severe account. Lower me into the well, for I must try to regain it at any risk."

"It is not likely, my beloved," said Ali, "that I should suffer thee to descend into this well: I will go down and instantly recover thy ring." So saying, he threw off his turban and upper garments, and entered the bucket, which Zeineb carefully lowered till he reached the water; then, bursting into a mischievous laugh, she seized his clothes, and fled from the house.

The palace in which this adventure happened belonged to an emir of the divan, who, with all his train, had attended

the court; and the porter and house-slaves, availing themselves of their master's absence, had gone abroad to take their pleasure. By accident the emir returned before his vagrant slaves; and finding the door open and the lock broken, he became alarmed, and hastily entered his palace, expecting to find his slaves murdered, and the house plundered. To his astonishment he found every thing quiet and in its place; but, having occasion to make ablution before meat, he sent his groom into the hall to draw water from the well. Finding the bucket exceedingly heavy, the groom looked down the well, and seeing a white figure at the bottom, he shrieked with terror, and ran back to his master, exclaiming, that there was a water sprite in the well.

The emir, who had no little dread of hobgoblins and ghoules, immediately sent for three or four imams to exorcise the evil spirit that had got into the bucket of his well. The imams, on their arrival, began their conjurations; and after flinging various powders and perfumes of known efficacy on the head of the unfortunate Ali Vif Argent, who, however, did not vanish into air or water, they at length drew up the bucket with great ceremony, and were not a little astonished to see a woful looking human figure, drenched and dripping, and in doleful plight.

"You are a thief, it seems, and no goblin or sprite. How did you get into my palace?" said the emir.

"Pardon me, my lord," replied Ali Vif Argent, "I came into your palace by pure accident. As I was making my ablutions on the banks of the Tigris, in one of my prostrations I overpoised myself, and fell into the river: the violence of a subterranean current drew me underground till I saw the light of day in your well, where I was exceeding glad to save myself in the bucket."

"A very probable account, friend!" replied the emir, laughing; "as you know the way, you may return as you came."

"Nay, my lord emir," replied Ali Vif Argent; "I hope you will not so inhospitably receive a stranger, whom a strange accident has thus brought beneath your roof."

Though the emir entertained not the slightest doubt that Ali had broken his lock, and concealed himself for some sinister purpose, yet he was so much amused by his ingenious mode of accounting for

his entrance, that he allowed him to depart in peace, and even gave him an old garment and turban, that he might walk through the streets without being followed by the rabble.

On returning to the quarters of Ahmed-ed-Deouf, Ali Vif Argent was forced to endure his raillery, and that of the whole band, for suffering himself to be despoiled of his garments, and brought into such a dangerous dilemma, by the mischievous tricks of a beautiful girl. Hassan Schouman, too, made one of the company; consequently the adventure could not be concealed from him.

"I will answer," said Hassan, "that the beauty who has thus amused herself at your expense is no other than Zeineb, the daughter of Dalila the Crafty, who played us the most unheard-of rogueries until her mother obtained the post of the director of the forty carrier doves."

"Whoever she be," replied Ali Vif Argent, "notwithstanding her malice, I love her to desperation, and should be glad to espouse her, could I but meet with her again."

"If you will be guided by me, and follow my instructions," said Hassan Schouman, "you shall soon have your revenge."

"Most willingly," replied Ali: "what is your counsel?"

"Blacken your face, attire yourself in the dress of a slave, and get acquainted with the negro who serves in Dalila's kitchen: then come to me for further instructions."

Ali Vif Argent did all that Hassan Schouman required; and having, in pursuance of his directions, made an intimate acquaintance with Dalila's slave, he proposed that they should drink some *bousa* * together.

"I dare not go far from home," said the negro, "for I am obliged to cook and prepare every thing for Dalila, and her daughter Zeineb; as also for the forty slaves, and for the forty dogs of the breed of King Solomon; but if you will come to our house you shall be well treated."

Ali Vif Argent gladly complied with this proposition: he bought the *bousa*; and whilst the slave gradually became intoxicated with the luscious draught, his companion questioned him circumstantially with regard to the manner in which

he was accustomed to supply Dalila's table, and also as to the kind of nourishment given to the slaves and the dogs.

Not wholly trusting to the intoxicating qualities of the *bousa*, Ali Vif Argent drugged it well with opium; and when the negro cook became quite insensible, he dragged him by the heels into his sleeping-berth to finish his nap at his leisure. Then having helped himself to the keys of all the presses and cupboards, Ali began to play the part of the cook in good earnest. He contrived to imitate the gait and speech of the sleeping slave so exactly that no one in the house perceived any difference. In his office of cook he served up to Dalila's table a soup of lentils, a ragout, a *serdeh* (that is to say, rice sweetened and coloured red, and seasoned with a sauce of pomegranates). He likewise made savoury messes for the slaves, and distributed to each of the dogs of King Solomon's breed his evening portion. So exactly did he imitate the old purveyor, that not one discerned the absence of the latter. So effectually too had Ali drugged the food of the whole household with opium, that, long before midnight, all were in a deep sleep; he then glided into the dove tower and seized the forty carrier pigeons; he likewise carried off the dress and armour in which Dalila was wont to attend the divan, and made his escape undiscovered to the quarters of Ahmed-ed-Deouf.

Early the next morning, one of Dalila's friends passing her dwelling, was not a little surprized to see all the doors and gates of the khan standing open; but on entering, his astonishment increased when he found the forty slaves and the forty dogs, as well as Dalila and Zeineb, in a deep sleep, from which it seemed impossible to rouse them. At last, however, by burning feathers under her nostrils, he succeeded in awakening Dalila.

"Where am I, and what has happened?" cried she.

"You are in your own house," said her friend; "but every thing is in sad confusion: your slaves are buried in slumber, your dogs lie senseless, and your doves are stolen."

"Ah!" replied Dalila, "this is Ali Vif Argent's revenge for the disgrace

which my daughter Zeineb brought upon him the other day. Promise me," added she, "to keep this misfortune secret, that it may not reach the ears of the Khalif, while I endeavour to right this wrong." She then dressed herself in her female habiliments, and took the way to the quarters of Ahmed-ed-Deouf.

On returning from his successful enterprise, Ali Vif Argent entered the bath, to refresh himself after his fatigues, and to remove the black stains from his face : he then sought Hassan Schouman, and thanked him for his excellent advice. Ali was sitting at dinner with Hassan, Ahmed-ed-Deouf, and all the police, when Dalila knocked at the door : the friends expected her every minute, therefore Ahmed-ed-Deouf called to her :

"What dost thou here, old sorceress ? truly I am tired out by thy interminable quarrels with thy brother-in-law, Serik the fisherman."

"My errand now is not concerning fish, but doves," replied Dalila, entering the quarters : "I am come for my carrier pigeons which thy villanous policemen have stolen from me."

"As to that," said Hassan Schouman, carelessly, "thou hast come an hour too late, old serpent ; thy pigeons have been plucked and dressed, and are now half eaten." Saying this, he pointed to the fragments of the roasted pigeons on the table.

Dalila took up a wing of one of the pigeons, and tasted it.

"Ah !" cried she, "my doves live yet ; this is not their flesh. With my own hands I daily fed them with the finest wheat mixed with musk, and they would taste of musk when cooked ; but these have a far different flavour."

"Well," said Hassan Schouman, "it is useless to carry the joke any farther : thy doves are alive, and shall be restored without the loss of a feather, if thou wilt bestow thy beautiful Zeineb on Ali Vif Argent."

"For my part," replied Dalila, "I will not refuse. As far as my consent goes, the girl is his ; nevertheless, a suitor ought to gain the affections of his beloved by amiable and honest conduct to her family, instead of endeavouring to render

himself her master by means of his rogueries. Restore my doves, and then I will give my best advice in this affair."

Ali Vif Argent returned the doves, and entreated Dalila to explain herself clearly.

"I have said," resumed she, "that I will agree to this matter ; but Zeineb is not at my disposal. He that would espouse my daughter must first gain the consent of her uncle, my brother-in-law, Serik the fisherman."

"May Eblis himself confound thee and thy brother Serik !" exclaimed Hassan Schouman, in a violent rage.

"Nevertheless," replied Dalila, "his consent is the sole condition on which this marriage can take place." With these words, she took up the baskets that contained her forty doves, and went home to her khan.

"Wherefore didst thou curse her brother-in-law so bitterly ?" asked Ali Vif Argent.

"Ah !" said Hassan, "I see thou knowest not this Serik, who is a most unparalleled rogue — one who would even steal *kohol* * from the eyes of the moon : I need only tell thee a trick which he has devised in order to draw customers to his shop, and dispose of his fish. By means of a silken cord he suspends at the entrance a purse, containing a thousand ducats, and every morning at the height of his voice makes this declaration : — ' Rogues of Cairo and of Egypt, and you dexterous thieves that inhabit Irak, Arabia, and Persia, come hither — come hither and take this purse, for it belongs to him who can steal it from me !'

"By this means he attracts a crowd of people, who pretend to come for the purpose of buying his fish both cooked and raw ; but who in reality try to possess themselves of his purse. This no one has hitherto been able to effect ; for Serik's eye is quicker than lightning ; and as soon as his purse is touched he flings at the thief his fishers' lead, with so good an aim, that the latter leaves the shop half killed with the blow. To obtain the consent of this wily old villain is impossible ; and thou mayest at once resign all hopes of Zeineb."

* *Kohol*, a fine black powder which the Asiatic ladies apply to their eyelids, and which gives to their glances an exquisite mixture of vivacity and languor. This curious Eastern proverbial expression, more than the most elaborate disquisitions, helps to confirm the authenticity of these tales as genuine Eastern productions.

"Never!" replied Ali: "I neither can nor will live without making myself master of that beautiful piece of mischief: I intend to carry off the purse of Serik, and barter it for his consent to our marriage."

Ali then disguised himself as a groom, and, taking five pieces of money in his hand, went to Serik's shop, under the pretence of purchasing fish. Serik offered him some that lay ready for sale, but Ali Vif Argent refused them, saying that he wished to have them hot. Serik then began to blow the fire, when Ali darted at the purse; but at the other end of the silken cord was suspended a little bell, which rang the moment the prize was touched. Serik, who was on the alert, instantly launched his fishers' lead at the head of his pretended customer with such vengeance, that the blow, which was dexterously avoided by Ali, knocked down a vender of porcelain, who happened to be passing the shop, and destroyed a large basket full of his ware, which he carried on his head. The porcelain seller immediately summoned Serik before the *cadi*, to atone both for the damage and the blow; and though foiled in his attempt to carry off the purse, Ali had the satisfaction to hear the populace shouting after Serik, as they followed him and the porcelain merchant to the *cadi's* tribunal;—Serik, Serik, this time thy purse has brought thee little profit, for thou wilt have to pay both principal and interest for the broken ware."

Ali Vif Argent had not yet lost courage. Being wonderfully dexterous at playing cups and balls, and well knowing the art of charming serpents, he disguised himself as a juggler. Having equipped himself with all matters requisite for his supposed trade, he returned to Serik's shop, opposite to which he scouted himself; and keeping a wary eye within, he began to play his cups and balls, and to make his tame serpents dance on a sieve, to the cadence of his charmed song. A crowd soon collected about him. Watching his opportunity, he flung two of his serpents at Serik: the fisher saved himself by retreating to his fire-place, whither the serpents pursued him, and Ali, taking advantage of his confusion, flew to seize the purse. Serik, however, was too quick for him; and at the first tinkle of the bell, swinging his fishers' lead with a good aim, he gave Ali so severe a blow,

that the latter retreated half dead; and what became of his stock of serpents, and cups and balls, was never exactly known. Even this disaster did not subdue the spirit of enterprise in Ali Vif Argent: seven times more did he endeavour to carry off Serik's purse; and at every defeat his courage seemed to gain strength, till his obstinacy began seriously to alarm the wily fisher, who redoubled his care and watchfulness both by day and by night; for Ali Vif Argent had even tried to obtain entrance when the shop was closed for the evening.

At last Ali discovered that Serik was married to a negress, a slave of Giafer the Barmecide. Ali had been acquainted with this woman at Cairo; and paying her a visit during her husband's absence, he plied her with flattery so well, that she introduced him into the house at night. As Serik always hung the purse at his bed's head whilst he slept, Ali cut the string, and not only carried off the purse, but Serik's child, an infant that slept by his side.

As Ali left the house, Serik awoke, and felt for the purse: it was gone. "Thieves! thieves!" cried the fisherman, as he rushed out of his house, without stopping to dress; and pursued Ali Vif Argent so closely, that both entered the *khan* of the Bagdad police at the same instant.

"Return me my purse and my infant!" said Serik, furiously flying at Ali.

"Ah! the babe is yours, is it?" replied Ali, feigning the utmost astonishment. "This is a sad misfortune; for when you pursued me, in the eagerness of my flight, I squeezed it so closely that it is now expiring in my arms."

Hearing the fate of his infant, Serik raised a most pitiful lamentation; and when he had been sufficiently tormented, Ahmed told him that the infant should be restored unhurt, as well as the purse, on condition that he would consent to the marriage of Ali Vif Argent with his niece Zeineb.

"Let him restore the child alive, and the purse un plundered; let him, moreover, bestow the nuptial presents which I require, and Zeineb shall be his."

Ali Vif Argent, not doubting that he was rich enough to provide the requisite bridal gifts, restored the child and purse to Serik, and also promised to procure the presents; he then requested permission to visit Zeineb.

"Softly, softly," answered Serik: "the nuptial gifts must first be forthcoming."

"And what may they be?" asked Ali. "They are," said Serik, "the robe of Kamariah, the daughter of the Jew Esdras, her tiara, and her work-bag. Unless you bring all these things, which are of gold, you shall never possess Zeinab."

"They shall be procured," replied Ali.

"Ah!" exclaimed Ahmed-ed-Deouf, "you have pronounced the sentence of your own death: the wily old fisherman knows these articles are not to be obtained except at the most fearful hazard."

"Explain yourself."

"You know not," said Ahmed, "that Esdras is a noted magician, who has bands of evil genii and demons at command. He inhabits a most magnificent palace, situated at a little distance from Bagdad. Every evening he goes to a window, and displaying the robe, diadem, and work-bag of his daughter, exclaims aloud, that any one who can win them by fraud or force shall possess the maiden's hand, and inherit his great wealth; the fame of which, and the report of Kamariah's beauty, has induced many young men to undertake the adventure. All, however, have perished in the attempt, and Esdras is considered the scourge of Bagdad; but even the Khalif himself dares not punish him, so great is the dread entertained of his enchantments and spells."

"If, then," said Ali, "I can subdue this enchanter, I shall deserve the Khalif's gratitude."

"Most undoubtedly," replied Ahmed: "but the adventure insures your own destruction; for the slightest danger which you can encounter will be to pass the rest of your days as a bear or an ape."

Unintimidated by this recital, Ali Vif Argent next morning repaired to the shop of Esdras, who was a money-changer, and who was employed during the whole of the day in weighing and changing the various coins of the many foreign merchants that resorted to the bazars of Bagdad. Ali watched him till he was about to return to his palace, mounted on a mule, laden with two bags of silver and one of gold, and then followed him to the gate, which, after the entrance of the Jew,

was instantly barred. Soon afterwards, Esdras appeared above, at the accustomed window, and drawing the robe, the tiara, and the work-bag, from a gold casket, cried in a loud voice:—

"Where is the Arab or Persian dexterous enough to carry off these? To him I promise the hand of my beautiful Kamariah!"

Having heard this proclamation, Ali knocked boldly at the gate of the palace, and at once demanded the objects which he required.

Perfectly astonished at the temerity of this proceeding, which inspired him with some dread, the Jew consulted his cabalistic books, from which he learned that the name of the daring stranger was Ali Vif Argent of Cairo.

"If," said the Jew, "you would follow my advice, you would desist at once from this rash undertaking; you might then depart unharmed. I could this instant summon two demons to rend you limb from limb, but I see by my books that your stars oppose this proceeding. Be gone, and return thanks for your happy destiny."

Instead of being daunted, Ali Vif Argent derived fresh courage from this declaration.

"I shall not depart without the robe and contents of the golden casket," replied he: "if, therefore, you desire to be released from my presence, give them at once, and I will be gone."

"Ah, ah!" said the Jew; "if you say that you must absolutely have them, I must find another way of dealing with you."

Saying this, the magician seized a cup, on which were engraven certain mysterious talismanic characters, and threw the water which it contained in the face of Ali, who was in a moment transformed into an ass, with a most monstrous pair of ears.

The next morning poor Ali was saddled and bridled; and the Jew, mounting on him with three bags of gold and silver, trotted him, by dint of whip and spur, to his shop at Bagdad. The porcelain merchant, whose ware had been broken by Serik's lead, having some business at Esdras's shop, and being in want of an ass, a bargain was struck between him and the Jew, and Ali was sold to carry out loads of earthenware. Now, with the exception of speech and form, Ali had

lost none of his human attributes and capacities. When the porcelain merchant had tied him up at one end of his warehouse, he thus reflected within himself:—

"I am in a pretty situation; I shall daily be driven out under heavy loads, by the application of the cudgel; and when I am at home shall be tormented by this man's imps of children, of which I see he has a great number, who already talk of climbing my back, and pulling my enormous cars.

He was so exasperated at these reflections, that by a sudden effort of strength he broke his halter, and plunging among the heaps of porcelain which covered the warehouse, in a trice he broke a vast quantity, and pranced and kicked till he had demolished all within reach of his heels. His master, returning with some new harness, stood aghast at witnessing the destruction, which he rightly judged had been performed with a mischievous vivacity that never before inspired an ass. Enraged at the sight of the heavy loss, he drove back Ali to the Jew, and returned him on his hands, reproaching him for having sold so wicked a beast.

"Ah, wretch of an animal!" cried the Jew, "I will make thee submit to another transformation; but, believe me, thou shalt gain nought by the exchange."

With these words he remounted the ass, and returned to his palace, where he displayed the robe at the window, and then went to supper. Afterwards he went to Ali's stable, and muttering some cabalistic words, restored him to his pristine form.

"Wilt thou now, Ali," said he, "renounce thy senseless project, and depart contented with what thou hast already suffered?"

"No," replied Ali; "do thy worst. I will not depart without the robe and the contents of the casket. They must be mine, or one of us shall perish."

"Fool!" exclaimed the Jew Esdras, flinging the cup of water in his face—"take the consequence;" and Ali became a huge bear, laden with chains.

The next day Esdras mounted himself and his money bags on an evil spirit in the form of a mule, and led the bear after him by the chain. In the suburbs of Bagdad the Jew met a man whose wife longed for the flesh of a fat bear; and as Ali appeared in good condition, the man asked if he was to be sold. The Jew, who was

delighted at the opportunity, answered in the affirmative, and the bargain was struck. When the man was about to kill the bear, the animal broke his chain, and, impelled by the magical power of the incantation, ran home to Esdras, who, having again endeavoured to shake his resolution, transformed him that night into a dog, and tied him up in his stable, till he had devised some new scheme for getting rid of him on the morrow.

The Jew's daughter, Kamariah, was impatient that her nuptials had been so long delayed by her father's proceedings respecting her robe, her diadem, and work-bag. She was, besides, in love with a young Mussulman, who had tried to gain her; but who, failing in the attempt, had been turned into a monkey, and been sold by Esdras to a juggler in Bagdad. As Kamariah was well versed in all her father's conjurations, she came during the night to Ali, and muttering her father's spell restored him to his natural form: she then told him that she would give him his freedom, her robe, and the contents of the casket, if he would, out of gratitude, purchase the juggler's monkey at any price, and bring him to her presence. Transported with joy, Ali Vif Argent promised all that Kamariah required.

Kamariah led him to her father's chamber, where were deposited the robe and casket. Esdras was in a deep sleep; and Ali, instead of taking the things for which he came, seized a sword that lay by the Jew's side, and with one blow severed his head from his body. The Jew's daughter raised a dismal outcry, for she had not designed aught against her father's life. Leaving her to lament over the body, and taking with him the head of the Jew, and the robe and casket, Ali hastened to Bagdad.

When Ahmed-ed-Deouf and Hassan Schouman found that Ali's courage and perseverance had overcome the dangerous magician, who had so long endangered the Khalif's subjects and defied his authority, they conducted him to the divan, bearing the hideous head of the Jew. At the achievement the Khalif expressed great satisfaction, and still greater when he heard the recital of Ali's adventures: he commanded that they should be written, and deposited among other tales which were occasionally read to him for his diversion. Ali Vif Argent

was then elevated to the command of a third body of police, equal to the bands of Ahmed-cd-Deouf and Hassan Schouman, and was allowed the same emoluments as those leaders. He did not, however, forget his old companions the thieves of Cairo, for whom he sent, and from whose numbers he formed his band of police officers.

Ali Vif Argent presented to Zeineb the nuptial presents obtained with so

much difficulty, and was rewarded with her hand. He did not forget the Jew's daughter, whom he had left in such distress: she was soon consoled for the loss of her wicked father; and having obtained the liberty of her lover, she restored him to his pristine form, made profession of Islamism, and married her beloved, whom she endowed with her father's vast wealth.

STANZAS ON JUNE.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

Oh, month of many blossoms! thou dost come
In all thy summer beauty, like a bride
Whose hair is wreathed with roses—the gay hum
Of bees doth greet thee; thou hast well supplied
The busy labourers with a countless sun
Of flowers, expanding now on every side
To thy sweet breath, in garden, mead, and vale,
On mossy bank, wild heath, and wooded dale.

The cuckoo hails thee with her parting breath,
And the departing nightingale delays
Her flight, to bid thee welcome. I rejoice
To see once more thy long, long sunny days,
And nights of starry splendour; but my choice,
Amidst thy many charms, bewilder'd strays;
Delighted and enamour'd with them all,
Pausing on each, uncertain where to fall.

Whether upon thy dew-bespangled morn,
Thy bright meridian, or mild evening hours,
When day's last tints so gloriously adorn
The glowing west—thy ever balmy showers—
The breeze that wantons in thy blossom'd corn,
Or softly sighs amidst thy woodbine bowers,
Kisses the crystal streams and meadows gay,
And steals fresh fragrance from the new-mown hay, -

Fair June! thy gifts are so profusely spread,
That musing Fancy is uncertain how
Or where to rest;—the very ground we tread
Is rich with treasures. I have turn'd me now
To cull the strawberry from its lowly bed;
Yet am no less attracted by the bough
On which, bright blushing through the foliage green,
The tempting cherries, red and ripe, are seen.

Thou art the loveliest daughter of the year,
And of thy sister months there is not one
(Though all in turn are fair) that may appear
So beautiful as thou. The hasting sun
Doth speed too swiftly on in his career,
And brings thee to a close. Soon will be done
Thy days, delightful June! and we shall sigh
O'er thy short reign and pleasing memory.

ALGIERS IN 1830-1.

(Continued from p. 252.)

As the complement of the enumeration already given of the principal divisions, or castes, comprising the population of Algiers, we now proceed to the mention of the slaves of both sexes; which there, as in many of the Barbary states, form two distinct classes. In the one may be ranked such as were taken at sea; in the other, those brought from the interior of Africa, and exposed to sale in the public bazaars. The first, who were generally the subjects of Christian states, either became the property of the Dey by virtue of the privilege which enabled that sovereign to make a choice from the captured lots, or else were sold on the quays on the arrival of the several Algerine vessels, amongst the crews of which the price was always equally distributed. In the former case, the females were invariably consigned to the haram, where their accomplishments, personal charms, or often the caprice of their tyrant, exercised a more or less favourable influence on their destiny. The men were more rigorously treated, being condemned to labour like galley-slaves in the port, or at the different public works. The captives not included in the selection made by the Dey were sold by public auction on the quays.

Slaves belonging to the first class were generally ransomed by their relations or friends, and sometimes owed the recovery of their freedom to the sacrifices made by public or individual charity. The successful issue of a diplomatic treaty, or of a naval expedition against Algiers, such as that of Lord Exmouth in 1816, has not unfrequently operated on the interests or the fears of the reigning Dey, and induced him to consent indiscriminately to the deliverance of all his Christian prisoners. During the late campaign of the French, after the destruction of the Emperor's fort, the Dey ordered the prisons and other places of detention to be instantly opened; so that when the invading army took possession of the town, not a single prisoner could be found.

The slaves who were brought from the interior of Africa, and sold in the bazaars, were usually purchased by private individuals, by whom they were employed in domestic labour. Compared with their former condition in their native country,

the position of these unfortunate beings was rather ameliorated by the change, and was unquestionably preferable to that of their brethren transplanted to the Antilles, and employed in the cultivation of the sugar-cane and other colonial produce. The Mussulman considers his purchased slave as forming part of his family, and treats him with infinitely more indulgence than the hired domestic.

Every inhabitant of Algiers was accustomed to yield implicit obedience to the Dey, whose will was law, except in matters of religion. On such questions the spirit of toleration natural to the Turks, and prescribed by the sacred injunctions of their Koran, compelled even their despotic ruler to concede a portion of his authority to the conscientious opinions of his subjects. This authority, too, though for the most part arbitrarily exercised, was by no means equally galling to every class of the Algerines; many of whom, through various causes, enjoyed a partial exemption from its severity. Many privileges were granted to the Turks, from whose ranks the Deys were always chosen, and by whom they were often deposed from motives of just indignation or popular caprice. The power enjoyed by each Turk under his master, in a ratio proportionate to the elevation of his social position, diminished the odium attached to an authority shared by himself; and this participation formed the sure safeguard of a throne to which each Turkish soldier might in turn aspire. The Couloglis, in consequence of their connection with their Turkish parents; the Moors, from their numbers, industry, and wealth; the other followers of Islamism, in virtue of compacts made by the heads of their tribes with the Divan, and stipulating certain immunities in exchange for tribute paid: these various classes enjoyed each a greater or less degree of security against the despotism of the Dey.

Of all the inhabitants of Algiers, the Jews formed the sole portion subjected, without defence, to the wanton caprice of tyranny, or protected from it only by the extent of the bitter and degrading sacrifices to which they voluntarily submitted. We have already alluded to the odious code of laws specially framed for the op-

pression of this persecuted race, and to the ignominious punishments by which even the crimes of a Jew obtained an infamous distinction above the vices of human nature. These cruel hardships were still further embittered by the vexatious conduct of individuals. Such is the justice of human retribution: the oppressed who crouches to a master's will, becomes in turn the petty oppressor of the wretch who quails beneath the frown of his subaltern despot. The negro of the colonies, smarting under the lash, strikes with brutal hand the horse or the mule confided to his care; and, in his broken phraseology of "*dee my negro*," proclaims his savage triumph that he too can torture!

Of the civic degradation to which the Jews at Algiers were reduced, many instances might be given. The following, though apparently trivial, relates to a matter of daily occurrence. In hot climates, it is well known that the approaches to fountains are much frequented. It has often happened that a number of individuals have simultaneously presented themselves at the same spot for the purpose of drawing water. On such occasions, whatever may have been the order of the several arrivals, the Mussulmans invariably exacted precedence over the Jews, none of the latter hazarding the experiment of an appeal to the homely proverb — "first come first served." The Turks having retired, it might be supposed that the Israelites were allowed to fill their pitchers and depart in peace. Not so: on the approach of the meanest slave (or, to descend still lower in the scale of Mahometan estimation, on the arrival of the most abject "Christian dog"), the poor Hebrew was again compelled to yield his prior claim, and in meek resignation to abide till all had departed, save the brethren of his humbled and persecuted creed.

The authority, without limits, without appeal, which at Algiers regulated the organisation of society, can scarcely be illustrated by a comparison with any analogous power existing in civilised Europe. For this reason, though, to convey to our readers a less confused notion of the subject, we may occasionally employ the terms, police, justice, finance, &c., it must not be inferred that the barbaric institutions thus classed bore the slightest resemblance to others appropriately so

designated in Christian states. The phrases in question must be considered as adopted in a relative sense. We proceed to a few details, which may throw some light upon the difference between the Algerine police, as formerly established under the deys, and that which, more happily organised on the system of European governments, tends to the maintenance of order and the repression of crime.

At Algiers, the principal functions of the police were formerly exercised by the dey, who had for his immediate though subordinate agents the members of the Turkish regency; officers and soldiers without distinction. Each of these individuals arrogated to himself the right of checking, of judging, and often of punishing offences with which accident or the duties of his office might have rendered him acquainted. The grand Turkish specific for the suppression of vice is the *bastinado*, — an infliction to which the accused party might always look forward with unhesitating confidence, and the distributors of which, in slight cases, usually accompanied him to the audience-chamber of the Cadi, but in cases of real or supposed atrocity, before the redoubtable presence of the dey himself. From this summary mode of proceeding it frequently resulted that an apparent crime, or an offence but meditated, was punished before any explanation could be given. On one occasion a *kabile*, or peasant, was seen pursuing a child, his cudgel uplifted, as though about to be administered to the back and shoulders of the fugitive. On the pursuer's near approach, a Turk, who was passing through the street, without a moment's pause struck him several heavy blows with the flat of his cimeter. — "What mean you?" demanded the astonished peasant. "I have not so much as touched the child." — "True, friend," observed the Turk; "and for that reason do I let thee off so lightly: hadst thou but struck one blow, I would infallibly have dragged thee before the Cadi." — "Gracious Allah!" replied the peasant, "'Twas but in jest; the boy is from my own country; I would not harm a hair of his head." — "Rascal!" exclaimed the Turk in a paroxysm of rage; "thou hast then deceived me! thou art the cause that I have been unjust! Take that — and that — for having misled me;" and a fresh shower of blows followed the luckless peasant's exculpation.

So wide a latitude allowed to the lowest Turkish soldier might lead to the supposition that magistrates, when constituted judges, were invested with unlimited authority. Such, however, was not the fact. Delinquents condemned to severe punishments were transferred to the Casaba, where, on a summary report of their cases, and often without hearing their defence, the dey himself ordered the immediate execution of their respective sentences.

Independently of the system just described, a Moorish police was established at Algiers, the head of which, named the *Mezouard*, was charged with the surveillance of the populace—the Turks excepted. This functionary had under his orders a guard, whose services, whose numerical force, and whose pay were submitted entirely to his discretion. Amongst other duties he was responsible for the execution of all judicial sentences. In the event of such an occurrence as the absence of the public executioner from his post, or the lack of volunteer amateurs to supply his place, the *Mezouard* himself would have been compelled to handle the fatal bowstring. This alternative, however, would probably have caused him little embarrassment; the people of the East being exempt from the prejudice which in Europe condemns the finisher of the law to an ignominious and isolated existence. Even pachas have been known to undertake the execution of the bloody sentences which themselves had pronounced. The two most celebrated viceroys of modern times, Ali of Janina and Djazzar of Saint Jean d'Acre, prided themselves on the well-earned fame which they had

acquired in the theory and practice of decapitation. Were further instances required, the following would place the matter beyond the limits of controversy. During the first six weeks of the occupation of Algiers by the French, four kabiles had been surprised in the act of conveying war-stores to the enemy. The two principal culprits were condemned by a court martial to be hanged; the two others, to receive the bastinado during the execution of their comrades. The executioner having on the preceding night deserted, it was at first imagined that the *Mezouard* would experience some perplexity in finding a substitute. The sole difficulty, however, was that of making a suitable election from among the numerous candidates who aspired to the vacant dignity:—the sole danger was, that the successful competitor might excite the irritable jealousy of his rejected rivals.

For the expenses with which his office was attended, the *Mezouard* received no allowance from the public treasury, which during the rule of the deys was entirely devoted to the maintenance of the Turkish army. The expenses of the different administrations were defrayed from the taxes levied under various denominations on the inhabitants. The *Mezouard*, however, was entitled to certain duties paid at the town-gates on the entry of provisions; also to a tax on the sale of the same in the markets; and to many other perquisites, the sum total of which, added to fines and confiscations, sufficed for his personal expenses, and for those of his troops.

THE RETURN.

BY G. R. CARTER, ESQ.

THROW up the lattice o'er the vine, —
 I hear a distant sound! —
 The wind brings balm upon its wings
 From summer-haunts around; —
 But this conveys a festal tone,
 And seems the trumpet-voice
 Which peals amid the sunny air
 When heroes' hearts rejoice.

They come! they come! the distant plain
 A gorgeous tint assumes, —
 Their banners in the sunset wave
 Over their darkling plumes.

The clouds are flush'd with crimson hue,
 Or tinged with golden light,
 But from their radiant pageantry
 The brave recal my sight.

Their swords have riven a nation's chain,
 And Fame shall proudly raise
 A song from loftier lutes than mine
 To them in after-days.
 But lo! amid the gallant throng
 I see my lover come;—
 Throw up the lattice o'er the vine,
 And greet the victors home.

MEMOIR OF AGNES SOREL.

With a beautiful and authentic Portrait.

AGNES SURELLE, or Sorel, surnamed *La Belle*, was one of the most beautiful women of her time. She was born and passed her earlier years at Promenteau, a village of Touraine, in the diocese of Bourges. King Charles VII. having had the curiosity to see her, became enamoured of her, gave her a large fortune, and Le Château de Beauté sur Marne, at the extremity of the park of Vincennes. She was also possessed of Rocheperic D'Issoudun, and de Vernon sur Seine. The king became so attached to her, that for her sake he entirely abandoned the interests of his people. Agnes, however, having reproached him with his indolence, so great was her influence over Charles that he speedily took active measures to expel the English from his kingdom. Agnes assured the monarch that an astrologer had declared to her that she should become the idol of the greatest of earthly princes; but that such a prediction could have no reference to himself, inasmuch as he neglected to reinstate himself in his dominions, which had been overrun by his enemies; and that in order to accomplish the prophecy, she must depart for the court of the English king. So powerful was the effect of her remonstrances, that Charles commenced hostilities to prove the extent of his attachment, as well as to gratify his own ambition. It is said that Francis I., being one day at the house of Artus Gouffier de Boissi, once a governor and then grand master of France, amused himself with turning over the leaves of a portfolio which lay in the apartment of Mademoiselle de Boissi.

This lady, a descendant of the house of Hangest, was occupied in drawing, and had copied into the book the portraits of many illustrious persons, and among others that of Agnes Sorel. The king amused himself with composing appropriate lines for each of the portraits, and with his own hand wrote the following for the beautiful Agnes:—

Plus de louange et d'honneur tu mérites,
 La cause étant de France recouvrer,
 Qui ce que peut dedans un cloître ouvrir
 Close nonnain, ou bien devot hermite.

These couplets may be found among the collection of Milan de Saint-Gelais. The beautiful Agnes died 9th February, 1449, at the castle of Mesnil, near Jumièges, and not at Jumièges itself, as some writers have stated. Many have affirmed that she was poisoned by order of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., who hated her on account of his father's excessive fondness for her. Her heart and entrails were inhumed at Jumièges; her body was carried to the castle of Laches, where she was interred in the middle aisle of the church. A tomb of black marble was placed over her remains. In the church, her figure is sculptured in black marble, angels holding a cushion upon which her head reclines; two lambs are reposing at her feet. Although Agnes had given large endowments to this church, yet after her death, the monks, imagining that the hatred of Louis XI. would pursue her in the grave, begged permission of that monarch to remove her tomb from the middle aisle, as incon-

venient to them during the performance of their ceremonies. The king, however, condemned the demand of the ecclesiastics, and advised them to show more gratitude for the memory of one by whom they had been so greatly enriched. By the beautiful Agnes King Charles had two daughters: Charlotte, afterwards the wife of James de Brezi, Count de Moulcvrier;

and Margaret, wife of Olivier de Coïton, Lord of Paillebourg.

These historical particulars may serve to introduce the following romantic incident; which, on the authority of ancient chronicles, is said to have taken place in 1440, nine years before the decease of the beautiful Agnes Sorcl.

AGNES AND THE PAGE.

' Ha! madame, je ne scay que je dis
Ny par quel bout je doye commencer,
Pour vous mander la douloureuse vie
Qu' amour me faict chascun jour endurer.' "

CHARLES D'ORLEANS, *Ballad.*

THE fatal losses of the French at the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt had been in part repaired by momentary successes, and Charles VII., who had repossessed himself of the dominions of his ancestors, held his court at the Château des Tournelles. The fruits of victory, however, had scarcely been tasted by the nation, when the king was compelled to absent himself from Paris for the purpose of checking the revolt known by the name of *La Praguerie*, and which the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., had excited against his father. The son seemed determined to follow the example of his sire, who in his youth had himself taken up arms against the ill-fated Charles VI.

The beauteous Agnes Sorelle, or Sorcl, who, when a throne was at stake, had so often imparted energy to the naturally effeminate monarch of France, reigned with almost sovereign state at the hotel St. Paul. The haughty favourite was indeed more absolute than the legitimate partner of Charles' throne, who consoled herself for the neglect of her royal spouse by her attention to religious duties, and seldom quitted the devout seclusion of her oratory for the pleasures of the court. Agnes, on the contrary, was environed with splendour; each day of her existence was ushered in by some new fête, but despite of all her heart, was a prey to secret sorrow. She felt deeply affected by the absence of the king; and, add the scandalous chronicles of the times, still more so by that of Roland, the youngest, the most graceful, and the most chivalrous of his majesty's pages. Certain it is, that whilst Charles at the

head of his troops hotly pursued the Dauphin, who had found an asylum with the Duke of Burgundy, the fair Agnes in melancholy mood was wont to seek the most sombre and secluded alleys of the garden attached to the hotel St. Paul; where none were privileged to intrude upon her privacy save the aged Alain Chartier, the famous poet and historiographer of the court.

About nine years had elapsed from the period when Joan of Arc, commonly called the Maid of Orleans, was taken prisoner at Compiègne by the English, and subsequently tried, condemned, and burnt as a heretic and sorceress. The feeble Charles, though indebted to Joan for his crown, made not the slightest effort to reverse the iniquitous sentence, which had been pronounced by Pierre Cauchon, bishop of Beauvais, and which shortly afterwards was carried into execution on the market-place of Rouen. The impression produced by this tragical event on the minds of the populace had been nearly effaced amidst the tumults of intestine warfare, when on a certain evening an Amazon, mounted on a richly caparisoned white charger, her person armed from head to foot, and her visor down, rode into Paris by the Porte St. Antoine. On her shield was the device of a hand grasping a sword, with the motto *Consilio firmata Dei*. The Amazon was preceded by a herald at arms; who with Stentorian lungs, and to the amazement of the citizens and inhabitants of the metropolis, proclaimed, in the name of heaven and King Charles VII., that "by miracle the Maid of Orleans still lived, and had escaped from the hands of the Eng-

lish; that another maiden resembling her in form, features, and complexion had been burnt in her stead at Rouen; that the maid Joan had been detained in close confinement till that self-same day, on which she had, for the salvation of France, been released from dire captivity; that her unjust judges, attacked by divers incurable maladies, had consented to her liberation without expense or ransom; that the maiden had vowed a *Te Deum*, to be sung in the church of Notre Dame, in thanksgiving to Providence and the immaculate Virgin, for her deliverance from the hands of her enemies." Finally, the herald "convoked the citizens of both sexes and of all ages, in the name of the Maid of Orleans, to be present at the ceremony." The proclamation finished, the amazon brandished the oriflamme which she held in one hand, and on which her device had been repeated, managing the while her proud and fiery steed with a admirable address. This singular spectacle attracted immense crowds, who followed with shouts of exultation and triumph; the name of Joan passing from lip to lip, had regained its ancient popularity, and not a single individual of the countless throng who pressed forward to greet her passage, appeared for a moment to question the truth of the herald's almost miraculous recital. The tumultuous rapture increased at every moment: men, women, and children embraced each other with transport; bonfires were kindled in the streets, and the church-bells with their oft repeated and sonorous chimes, seemed to express the participation of the very walls of Paris in the general feeling of enthusiasm.

The most magnificent preparations were forthwith made at Notre Dame for the reception of the maiden; in the nave of the church was spread a rich carpet, flowers were strewn on the altar, a number of wax-tapers were lighted, and the massive folding-doors were thrown wide open. The Amazon entered the sacred edifice on horseback, and while she dismounted at the altar, the officiating priest respectfully held her stirrup. As soon as the *Te Deum* had been sung, the whole body of the clergy, preceded by their banners, crosses, and censers, with every demonstration of humility, escorted the heroine to the grand portal of the church, at which, during the performance of the religious ceremony, the

herald had remained mounted. The maiden proceeded thence to the Château des Tournelles, still followed by the populace, who paid her the honours due to royalty. The queen, however, (Mary of Anjou) who had heard the intelligence of Joan's arrival with much apathy, and who was at that moment busily engaged with her confessor, announced that on the following day she would receive the Maid of Orleans, thus miraculously preserved from the stake, and from the power of the English. The maiden, apparently less humiliated by this coldness than might have been expected, turned her horse's head in the direction of the hotel St. Paul. Informed of these wondrous events, Agnes betrayed every symptom of the most violent emotion, and accompanied by Alain Chartier, her ladies, her pages, and the courtiers who had not followed Charles to the wars, the beauty left the hotel and advanced to meet Joan, who hastily dismounted, raised her visor, and threw herself into the arms of Agnes. The gates of the hotel were then closed for the night, and the crowd tumultuously bent their steps towards the place Maubert, where the students of the university amused themselves by burning in effigy the judges and the executioners of Joan.

At the hotel St. Paul all was bustle and commotion, feasting and revelling. Among the attendants a thousand mysterious whispers were circulated touching the miraculous reappearance of the Maid of Orleans; each marvelling at the interest which Providence so manifestly displayed in her preservation. The pages, valets, and écuyers, instead of gambling and junketing together, as was their wont, added their crude opinions to the general mass of conjecture on the subject.

"By my spurs," cried a page belonging to the Lady Agnes, "it seems to me that since she has been at the stake, the Maid of Orleans has grown taller by two good inches."

"*Sang de Banif!*" exclaimed an old seneschal; "I recollect having seen Joan at Bourges, when De Baudricourt conducted the maid from her native village to the presence of our sovereign; and, by our Lady, since that day her complexion has become marvellously pale. Peradventure the English have taught her the art and mystery of composing cosmetics for the skin."

Meanwhile, the Lady Agnes and Joan,

between whom a romantic friendship seemed on a sudden to have been cemented, sought a retired and winding alley of the garden. Long and apparently impassioned was their conference. At the conclusion, tenderly placing her hand within that of her companion — "*Mort de ma vie!* child," exclaimed Agnes; "I tremble at thy hardihood: the trick must needs be discovered; for, trust me, that smooth pale face of thine would shame the coarse swarthy visage of Joan. I have heard men say her accents were harsh and displeasing — thy tones are soft and silvery. Roland — prithee, boy, do not thus squeeze my hand — this masquerade will be fatal."

"Agnes! mine own Agnes! Did I not tell thee, in that bower thou knowest so well, that I would ere long return! Hide me as thou wilt, but thou seest that Roland is not given to idle tales. Away with gloomy apprehensions! The King's absence will last yet three days. Consider, Agnes; for three days thou wilt be near me; thou wilt smile upon me — my heart will leap to the music of thy voice, and mine eye will borrow its brightness from the radiance of thine."

"Boy!" returned Agnes, as her head fondly drooped on the shoulder of the fictitious Joan; and both entered the banqueting room of the hotel St. Paul.

A sumptuous feast had been prepared, and when the guests were seated, a symphony was heard from invisible musicians. Joan, or rather Roland, had taken care to occupy a seat as close to that of Agnes as courtly etiquette would permit. This circumstance added to the frequent looks of tenderness exchanged between both, had not escaped the penetration of old Alain Chartier, who, at the conclusion of the entertainment, being urged by Agnes to repeat some verses of his own composition, immediately recited a roundel but too applicable to the situation of the lovers. Fortunately, the covert meaning of the improviso rhymes was understood only by Agnes and the page, both of whom blushed crimson deep, as though the meaning must have forced itself on the comprehension of all who listened.

"Master Alain," said Agnes Sorel, "methinks I have heard those verses before; albeit that they are not of thy composition, they yet prove that, spite of years, thou hast a young man's memory. Be it as it may, thy rhymes please me

not: therefore, wouldst thou do well to repair straightway to the camp, where, in thy quality of historiographer, thou mayst, in fitting language, record the high and valorous deeds of our good sire, whom heaven preserve."

"Gentle lady," said Alain, "you do but jest."

"Not I, in good faith, Alain. Go, and return not; save with the king — thy master and mine. There will be some lances shivered; and 'twere pity thou shouldst not witness such feats. For thy verses, Alain, trust me, they are good for nought. Adieu."

Furious at the disgrace which his ill-timed frankness had brought upon him, and inwardly muttering threats of dire revenge, Alain Chartier saluted his mistress, and hastily withdrew. A few hours after his departure from the hotel, Agnes, at the page's entreaty, wished to recal him, but in vain: the bard was already on his way to join Charles VII., whose forces were encamped not far from Orleans. The occurrence made a deep impression on the page. "Agnes!" said he, "sweet Agnes, thy imprudence will cost us dear. Alain knows but too much; and thou hast despatched him to the king — to disclose all."

"Think of him no more, child," said Agnes: "Alain dreads my vengeance, and dares not betray us. I have done well to release both thee and me from his importunate presence; and thou, ere long, Roland, wilt say as much."

* * * *

It was already broad daylight when the fictitious Joan, armed cap-a-pie, reluctantly quitted the hotel St. Paul for the Château des Tournelles. Accompanied by a faithful squire the page was ushered into a gallery, where, in his supposed character of the Maid of Orleans, he was honoured with an audience of the queen, as soon as her majesty had terminated her customary devotions. Much to the satisfaction of Joan (for by that name we shall still occasionally call the love-sick page), Mary of Anjou speedily dismissed her visitor with a truly Christian exhortation, recommending the invincible maiden to lay aside her arms and male attire, in obedience to the canons, bulls, and decrees of Rome.

On the following morning, to the great surprise of the court, the king, at the

head of his nobility, returned to Paris. The revolt had been momentarily checked by the retreat of the dauphin to Burgundy. Affecting to believe that his brief absence had appeared as tedious to his mistress as to himself, Charles, without delay, repaired to the hotel St. Paul, to announce his return in person. A cloud darkened the monarch's brow when the particulars of Joan's strange reappearance, and the fact of her actual presence in the abode of Agnes, were communicated by the attendants.

"In what apartment has she bestowed herself?" gloomily demanded Charles.

"Sire," said the attendant, "in the chamber of the Lady Agnes, where the maiden is now engaged in devout prayer and preparation for the holy communion." At that moment Agnes hastily approached; and, with well dissembled affection, throwing herself upon Charles's neck, made many enquiries respecting his majesty's health, and success in arms. — "Sire," added she, while the monarch, with a mixture of sternness and sadness, gazed upon her fair features, "has the rebellious dauphin been chastised according to his deserts?"

"Nay, Agnes; knowest thou not that David pardoned his son Absalom? Shall I be less merciful? But woe to the traitors who conspire against my honour, if not against my throne."

"Who?" interrupted Agnes, making a violent effort to conceal her emotion; "who are the disloyal felons that have thus excited your majesty's wrath? Perhaps some jewel of price from the royal treasury —"

"Aye, Agnes de Promentau: a jewel of price inestimable — a brighter sparkle than in the abode of the blessed. But no more of this. Agnes, thou hast seen the Maid of Orleans? — is it not so?"

"Sire, since her arrival, I have allotted to her an apartment in the hotel, where she now meekly prostrates her spirit in penance and humiliation."

"Tis wisely done. Agnes, thou dost not inform thyself of the presents which I bring thee from our provinces. Adieu! I must to the Château des Tournelles, where the queen awaits me. But, hold, — a word with thee before we part. Tell this maid, this Joan of Arc, for whose services we are debtor, that should we not see her forthwith in our presence we must needs disturb her prayers."

"Alain Chartier, shame on thy treason," bitterly ejaculated Agnes, as Charles slowly retired.

The king repaired to the Château des Tournelles. Without demanding to see the queen, he withdrew to a remote apartment, wept, groaned, tore his hair, and in the extravagance of his passion, made a vow to renounce the throne — life itself. On the windows and tapestry of the chamber where, for the first time, he was alone, were ciphers, crests, initials, carved or wrought by the hand of love. Eagerly clinging to a sudden idea, as though for refuge from himself — "May not Alain have deceived me!" mentally exclaimed Charles, and with every project of vengeance the thought recurred.

Equally unenviable was the state of Agnes. "Roland," said she to the disguised page, "if thou wouldst leave this place with life, thou must away instantly. Alain has betrayed us."

"Alain! the hoary traitor! By my good sword, the ravens shall feast upon his vile carcase."

"Fool! why talk'st thou of a useless murder? think of thine own safety, if it be yet time. Flee, Roland."

"And thou, Agnes, wilt thou be the companion of my flight? for, within these fatal walls, even thine eyes have no power to save thee."

"I tell thee, Roland," cried Agnes, with increasing vehemence, "in a few moments Charles will summon thee to his presence. Quick! my page's uniform is there, in that corner. Octavian is of thine age and stature. Dress thyself instantly in that suit, and flee."

"Agnes!" exclaimed Roland, who had approached the window, "the court-yard is even now thronged with guards: flight were unavailing. Prithee, sweet love, commend our souls to thine own good saint; and once more, Agnes, smile in token of adieu! — for we are to die!"

... Twelve o'clock had struck when Charles VII., his countenance arrayed in smiles, his heart writhing with the pangs of jealousy, seated himself under a superb canopy in the grand hall of the Château. The monarch was surrounded by a numerous and brilliant court. In a few moments appeared the false Joan of Arc, escorted with becoming dignity by the archers of the king's guard. With downcast eyes the page slowly advanced to the foot of the throne, at which he knelt

in expectation of his sentence. His heart beat violently;— but it was for Agnes.

"Joan," said the king, with fearful calmness, "I must needs be grateful to our ancient foes the English, who, without parley or notice have restored to us our brave champion: and yet, *Pâques-Dieu!* the news of such event was worth a messenger. Now would I have wagered my crown — aye, and the head that wears it, that thine ashes had been scattered to the winds."

"Our lady and the saints be praised!" exclaimed the pretended Joan, with an air of contrition, "that I am permitted to die in my royal master's service."

"To that poor satisfaction, at least, thou art entitled for the services by thee rendered to thy sovereign at Rheims. Thine own lips, Joan, shall pronounce the recompense which we owe thee in memory of our royal coronation."

The page shuddered at the keen irony masked under the monarch's words, and remained motionless as a criminal about to hear his doom of death, when the *Sieur des Armoises*, abruptly entering the hall, addressed the king.

"Sire," said the blunt chevalier, "twice did I, some ten years since, succour your majesty in the fray, and in recompense of such deeds, twice did I receive your royal word, that with the rites and ceremonies of our holy church I should espouse this maiden, Joan of Arc, whose true knight I shall remain, whilst breath of life is mine: wherefore, in this season of joy and triumphant jubilation do I claim your kingly promise, that the espousals may be solemnised in Paris, or at Metz, where my family reside. But, by my knighthood, I pray your majesty to spare me the usual delays. *Vite et tôt*, is your feal servitor's device."

"What says the maiden of Orleans?" demanded Charles, suddenly turning towards the page, who raised his head as though aroused from a profound revery.

"Sire," replied Roland, with apparent tranquillity, "my sovereign's pleasure is mine. To the *Seigneur des Armoises*, my brave and loyal knight, my hand by right appertains. Moreover, thanks to your majesty's valour, there is now no foreign enemy to be vanquished, no coronation to be solemnised. If, then, your majesty's permission but accord with mine own will, the maid of Orleans changes her virgin condition. *Messire des Armoises*, your hand."

The presence of mind displayed by the page afforded him a momentary respite. The feeble monarch again experienced all the torments of doubt; his devoted attachment to Agnes Sorel, the strongest feeling of which his heart was capable, almost justified the favourite, and even rendered Charles, in his own eyes, a jealous and unreasonable tyrant. At times too, he imagined that in the Amazon before him he could recognise the features and the voice of Joan of Arc. And yet, on the other hand, Alain Chartier was not the man to fabricate a tale at his own risk and peril. And "*Sang d'Armagnac!*" muttered the perplexed monarch; "how comes it that my page Roland has, for three days, been missing?"

During this internal soliloquy of Charles, the page had seized an opportunity of conversing apart with the *Sieur des Armoises*, who, proud of the noble alliance which he was on the eve of contracting, would not have exchanged his lot against his master's throne.

"Mine honoured lord, that shall be," said Roland: "have you not remarked the embarrassed, nay, the discontented, air of our sovereign at the thought of our approaching union? Were not the time and place unsuitable, I could well explain this matter. Of this at some more fitting season. Now, heed me. For reasons which you shall learn hereafter, let us this night quit Paris together, and repair to your château at Metz, where the nuptial ceremony may be concluded without delay. This project failing, I fear me mightily, some strange impediment will retard, if not altogether dissolve, our intended contract. Let two fleet horses be saddled and bridled, and let us away with speed."

The knight joyfully assented to the hardy project, which was executed on the instant, and which was attended with the most unhopèd-for success. The page glided unperceived from the palace, at the appointed spot joined the *Sieur des Armoises*, who anxiously awaited the false Joan of Arc, and the echo of their horses' hoofs was soon lost in the distance. Both arrived in safety at the town of Metz, where they were received with shouts and acclamations; and where, saith the chronicle, this singular marriage was celebrated with great pomp. The bride having unaccountably disappeared on the nuptial night, it was reported that the devil had

assumed the form of Joan of Arc to tempt the knight ; who, unable to resist the violence of his despair, subsequently embraced the monastic state. The whole adventure appeared to excite the gaiety of Charles VII., who took especial pains to recite it in presence of Agnes Sorcl.

Not long afterwards, the page Roland was found assassinated on the high road near Montlhéry : the records of the time attributed his untimely death to an at-

tack of robbers. Alain Chartier, in disgrace, retired to Avignon, where he ended his days. The passion of Charles VII. for the beautiful Agnes continued to the period of her death, which took place suddenly in 1449, at the Château de Mesnil, near Jumièges. The well-known circumstance of the dauphin's hatred towards the favourite mistress of his father, confirmed the prevalent report that she had died by poison.

THE BRITONS:

THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, ARTS, SCIENCES, AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

No. II.

THE earliest inhabitants of this island were the Britons. They were a rude race — a people of the forests and the woods — and previously to the arrival of the Romans, lived, as it appears to us at the present day, in a state of great barbarism. The face of the country exhibited an aspect totally different from that which it now offers to the eye of the traveller ; not in the position of hill and valley, mountain and stream, but from the prevalence of thick and almost impervious forests, which were so numerous, that the epithet "*horrida sylvis*" was applied to the whole island.* There were then no elegant mansions, with grounds tastefully laid out and beautifully decorated ; no splendid temples for the worship of the heavenly King — no magnificent palaces for the residence of an earthly one. There were no villages, presenting to the eye of the philanthropist the prospect of an industrious and happy peasantry ; no neat cottages, with the little garden in front, and the woodbine or the jasmine curling in graceful trellises around their latticed windows : there were no towns, where busy commerce raised her head, and where thousands of individuals obtained employment, by contributing to the supply of the world with the manufactures of their native land ; there were no cities in which the student could luxuriate in learned solitude, or the gay riot in the fashionable amusements of modern times : — all these were wanting, as well

as the means of internal communication, which in the present age have been so wonderfully improved, and so admirably adapted, not only to promote the interests of the merchant and the trader, and the convenience of the traveller, but also to facilitate the intercourse between man and man, to increase the comforts of society, and to unite in beneficial and social communication the very extremities of the island.

Cæsar, when he landed in Britain, found the inhabitants a strong and martial race, but buried in forests, which were surrounded with bogs and marshes, or standing waters, and which opposed more than ordinary obstacles to the progress of the Roman arms. The Romans cut down the one, and drained the others ; and thus commenced that career of improvement which has since been steadily and perseveringly continued. These conquerors also intersected the country with roads, the remains of which may still be traced by the antiquary, and which served to promote the civilisation of the inhabitants, as well as to advance the progress of the invaders.

The Britons were descended from the Celts, — that people who, under various names, have figured so conspicuously in the history of the world ; the manners, customs, amusements, and general habits of the former, as well as their government and religion, were extremely similar to those of their progenitors, whom they also

* Leland's Itinerary, vol. vi. p. 104.

resembled in personal appearance, being of lofty stature, fair, and well featured; their hair, for the most part, yellow, though of different hues. They were robust and hardy; capable of enduring privation; excelling in every manly and athletic exercise; of undaunted courage; hospitable to their friends, but fierce and implacable to their enemies. The British females, whose long flowing hair descended like a mantle on their shoulders, were, as our fair countrywomen at this day, objects of considerable attraction. Such were the Britons, who, driven from the south and the east by the Romans and the Saxons, took shelter amidst the mountains of Wales; where the name, the language, and many of the ancient customs, still exist.

The habits of the early Celts were *nomadic*. They led a wandering life, transporting their families from place to place in large wagons, and ever ready to desert their temporary abodes in quest of conquest, adventure, or amusement. Their usual food consisted of venison and wild fruits, and their beverage of milk; for their acquaintance with agriculture must be dated from a comparatively recent period. In these respects, the early Britons imitated their ancestors; and previously to the conquest of the island by the Romans, agriculture had made little progress; the inhabitants living principally upon venison and milk. The chase formed at once the amusement and the occupation of the warriors in times of peace; whilst the bulk of the inhabitants found employment in tending the herds of cattle, from which their principal means of subsistence were derived. Agriculture, with its train of useful arts, was almost unknown in the interior of the island, though practised by the descendants of the Belgic Gauls settled on its coasts.

Like the dwellings of the ancient Germans, those of the earliest inhabitants of Britain were thickets and caves. The Germans, as we are told by Tacitus*, dug deep caves in the ground, and covered them with earth; in these they stored their provisions, and dwelt during the winter for the sake of warmth. The Britons did the same; and in the Western

Isles of Scotland, and in Cornwall, remains of these subterraneous houses are still to be found.† In summer they built slight huts, formed of stakes driven into the ground, and interwoven with wattles, like basket-work; their roofs were convex, and covered with the branches of trees.‡ In time their notions of architecture improved. Instead of stakes and wattles, beams of wood, plastered with clay, were employed in the construction of their walls, the foundations of which, in some instances were of stone. In the modern acceptation of the word town,—an assemblage of houses, with streets, and lanes,—it would seem, that when Cæsar arrived in Britain, the natives had none. He tells us, that “what the Britons call a town is a tract of woody country, surrounded by a mound and ditch for the protection of themselves and their cattle against the incursions of their enemies.”§ Strabo says, “The forests of the Britons are their cities. For when they have inclosed a large circuit with felled trees, they build within it houses for themselves, and hovels for their cattle. These buildings are slight, and not intended for long duration.”|| Much judgment was evinced in the selection of sites for these towns, which were generally found in valleys, on the margin of a stream or river, for the convenience of water and security from winds.

The brief and imperfect information to be gleaned from the pages of such authors as have treated of the Britons seems to warrant the conclusion that their towns were merely an assemblage of huts built round the habitations of their chiefs. The residence of the latter differed but in magnitude from the houses of his followers. Generally on some rude eminence, the *dun*, answering to the Norman *keep*, was erected. It was a circular building, formed at first of stakes and wattles, subsequently of beams and clay, the roof covered with branches, and the floor strewed with rushes, which served alike for couch and bed. Around this mansion, a large space of ground was enclosed by a moat, or earthen rampart,—sometimes by both,—within which the cattle were herded, and the huts of the chieftain's servants erected.

* De Moribus Germ. chap. 16.

† Martin's Western Isles; and Borlase's Antiquities of Cornwall.

‡ Tacit. De Moribus.

§ De Bello Gal. lib. v. c. 11.

|| Strabo, lib. iv.

On the outside of this moat were the houses of the tribe. The whole, as Strabo relates, was enclosed by felled trees, and sometimes by walls of stone.

The Britons on the coast, by their intercourse with the Gauls and Phœnicians, had acquired the knowledge of several useful arts, unknown in the interior. Thus, while the inhabitants of the latter painted and scarified their bodies, and clothed themselves in skins, the former had become acquainted with the arts of dressing, spinning, and weaving both flax and wool; and of manufacturing cloth and linen garments, at once comfortable and convenient. The Phœnicians also exchanged gold and other ornaments for the tin, lead, and skins of the Britons; who in this manner became possessed of many articles for which it might be thought that such proprietors could scarcely find a use. Thus, in their habitations, were seen urns, and various other vessels of earth; drinking vessels of flint and of glass; necklaces and other ornaments of glass, jet, and amber beads; also beads formed of horn, ivory, stone, and bone; bracelets of brass and of stone; brooches of gold; pins and bodkins of ivory and bone. They were, moreover, extremely ingenious in the manufacture of baskets; their working utensils were of tin and of iron, but principally of the former, which was the staple commodity of the island. Their fire-places were formed of four stones placed against the wall; and an open arched cupboard served as a receptacle for the various articles already enumerated.

The dress of a British chief strongly resembled that of a modern Highlander. The under garment was a checked tunic, made of fine wool, and of different colours, like the tartan; its long tight sleeves descending to the wrist. This tunic, which reached to the middle, was open in front, for the greater convenience of the wearer. A long woollen strip was wrapped round the legs; and over the whole was thrown a mantle, formed of the skin of the brindled ox, and fastened on the left shoulder with an ivory pin or bodkin, or with a buckle of iron or of gold. The chief wore shoes of untanned cow's hide, the fur outside; and a conical


cap, also of skin. His waist was not unfrequently encircled with an iron girdle, adopted for the purpose of counteracting a tendency to corpulence.

The females were clad in linen tunics,* and mantles of fur. The inhabitants of Cornwall and Scilly wore long black garments, which presented a most gloomy appearance.

The arms of the Britons consisted of short two-edged swords; spears of elm or oak, with heads of flint, bone, or iron; bows of elm; and arrows of reed, with bone heads; battle-axes formed of flint; and massive four-edged oaken clubs. Their shields were made either of wicker or of wood, and were covered with the skins of wild beasts. In battle they used war chariots, which proved most formidable engines of destruction, and the bodies of which were of wicker-work, and generally of a semicircular shape. The wheels were of wood, flat, circular, and solid. From the axle-trees projected sharp scythes, which, when the vehicles were impelled amongst the ranks of the enemy, inflicted most dreadful wounds. The Britons were extremely expert in the management of these chariots, from which they were accustomed to attack their foes with javelins or darts. They had also a species of cavalry, mounted on horses without saddles, and armed with clubs, slings, and small curved swords. Their bridles were ornamented with ivory; the bit was a jointed snaffle and curbs; and their stirrups were of brass.

The camps of the Britons appear to have been used as places of retreat, not of action, like those of the Gauls. Several remains of ancient camps, which may still be seen, afford sufficient proof of their skill and prudence in availing themselves to the utmost of the commanding situations afforded by the island. "The Gaerdikes, or Coxall Hill, where Caractacus was finally defeated, is a very large camp, three times as long as it is broad, on the point of a hill, accessible only one way, and defended on the north side by very deep double ditches dug in the solid rock. On the east, the steepness of the ground renders it impregnable; and on the south it has only one ditch, for the same reason;" [both these sides rising

* Boadicea is described as wearing a linen tunic and petticoat; to which was added a mantle, fastened on the breast with a gold bodkin.

boldly like a parapet wall.] "The west side, where is the entrance, is fenced with double works; and to the south-west, with treble. There was also a narrow passage out of the east side, down the pitch of the hill." — These camps were frequently defended with triple ramparts; and "the finest known specimen of triple ramparted British camps is the Herefordshire Beacon, one of the Malverne hills, presumed to have been afterwards used by the Welch and French in the wars of Owen Glendower. It is long and narrow, very perfect, and with only one slanting oblique entrance. Ossian says, that the king at night rested on a hill alone; and there is a small and very singular pretorium, with immense ditches, and a bridge-like entrance  wide enough to admit a single person. It is placed on the brow and the most steep and inaccessible part. On the declivity is a cave, cut in the rock, about ten feet long, six feet broad, and seven feet high; and at Maiden Castle, near Dorchester, is also a cave, near the entrance, very possibly for a guard to see who approached the camp. According to Cæsar's remark, this strong British fortress was situated in the heart of a wood, viz. Malverne Chase. The Gaulish strongholds were hills, surrounded with marshes, or woods, or rivers: and British camps in general occupy the summits of hills of a ridge-like form, and commanding passes." *

The government of the Britons resembled that of the Celts. They were divided into a number of independent tribes, each under its separate chief. In times of war, they seem to have appointed as their leader some renowned warrior, whose authority, however, ceased on the restoration of peace. Intimately connected with their government was their religion: for the druids, who were their priests and prophets, appear to have exercised no small authority over them in secular matters; being not only the interpreters of their laws, but their judges in all cases, criminal and civil. So unimpeachable were their judgments esteemed, that such as refused to submit to them were forbidden to assist at their sacred rites. None dared to converse with those who had thus offended; so that the punishment of exclusion was considered worse than that of death itself. The druids were

the philosophers of the Celtic tribes. In Britain, they cultivated natural philosophy, astronomy, arithmetic, geometry, geography, mechanics, medicine, botany, and rhetoric; they were also adepts in magic and divination: and so celebrated were they for their acquirements, both at home and abroad, that the noble youths of Gaul, as well as those who wished to embrace the same profession, were placed under their tuition.

If we consider the age and country in which the druids flourished, their learning and knowledge were more extensive than we should be inclined to suppose. Physiology, or natural philosophy, appears to have been their favourite study; and Strabo tells us that, with respect to the universe, they held an opinion, common to many philosophers of other nations, viz. that it was never to be entirely destroyed or annihilated, but would be renewed by a succession of great changes and revolutions; some of which were destined to be produced by the influence of water, others by that of fire.† We, however, know but little of their ideas as to the nature and extent of the creating power; nor can we decide if they believed that matter was eternal, or that the Almighty fiat created this "great globe, and all which it inherit," out of the infinite void. They seem to have entertained correct opinions with respect to the shape of the earth; supposing it to be of a spherical form. They professed to have great knowledge of the motions of the heavens and the stars; by which, says Mela, they "pretended to discover the designs and counsels of the gods." They computed their time by nights, months, years, and ages; and Pliny says, they began both their months and years not from the change, but from the sixth day, of the moon. If we may believe the testimony of Plutarch, they were acquainted with the constellations, the signs of the zodiac, and were skilled in measuring the revolutions of the sun and the planets; and if Diodorus Siculus, in his description of the Hyperborean island, meant Britain, it is certain that they possessed some kind of astronomical instrument which answered the purpose of our telescope. We cannot possibly say what progress they had made in arithmetic and geometry; but that they un-

* Fosbroke's *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 498, 499.

† Strabo, lib. iv.

derstood something of the latter, and of mensuration, is evident: for Cæsar says, "When any disputes arise among the Britons about their inheritances, or the limits of their fields, they are entirely referred to the druids." Their acquaintance with geography was probably confined to that of their own island; their knowledge of mechanics to the application of the lever and the wedge, which enabled them to cleave and to raise those immense blocks of stone which formed their cromlechs and (if Stonehenge is a druidical place of worship) their temples. Their medical practice was mixed up with many magical ceremonies, and we know neither its extent nor the nature of any of their applications. In oratory, they appear to have excelled; and they seem to have been very successful in teaching that art to the chiefs, who are often represented as haranguing their followers with great force and effect. It has been questioned if they knew the use of letters: but their law, mentioned by Cæsar, as prohibiting them from committing their doctrines to writing, seems conclusive on this point; for, as Dr. Henry observes, "had they been ignorant of the art of writing, they would neither have had any necessity for, nor any idea of, such a law."

After the Roman conquest the conquerors introduced their own language, as also that of Greece; and the British youth made considerable progress in the learning of the ancients. Theology was much cultivated amongst them, and the British divines held a high rank in their day. Towards the close of the Roman dominion, when the land was harassed by the invasions of the Picts and Scots, the decline of literature commenced, and the depredations of the Saxons tended to restore the reign of barbarism amongst the unfortunate Britons. The clergy partook of the ignorance of the people; and for a long time the whole island was involved in the very depth of darkness.

We must now return to the druids, who appear to have been divided into three classes: bards, vates, or eubates, and druids *par excellence*. The former were poets and musicians; the eubates practised magic, and endeavoured, says Ammianus Marcellinus, "to lay open the most hidden secrets of nature:" the druids were the priests and philosophers; the bards were the historians, the rude

but brief chroniclers of the time. They composed hymns to their gods, and in spirited verse sang the heroic acts of their chiefs. The latter compositions were recited or sung to the armies on the eve of battle, with a view to animate them to deeds of glory, and were accompanied with instrumental music, consisting of mouth organs and harps. Such, according to Diodorus Siculus, was the veneration in which the bards were held, that if one of them made his appearance when two armies were engaged in battle, the contending hosts immediately ceased their strife to listen to his songs.

As priests, the power of the druids was unbounded; but the principles of their theology it would be difficult to explain. Originally it is supposed that they believed in the existence of one Supreme Being; but in Cæsar's time they worshipped Bacchus, Ceres, Proserpine, Mercury (in the form of a cube), Apollo (as Belenus), Mars (as *Hæsus*, or *Heus*, perhaps from the Celtic *huanh*, a dog, which might be the *Anubis latrans* of the Egyptians), Jupiter (represented by the oak), and Minerva. They held that souls were immortal, but that after death they transmigrated into other bodies. They, however, imagined that this state could endure only for a certain period; as they believed in another world, where those who committed suicide to accompany their friends would be allowed to enjoy their society; they also believed that letters given to dying persons, or thrown on the funeral piles of the dead, would be faithfully delivered in the world of spirits. All the principles of their religion were comprised in the Triads, a prodigious number of obscure verses, some of which are still preserved in Wales.

Their places of worship were originally spacious groves, which, being open at the top and sides, they deemed most suitable to an omnipresent and omniscient Being. These groves were planted upon an eminence, and surrounded with a fence, and in the midst were placed *cromlechs* or altars, consisting of stones set upright, with others placed across on the top: some of them are remaining at the present day. Circles of stones, like those remaining at Stonehenge, Abury, and other places, are also conjectured to have been druidical places of worship. Their sacrifices were beasts of various descriptions; and not unfrequently human vic-

tims were offered to propitiate the gods ! Strabo says, that on certain festivals they made a great statue of straw or wicker, which they filled with wood, cattle, and human beings, and then made a hecatomb of it to their infernal deities. The usual times of their devotion were at midday or midnight ; and their ordinary assemblies, to which both men and women were admitted, were held at their new and full moons. During the performance of their worship, they turned round the body from right to left ; from east, by south, to the west. Most of their religious services they began and ended by going three times round the altar. The oak they held in particular veneration : without its leaves being first strewed upon the altar, no sacrifice could be regularly performed. Once a year they gathered the mistletoe with great reverence, cutting it with a golden scythe. They marched in solemn procession ; the bards walked first, singing canticles and hymns. Afterwards came a herald, the caduceus in his hand, followed by three druids, bearing every thing necessary for the sacrifice. Then, followed by the people, came the archdruid, who mounted upon the oak and cut the mistletoe, which was received by the other druids with the greatest respect. On the first day of the year it was distributed to the people as a holy thing, the druids saying, " The mistletoe for the new year."

The education of children was intrusted to the druids, who separated them from their parents till they attained the age of fourteen years. None could enter upon a public employment who had not been educated by a druid ; and sacred cells were erected of unwrought stones, in the gloomy recesses of some thick wood, where the druids were accustomed to deliver their instructions, as also their divinations, and where they decided controversies. Their judgments seemed to have been pronounced from eminences either natural or artificial. In Anglesca, Mr. Pennant says that he found the *bryn gwyn*, or *bryn gwyn* (the royal tribunal), belonging to the archdruid. It is a cir-

cular hollow of 180 feet in diameter, surrounded by an immense *agger* of earth and stones. Not far from it was one of the *gorseddau*, or thrones, upon which the druid sat aloft while he instructed the people.

In places where there were many druids, one was raised to the chief dignity, under the title of archdruid. On his death a fresh election took place, which was not unfrequently decided by blows. The archdruid, according to a figure in Montfaucon, was completely draped in a long mantle and flowing robes ; he wore an oaken crown, and bore a sceptre in his left hand ; and Strabo and Pliny describe the other druids as being habited in a linen vest and breeches ; their hair long, a collar round their necks, and bracelets round their wrists and above the elbow. Stripes on their garments, and rings or circles round their feet, according to Borlase, marked the different degrees of the druids, who went through six different classes before they arrived at the summit of their dignity.

There were druidesses as well as druids ; but it is not positively known whether they were the wives of the druids, virgins, married women who only saw their husbands once a year, or women who performed all the conjugal offices. Strabo says that, like the druids, they wore, on public occasions, white tunics, fastened with clasps and girt with a broad belt. They were barefooted, and carried, according to Borlase, a magic rod. Their chief occupation appears to have been the practice of divination and the prediction of events from the appearances of the entrails of captives taken in war. When prisoners were taken, these fires flew upon them with drawn swords, struck them down, and dragged them to a huge *labrum* or cistern, on which stood the officiating druidess, who plunged a long knife into each of the unfortunate wretches in succession. The assistant druidesses, after opening the bodies, examined the entrails, and communicated their remarks to the council.

TO ———.

ALL my hopes perish, one by one,
 But I still live, and still love on,
 And gaze on that patrician brow,
 And mark thy features' ardent glow,
 The kindling blushes of thy cheek,
 And eyes that eloquently speak,—
 Condemn'd their power to feel and see,
 Although they are not fixed on me.

I watch the sigh that heaves thy breast,
 When feeling cannot be suppress'd;
 I mark, when none beside is nigh,
 The big tear tremble in thine eye,
 Or sudden blush its deep'ning red
 Upon thy bosom's snow o'erspread:
 But vain is all I hear or see—
 Tears, blushes, sighs, are not for me.

I knew thy soul, I knew thy worth;
 It was my utmost wish on earth—
 It was my only prayer, to prove
 The priceless blessing of thy love:
 A higher or a happier lot
 I never sought, and envy not.
 May all life's pleasures light on thee,
 Whilst care and sorrow dwell with me!

1827.

D.

MEMOIR OF MRS. GARRICK,

(With a beautiful Portrait.) *

MRS. GARRICK was born at Vienna, on the 29th of February 1724-5; and, as appears by the registry of her baptism in the cathedral church of St. Stephen. She was the second of the three children of M. Johann Veigel, a respectable inhabitant of that city, and of Eva Maria, his wife. Her father was intimately acquainted with M. Hilferding, a celebrated *maître de ballet* of that period, by whom the superior talent which Mademoiselle Veigel possessed was discovered; her friends, in consequence, consented to her appearance on the stage. Her name, *Violette* (a translation of the German word *Veilge*, which, with a slight transposition of the letters had been her surname) was, it is said, adopted by the express command of her sovereign, Queen Maria Theresa, whose notice and good offices she appears

to have conciliated at an early age. About this time the name of *Violette* was taken by her parents; by her brother, Ferdinand Charles, who seems to have been also attached to the *corps de ballet*, and by her sister, Theresa. The Italian opera, in London, affording great encouragement to foreign candidates for popular favour, Mademoiselle *Violette* resolved to try her success as a dancer at that theatre; and about the year 1744, accompanied a gentleman and his wife, who proceeded to England in quest of some property to which they had become entitled. She brought with her recommendations from the Countess of Stahrenberg to the Countess of Burlington, and other distinguished ladies, which, aided by her own mental and personal accomplishments, soon conduced to pro-

cure for her a considerable share of attention and patronage from many persons in high life.

The Signora Violetti, on her arrival in England, was engaged by Garrick, who had recently obtained the management of Drury Lane Theatre. At her first appearance she charmed and delighted every spectator, and had already obtained a degree of success which gave promise of a golden harvest, when the Earl and Countess of Burlington, who frequently attended the theatre, became greatly interested in her welfare. Being blessed with a daughter* some years younger than Signora Violetti, his Lordship conceived the idea of placing her under the superintendence of the accomplished stranger, who was accordingly withdrawn from the stage, where she had been only a short time engaged, and where she had displayed such transcendent talents as a dancer.

Having been received as an inmate at Burlington House, where she was treated with the most affectionate and even maternal regard by the Countess, the Signora felt herself for the first time in a state of happiness. Her felicity was, however, of brief duration. Absent from the object of an undivulged attachment, her cheek grew pale, her charms withered, and her health decayed. Great was the affliction of her amiable pupil at her melancholy state; but little was the real cause of her ailments divined. The most eminent physicians were summoned to her aid, but the violence of her indisposition seemed to baffle the efforts of medical skill. Delicacy forbade her to reveal the cause of her sufferings; but, all other measures failing, the fond and attentive Countess, who was a judge of the human heart, endeavoured by tender solicitation, to gain from her protégée a knowledge of the fatal malady which thus undermined her constitution. The Countess, in a word, suspecting that *love* alone was the destroyer of the Signora's peace of mind, at once declared her suspicions; and the hesitating answer revealed the truth. It is next to impossible, with any pretensions to accuracy, to enter into a detail of the occurrences attendant upon a full explanation; suffice it to say, if truth there be in the tale, that the Signora, overcome

with gratitude, confessed on a pledge of secrecy, "that Mr. Garrick was the object of her esteem; but that as yet he was entirely ignorant both of her tender attachment and consequent sufferings." "Confide in my Lord's good offices," said the benevolent Countess; "and be assured that our best efforts shall be exerted to obtain you consolation and relief."

No sooner was the matter made known to the Earl, than his Lordship invited Garrick to his house, and at a favourable moment entered with him into a suitable explanation. The enraptured Roscius returned innumerable thanks for the unmerited honour and fortune (six thousand pounds), to which his Lordship so generously and unexpectedly invited him. He at the same time declared, that from the first moment of his acquaintance with the Signora, she had been an object of more than common interest with him.

Matters thus explained, the marriage was celebrated on the 22d June 1749, first at the chapel in Russell Street, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Franklin, and on the same day, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic church, at the chapel of the Portuguese Embassy, in South Audley Street, by the Rev. Mr. Blyth. In addition to the noble and munificent fortune of 6000*l.*, bestowed by the Earl and Countess, Mr. Garrick gave 4000*l.*, and Lady Burlington was a party to the deed of settlement. Previous to this match, it is certain that Garrick had contemplated a marriage with the celebrated Mrs. Woffington. In his life of the British Roscius, Mr. Murphy relates that he has frequently heard the lady declare, that Garrick went so far as to try the wedding ring upon her finger.

In 1754, Mr. Garrick resided at Hampton Court, but during the following year he purchased a suitable residence of Humphrey Prinsatt, Esq. Here Mrs. Garrick displayed the elegance of her taste in laying out and contributing to the beautiful arrangement of the grounds: nor was the subject of this memoir inattentive to the interests of the theatre, then still under the management of her husband.

The health both of Mr. and Mrs. Gar-

* She was afterwards married to the most noble the Marquis of Huntingdon, who, on the demise of his father, came to the title and estates of the Duke of Devonshire.

rick was now on the decline. Mrs. Garrick, in particular, was recommended to visit the baths of Padua. On the 15th Sept. 1763, they quitted Dover, and on the Continent were everywhere received with marked attention and respect. If the manners of Garrick were prepossessing, his willingness to oblige foreigners by a private and occasional exercise of his powers was not less praiseworthy. Being at Paris, he was earnestly solicited to compete with Mademoiselle Clairon, a celebrated French actress. When the performance was ended, and when Mademoiselle Clairon had recovered from her admiration at the inimitable manner in which Garrick had just personified the madness of King Lear, she caught the actor in her arms, and kissed him *à la Française*. Then turning to Mrs. Garrick, she apologised for her conduct, alleging the impossibility of withholding this involuntary mark of her applause. After an absence of eighteen months, at the end of the year 1765, Mr. and Mrs. Garrick returned to London.

It is not our province here to enter into the history of Mr. Garrick, nor to enlarge upon the liberality and consummate ability with which he regulated the affairs of the theatre. Suffice it to say, that on the 10th June, 1776, this incomparable actor, to the lasting regret of his admirers, finally quitted the stage, and retired to Hampton, where he and his amiable partner received frequent visits from the nobility and men of letters. In 1779, Mr. and Mrs. Garrick were invited to spend the Christmas at Althorp, the seat of Lord Spencer, when sudden and violent illness hastened Garrick's departure. On the 15th January he returned to his house on the Adelphi Terrace, and in five days was no more. His remains were removed to Westminster Abbey, and deposited in Poets' Corner, near the monument of Shakspeare. The greater part of his property, which was considerable, Garrick bequeathed to his wife. In her affliction, Mrs. Hannah More was a friendly guest under her roof, and the intimacy between them subsisted to the latest period of Mrs. Garrick's existence.

The visits of a select number of friends were occasionally admitted. Suitors were not wanting, who would fain have pre-

vailed upon her to change her widowed condition. Among others, Lord Monboddo zealously endeavoured to obtain her hand, but she gratefully declined the honour. To the close of her life Mrs. Garrick ever felt disposed to discharge the friendly relations of life. She was constant in the performance of her religious duties as a member of the Catholic church; and the habitual cheerfulness of her disposition was influenced by that complete resignation to the divine will with which she ever contemplated the period of her dissolution. Her decease took place on the 16th October, 1822, at her house in the Adelphi. She expired in her chair, without any apparent suffering; and so unexpectedly, that she had, on the preceding day, signified her intention of witnessing the reopening of Drury Lane Theatre, where a private box was always reserved for her accommodation without payment.

It has been stated, that about a month before her death, Mrs. Garrick visited Westminster; and addressing the clergyman who attended her, said,—"I suppose there is not room enough for me to be laid by the side of my dear David?" The clergyman assured her that there would be room enough. She then said, with an air of pleasantry,—"I wish to know, not that I think I am likely soon to require it, for I am yet a *mere girl*, but merely for the satisfaction of my feelings, and that I may be prepared for the time when I must submit to the will of Heaven." She had indeed an extraordinary opinion of the durability of her life, and even attributed the early demise of her acquaintances and of those around, to the want of due caution and substantial sustenance. In different apartments of the house at Hampton, were several portraits of Mrs. Garrick such as she was in youth: if painters be not flatterers, her appearance must at that period have been extremely fascinating.*

Mrs. Garrick took the greatest pride, when her health would permit, in promenading her picturesque grounds, and explaining with enthusiastic delight the age and date of each tall tree planted by herself and Mr. Garrick. It would be difficult to produce another instance of a person living to witness so many tall

* Our engraving of Mrs. Garrick, in No. XVII. of this work, for May, will enable our readers to judge for themselves.

trees grow from saplings to complete maturity during the lifetime of the proprietor and occupant. During the summer months, Mrs. Garrick indulged in an occasional walk on the lawn and terrace on the banks of the Thames, at the end of which Garrick built the mausoleum for the reception of the statue of Shakspeare, and the celebrated chair. In that delightful spot she was accustomed to enjoy the pleasures afforded her by the society and conversation of her husband and their noble and learned guests. Mrs. Garrick was ardently loved by her husband; but he was anxious, that after his death, she should not only continue a widow, but remain in this country: on these points his will contained many severe restrictions. In the event of noncompliance with either of the above conditions, she was to lose one third of her income, and to be entirely dispossessed of her houses at Hampton and on the Adelphi Terrace. Mrs. Garrick left, it is said, seventy thousand pounds behind her; she was a rigid Catholic, and when at Hampton, if health and the weather permitted, she on Sundays invariably attended the chapel at Isleworth.

The valuable and extensive stores in the libraries of Mr. Garrick at Hampton, and on Adelphi Terrace, proved a never-failing source of gratification to Mrs. Garrick; who during the greater portion of her existence regularly read for several hours a day; never less than four hours, even on days when the weather permitted her to leave home for a journey to Hampton, or for an airing in her chariot. During the last three or four years of her life, when impaired sight prevented her from reading with comfort, her servant regularly read aloud to her at least four hours; and for six hours on those days on which he was unable, from the badness of the weather, to leave her residence.*

Such was Mrs. Garrick's indefatigable character till the close of her life, that she went to the theatres four times, and sometimes oftener, during the week; besides the invariable course of reading, taking the air, visiting Hampton, already mentioned. On the morning of the very day on which she died, Mrs. Garrick had made arrangements to witness the opening of Drury Lane Theatre for the season; but in a few hours afterwards, she was taken

suddenly ill, and before the evening was a corpse. It has been erroneously stated that she died in the sheets in which her revered husband had expired. She had always guarded them, it is true, with religious care, and had frequently expressed her wish to die in the sheets in which her "dear David" had breathed his last; but the attack was too sudden to admit of compliance with her wishes. Mr. Carr, the solicitor, of John Street, Bedford Row, who was well acquainted with Mrs. Garrick, and her intimate thoughts and particular wishes, on coming to town after her decease, caused her remains to be laid on those carefully treasured sheets. Her desire to be buried in Westminster Abbey was also religiously attended to; but as the deceased had been a Catholic, and as it was contrary to established usage that females, unless of the royal family, or celebrated for literary talents, should be buried in the Abbey, these circumstances presented an apparently insurmountable barrier to the gratification of Mrs. Garrick's last wishes. The Dean of Westminster's permission was obtained only on the Thursday preceding the morning on which she was buried. Her coffin was placed in the vault above that of her deceased husband.

Previously to her demise, Mrs. Garrick had been engaged in litigation with the distant relations of her husband; but, after a tedious process, the Lord Chancellor pronounced a decree against her. In every thing relative to the drama she took more than ordinary interest. Having, on a certain evening, witnessed Kean's performance of Abel Drugger, she on the following morning, addressed to that once popular actor the following brief letter of remonstrance:—

"Dear Sir,—You don't know how to play Abel Drugger."

Kean's laconic reply is not less worthy of commemoration:—"Dear Madam,—I know it."

Mrs. Garrick was accused of great parsimony; but it is well known that she remitted to her relatives abroad a great portion of her savings, to the extent of some thousands of pounds.

Some clauses of her will are curious; others highly creditable to Mrs. Garrick:—

* Annual Biography and Obituary.

MRS. GARRICK'S WILL.

To Mrs. Siddons, a pair of gloves, which had been Shakspeare's, and which had been presented to her late husband during the jubilee at Stratford, by one of her (Mrs. S.'s) family.

To the Theatrical Fund of Drury Lane Theatre, 200*l*.

To Hannah More, 100*l*.

To Christopher Garrick, her nephew, the gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, given to her late husband by the King of Denmark.

To Nathaniel Egerton Garrick, the snuff-box given to her late husband by the Duke of Parma.

To her nephew Christopher Garrick, and his wife, all the plate which was bought upon her marriage; also a service of *pewter*, which her husband used when a bachelor, bearing the name of Garrick, with a wish that the same should always remain with the head of the family; also the picture of her husband in the character of *Richard the Third*, which was purchased by her after her husband's decease.

To Nathaniel Egerton Garrick, a portrait, painted by Zoffani, of her husband, without a wig, which she bought after his decease, of Mrs. Bradshaw, to whom it had been given as a present.

To Dowager Lady Amherst, her ring set with diamonds, having King Charles's oak in it, and a small gold box used for keeping black sticking plaister.

To Lady Anson, wife of Sir William Anson, her dejuene set of Dresden porcelain; and to Sir William Anson, her gold antique cameo ring.

To St. George's Hospital, Middlesex, Lying-in Ditto, Magdalen, Refuge for the Destitute, and Society for the Indigent Blind, 100*l* each; and to the London Orphan, 50*l*.

300*l* to be invested in the name of the Vicar of Hampton for the time being, and the

interest to be expended in a supply of *cedars* for the poor of the parish.

To Archdeacon Pott, 200*l*. towards the education of the poor children of St. Martin's parish.

To the Rev. Mr. Archer, Minister of the Roman Catholic Chapel in Warwick Street, 100*l*; and 100*l*. for the education of the charity children of Warwick Street Chapel. There were innumerable other legacies of articles of plate, jewels, linen, &c., and money to a considerable amount, but of no public interest. Her executors were the Rev. Thos. Rackett and Frederick Beltz, Esq. To the former she left books and prints to the value of 100*l*; and to the latter, 50*l*. in books and prints, and 100*l*. in money. The residue of her estate, including a bond for 6000*l*. from the late and present Duke of Devonshire to the late Mr. Garrick, to be converted into cash, and afterwards invested in Austrian securities, Mrs. Garrick left to her niece Elizabeth de Saar, wife of Peter de Saar of Vienna, for her sole use and benefit during her life; and, after her death, to her grandchildren.

We have thus brought to a termination our memoir of this estimable woman, upon whom fortune so early smiled, and who so well deserved her favours. One allowance made for the infirmities of nature, particularly towards the decline of an already protracted existence, it must be admitted that Mrs. Garrick possessed an innate fund of cheerfulness and resignation which falls to the lot of few. From the narrative of her career, the thoughtless and the dissipated may glean a useful practical lesson on the suitable employment and distribution of that least valued of all commodities—time.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF A MURDERER.

BY H. PLUNKETT, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "ROSALIE, A TALE OF ITALY."

THANK Heaven, the crisis is near! Even now, as my quivering hand records this slight memorial of my fate, the chill damp of death overspreads my brow. I have dallied and dallied with my task, until stern necessity imperiously calls upon me either to perform it, or sink unknown and unremembered into the silent grave. Death! Annihilation!—what a volume of

untold horrors dwells in those two simple words! I call to remembrance the philosophy which in the heyday of youth and spirits was so congenial to my mind, to aid me in this horrible dilemma—I invoke the shades of Voltaire and Rousseau, whose tenets I credited with so much ardour, and pursued with such wild avidity in the days of youth, to direct me

from the path into which they have led me; they seem but to deride my exertions — to exult in my tortures. Why is this death so fearful? Wherefore do we cling — as though enamoured — to this weak breath; and dread with so much horror the hour which shall shut us from the hopes, joys, fancies, and sympathies of earth? By what fatality does it happen, that we would rather live on, victims to the keenest pangs of agony, than allow our life-stream to terminate in the dark ocean of eternity? Death! Annihilation! — horrible!

But enough of this. Let me employ the few remaining hours of existence in collecting and recording my scattered recollections of the scenes of by-gone days. Ere the life spark be extinct, let me endeavour to afford the means of awakening in some kind breast one sympathetic throb for a being whose earthly course has been one continued tissue of misery. Oh! how the cold breath of winter and the damp dews of midnight have crept through my veins, and curdled in my life-blood! Even now, whilst I write, an universal tremor agitates my frame; but I have sought my fate, and manfully will I undergo the ordeal. I have been scorned as mad — I have been avoided as mad — I have been branded as mad; — but mad I am not.

* * * *

They never loved me — never. I was their first born, and all the little tendernesses and cares which a child so naturally expects, were, at my expense, lavished upon my younger brother. The genial current of affection was frozen in my heart, ere yet opportunity had been allowed for its gushing springs to reveal the richness of their depths. The warm hopes and sympathies so eminently peculiar to the season of boyhood — the many feelings and blisses which a heart so exquisitely moulded must otherwise have experienced — all which tended to make the past cherished, the present lovely, and the future sought after, — were imprisoned in the cold chill of recklessness. I felt as one who stands alone in the desert, with no hand to direct, no companion to cheer him. I was never an encourager of idle fictions, but it was impossible for me, all desolate as I was, to look up to the blue firmament, and not link my fate with one of the bright orbs which so often greeted mine eye. There was one pale star — I

know not why — but as its brilliancy or darkness alternated, I felt that my inmost soul sympathised with its changes; and as its brightness waned or burned, I too rejoiced or mourned. The feeling, I know, was idle; but it captivated my fancy, and I indulged it. Oh! how my heart throbbed under the accumulation of pent-up feelings which loaded it to anguish! At home it was remarked that my manners grew misanthropic, and my countenance morose. I became impatient of the restraint of society, and burned with a feverish longing for the time which should free me from its control. I know not how to account for this; but a fatality seemed to urge me onwards, although I felt that it was adverse to the warm feelings of my nature. My days rolled onward like the development of an almost inexplicable dream; and my existence seemed to be confined to the imagination alone. And for this was I stigmatised with the title of maniac!

* * * *

I loved her — deeply, passionately loved her. It was my first flame, and I indulged it with all the ardour of a young and enthusiastic spirit. My best feelings had so long, from necessity, been confined to their own sanctuary — my hopes, my sympathies, my passions, had so long been chilled by the apathy of solitude — that now, when a blessed channel was afforded by which they might gush forth, my sickened heart almost sunk beneath its excess of bliss; for the reaction was too powerful for its weakened faculties. When, in what place, and by what means, we became acquainted, it recks but little; suffice, a mutual flame was established, a passion which was revealed alone by the mute but appealing eloquence of sighs. Our love was an ecstasy of pleasures and pangs; a sense of overwrought happiness and misery, blended withal so exquisitely, that, agonising as it was, I would not have exchanged those dear pains for all the hollow happiness of the world. She was my Eden, my hope. For her sake alone did I live; in her happiness alone found pleasure, in her sorrows my deepest grief. We felt that our love would be unavailing; but both the mariner cling less wildly to the floating straw, because he feels that its assistance will be useless? Despair but gave a zest to our passion; and, incredible as it may ap-

pear, our hearts were entwined together with more tenacity as difficulties increased around us. The wearied spirit must cling to some prop, from which death alone can effect its disunion. We loved as few have loved, as few *can* love; we suffered as few have suffered, as, I trust, few *may* suffer. It was not by the bonds of worldly affection that our hearts were united; we slighted the sickly glare and vain weakness of that flame which can be fanned by a smile, or quenched by a tear. Our passion had been kindled in silence, and nurtured in grief; our communings had been cherished in fear; we had been mute companions in sorrow. We knew that we were doomed to part as we had met, in silence and in tears; and we *DID* part: how, or when, I know not. But even now, at the distance of so many years, the horrid truth flashes upon me like a remembrance which we would fain discard, but which, in spite of our efforts, again and again recurs. Yes! we *did* part; — would to God it had been for ever!

* * * *

'Twas thus the stream of time rolled on. Once again my step trod the land of my fathers, but in loneliness and sadness. All the currents of affection, — all that can infuse into the wearied heart consolation for the past — hope for the future, — were dried within me. The blasted oak lives on at the root, although its every branch be withered, its every protection faded; and thus it was with me. My heart was like a bleak and arid wilderness, with no stream of hope to revive its dreary dearth, no current of joy to awaken it to earthly sympathies. I could not sigh — the effort would have been too much for endurance. I could not weep — the fountain of tears was frozen in my soul.

But I must be brief: I feel the death-pang preying upon my vitals, and my quivering hand and fainting spirits reveal too well how short is the space allotted to me. Carelessly I passed what was formerly the home of my parents; *they* had been the cause of all my misery, and their brutal want of affection was certainly not lost upon me. Another quarter of an hour found me seated in the alcove in which my stolen interviews had been held with Emily; on the same seat, beholding the same prospect, and indulging in the

same feelings as at our last meeting *She* too had been there; a slight form which I marked at a distance in the garden, bade me indulge the hope that she was not far off. Language were weak to depict my feelings at that critical moment. She approached — she entered! Good God! how altered, and yet how much the same! how faded, and yet how passing beautiful! She saw me; but no smile of recognition played on her cheeks, no tear of astonishment glistened in her eye. A shriek — a deadly shriek — burst from her lips, and she fell senseless into my arms. Suddenly, however, starting up as if ashamed of her weakness, she cast upon me a look which pierced my very soul. It was *but* a look; but that heart must indeed have been of adamant, which had not shrunk from its withering gaze. I called upon her, but she did not answer; I entreated her, but she did not hear me; I pronounced her name, but my words died on the air: there she stood, motionless, senseless, and almost breathless. There was a vacancy in her stare, an idiotic expression in her countenance, which told but too well that her reason had fled. She seemed almost to gasp for breath; so eager, so intense was the one feeling which predominated in her soul. On a sudden, however, starting from her reverie, and uttering an unearthly yell of laughter, she rushed from the arbour. I followed, and endeavoured to retain her; but her fragile form, endued at that moment with an almost supernatural energy, eluded my grasp, and she continued her course to the mansion. This was, however, but the phrensy of a moment. Returning, if possible, even at a more hurried pace than that with which she had departed, she again entered the arbour. "Ay, I knew it would be thus!" exclaimed she, as she grasped my hand with fervour; "I knew, in spite of all their arguments, that my dire forebodings could not be based on unreality. I felt that my heart could not thus yearn, were not the object of its every wish still unnumbered with the dead." — "Dead!" ejaculated I, in a wild and hurried tone; "Good God! what can have given rise to this horrible illusion? Emily, if you still retain any regard for the miserable object of your earliest affections, keep me not thus in suspense, but —" — "Henry," resumed she; "be not thus impatient. When last I

addressed thee, thou wert a boy, but now thou art a man; with the image of childhood, divest thyself of its passions, and act and speak as the man that thou art. I AM THY BROTHER'S WIFE! Ay, upon *his* bosom must this aching head repose; to *him* must I look forward for the consummation of my miseries. O Henry!" she continued, "hadst thou been able to analyse the many and tumultuous feelings which racked my soul, when, two days ago, I acknowledged as my husband the wretch whom I abhorred, and with a prophet's glance saw the secrets of the dreary future unveiled to my gaze, thou hadst indeed pitied the hapless victim of thy treachery!"—"Good Heaven!" rejoined I; "what can this mean? The shade of some dark unfathomable mystery seems to brood over me."—"What?" interrupted she; "is it possible that my imaginings can have been unfounded? Oh! I thought it must be thus: I knew that the vows which we cherished with so much ardour, and in the face of so many dangers, *could* not be so easily broken. No! they told me that the object of my fond, my first love, had been faithless to his trust; they would fain, also, have persuaded me that he was dead;" and she paused ere she again repeated the word, "ay, *dead*;" but I knew that they were deceiving me: and now that he is returned—returned to claim me for his own—they have forced me into a union more horrible than a thousand deaths. They have deluded me! but let them beware: I will have my revenge!" The earnest and impassioned tone in which she gave vent to the gloomy feelings of her spirit awed me, in despite of myself, into an almost breathless silence. I felt as though I were in the presence of a superior being; and it was not until she had concluded, that I ventured to embody in words the agony of thought which pressed its leaden weight upon me. At length, however, I ventured to exclaim—"Lead me, my Emily—lead me to the wretches who, with their execrable falsehoods, have so played upon your credulity; and even though ranged among my nearest kindred, I will hesitate not to chastise their unaccountable villany."—"Again and again must I repeat to you, be not impatient. Impetuosity will fail to effect that purpose, which our cooler reason will aid us to accomplish without difficulty. For the present we must part. When the village clock tolls the hour of

midnight, meet me in my private apartment. Be punctual—be cautious; till then farewell!" and she once more departed from my presence.

* * * *

The last stroke of the bell tolled the hour of midnight; I entered, by means of a private passage, into the secret chamber, where Emily impatiently awaited my arrival. Seizing my hand with a firm and unfaltering grasp, and addressing me in a low but not tremulous accent—"Art thou a man?" said she; at the same time fixing upon me a look of fearful and withering import. Surprised at this strange commencement of an interview which I had been inclined to suppose would have been carried on in a far different spirit, and unable to divine the cause of so abrupt an interrogation, I answered, rather petulantly,—"I trust that by no action of my life have I yet forfeited that title."—"Speak low," replied she, cautiously: "the very walls have ears, and the winds themselves will, in the face of Heaven, proclaim this horrible deed." A sudden chill came over me. Could it be, then, that the innocent Emily, whose artless eloquence had a few hours previously taken so strong a hold of my affections, was now to become my murderer? The appearance of a short dagger which she at that moment withdrew from the folds of the robe which enveloped her form, fully confirmed my suspicions. Was she, then, insane? As the horrible conjecture struck me, with the aid of that power which the mind so pre-eminently possesses of concentrating in one point things apparently remote and anomalous, did I pass in review before me each action which she had committed—each word which she had spoken;—and too well did they verify my surmises. The fervour of her accent, the impassioned gesture of her manner, the restlessness of her ~~eyes~~, all tended to convince me that the ~~whole~~ ^{whole} of reason had been usurped. In a low and hurried tone of voice she continued—"What infatuation is this? You have affirmed that you are a man; let not your actions disprove the assertion: nay, shrink not, but follow me!" She then, with a swift and noiseless step, led the way into the anteroom; and having ascertained that our movements were unobserved, continued her course into her bedchamber. Approaching the bed, and with one hand putting

the lamp over the features of her ill-fated husband, to observe if the occasion was favourable to the meditated deed, and with the other suspending the dagger over his naked breast, whilst her whole countenance displayed the workings of a deadly and implacable hatred, she bade me approach. Merciful Heaven! what was my astonishment on discovering that the intended victim was, *indeed*, my brother! It mattered not at that moment what had been my injuries, or how deep soever the malediction which, in the bitterness of my anguish, I had vented upon him; the imminent danger of his present situation was sufficient to dispel all feelings of rancour from my breast, and to rouse within me the affections of the brother. "Fiend!" exclaimed I, half choked with indignation, and at the same time I wrested the dagger from her hold. The disturbance which necessarily attended this struggle, added to the noise occasioned by the lamp as it fell from the grasp of Emily, aroused my slumbering brother—aroused him, alas! but to plunge him into a torpor yet more profound;—ere time had been allowed him to enquire into the nature of the confusion, he was no more! The blow had descended;—one, and one only, groan announced the passage of his spirit to its eternal home: he had fallen by my hand. By what infatuation I know not, but, scarcely had I obtained the dagger within my power, than, ere opportunity had been given for reflection, it was buried in my brother's breast. My brain reeled—my limbs refused to perform their office—and with the loud yells of laughter which proceeded from the lips of Emily, my senses utterly deserted me

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She, too, had departed! *She*—the sole tie that remained to bind me to this desert earth. Maniac as she was in all that regarded the affairs of this world, and strange and wild as was all that appertained to her, still it was enough for me that she knew how to love—to love with deep, and intense, and abstracted ardour.—She died! My own hand framed the grave which received her—my own hand scattered the dust over her remains. She had been guilty, but she had been unconsciously so; she had stooped from her lofty course—but it is in human nature to sin, and she was but human.

* * * *

The lapse of years had rolled on in its unmarked though not unmarking course, and I, together with my aged father, was a wretched outcast on the face of the earth, wandering about from place to place, with no home to which I might direct my steps, and dependent upon the offices of charity for a scanty subsistence; but yet the impression of the ineffaced and ineffaceable horrors which attended the evening of my brother's murder still remained indelibly marked on the tablet of my mind. Misery on misery had been heaped upon my head—the hand of chastisement had smitten me hard—but yet that remembrance, like the "worm which dieth not," still remained engraved within my soul. It was in vain that I employed every method which human ingenuity could suggest to hush the relentless monitor. Wherever I directed my steps, in whatever quarter I sojourned, still was I haunted by misery. In the dreams of the midnight hour, when my fevered brain endeavoured to win a slight relaxation from the toils and anxieties of the day, the pale phantom of my brother hovered around my bed; and often, as in the torture of the moment I started up convulsively, have I seen his withered hand transcribing on the wall, in vivid and distinct traces, the dreadful and irrevocable curse, "FOR EVER!" "For ever!" "For ever!" constantly rang in mine ears: it invested every object on which I gazed, was enwrapt in each accent that I heard—it was eternally present to my soul.

On a cold and gloomy winter's evening, my aged and decrepit father, after a day of unusual toil, being unable to sustain himself longer against the joint effects of fatigue and hunger, seated himself on the bank of a stream which meandered through a meadow adjacent to the road. After the lapse of a few minutes, in which his feelings had been merged, as it were, in vacuity, suddenly seizing me by the arm, and fixing his glaring eyeballs full upon my face, he asked me for bread. I myself, almost phrased with the horrible prospect of misery and starvation which awaited both my parent and myself, and willing to consider a speedy release from agony as far preferable to an existence of torture, impatiently and pitilessly repulsed his entreaties. Steadily gazing upon my features, as though to ascertain

if his senses had deceived him, but perceiving no relaxation of the freezing look which I had voluntarily assumed, the old man burst into a flood of tears, at the same time reproaching me in a low and feeble voice. "Oh, no!" said he; "you will not, cannot be so cruel: you will not endure to see your father perishing before your eyes, whilst you have it in your power, by a slight effort, to preserve him. The coldest, the most brutalised nature would shrink from it."

Remorse smote my heart: I directed my attention to my too long neglected parent. I remembered, that when in my childish hours I had needed attention and regard, *he* it was who had bestowed it upon me; and, however indifferently he had performed the task, still it was to him that I had been indebted for my existence, all miserable and worthless as it was. Repentance came too late; the hand of death was on him. The bloodless cheek — the eye rolling in the last agonies of mortality — the contracted features — the stiffening limbs — all bespoke the period of his earthly existence to be near at hand. His muscles quivered beneath the force of violent convulsions; — the sufferer gasped eagerly for breath. By means, however, of the constant and violent application of water obtained from the neighbouring brook, I succeeded, in some measure, in restoring his weakened energies. Determined, by some means or other, to obtain sustenance for his fainting frame, I hastily took the road to the neighbouring village. Thrusting my naked hand through the window of the first victualler's shop which arrested my attention, I seized a loaf of bread placed near the window, and, in spite of a slight wound from the contents of a pistol which grazed my cheek, and the loud cries which were raised to arrest my progress, I eluded the vigilance of my pursuers, and once more reached the spot where a few minutes before I had left my father at the point of death. Judge of my astonishment and chagrin, when I discovered that he was no longer to be seen! Whither could he have fled? The faint and enervated condition in which I had left him utterly precluded the possibility of his having removed without assistance. And yet where was he? The difficulty did not long remain unsolved. On casting my eyes downwards upon the course of the brook, I discovered, through the

dark mists which now began to envelope me, the corpse of my father. In attempting to slake his parching thirst he had unfortunately lost his balance; and unable, from the enfeebled state of his limbs, to regain it, he had fallen from the bank into the stream. At least, such was the only probable interpretation which the confused state of my faculties then afforded me. But little time, however, was allowed me for reflection. Ere I had accomplished the task of delivering the remains of my father from their watery tomb, the voices of my pursuers were again audible in the distance. Hastily and without hesitation did I now continue my course. The night had just set in with all her terrors. The road which I pursued terminated in a narrow and precipitous path, that, winding obliquely round an almost perpendicular rock, led from the loftier ground to the banks of a hurrying river, which foamed and billowed beneath. To pause for a moment were worse than madness; to return — or to proceed — were alike destruction. As I entered on the so much dreaded task, I thought that on a breath of wind which rushed past me I could distinguish the everlasting curse which haunted me, embodied in the words "FOR EVER!" The perspiration stood in cold drops on my brow. Determined to proceed, notwithstanding that on one hand a steep rock reared its summit to the skies, and on the other a yawning abyss presented itself, as though it opened its greedy jaws to bury me in the torrent which dashed beneath, and by the roar of which I could alone judge of its termination, I rushed impetuously down the descent. Suddenly, however, upon the moanings of the low and fitful breeze, I fancied I could again hear the voices of my pursuers. It was but an indistinct tone which smote mine ear, but it vibrated through my frame like a thunder-peal, and spoke to me of tortures, of agonies, and of shame. True — I feared not death; nay, I rather courted it: but to be exposed to the taunts and jests of every sneering bystander — to hear my name mentioned in connection with ignominy and crime — my brain reeled with delirium at the idea! A sudden chill invaded my whole frame — a violent tremor agitated every limb — and at length I fell with helpless inactivity on the ground before me. Recovering, however, from this transient

weakness, it was but to learn that my pursuers were still approaching nearer and nearer. Despair infused new vigour into my almost fainting energies—the consciousness of the ignominious fate which awaited my capture incited me to renewed exertions—but in vain. Another—and another—and another shout burst upon mine ear. Nearer and yet nearer did my pursuers advance—and with tenfold horrors did the difficulties of my situation present themselves to my harassed senses. One only means of escape now remained for me. The gaping abyss invited me to descend—and the roaring torrent beneath would welcome me to its arms. The idea was but the immediate forerunner of its execution. I hurled myself down, and, strange to say, alighted without injury on the green sward, which extended itself along the banks of the river. After the lapse of a few minutes, I distinctly heard the shouts of my enemies as they rushed along the path from which I had descended.—The murmurs gradually died away in the distance, and at length became no longer audible.—Unable, in spite of every endeavour, to extricate myself from the dreadful situation in which I was now placed,

and unprovided with food for any contingency of the kind that might happen, I was thus left alone to await the horrors of a lingering and miserable death by starvation.

* * * *

In a hovel, the wretched but benevolent inmates of which have afforded me shelter and concealment, I trace this rough narrative of my dark and chequered life. Benevolence! charity!—and to me! but it will soon be over. I feel that my hours are numbered; were it not so, I should indeed become the maniac that men suppose me. Away with the bitter cup of existence!—I have drained it to the dregs. And yet to die thus is horrible!

* * * *

Anotherday—perhaps the last!—and yet methinks mine agony is less intense as my strength falters, and mine hour approaches. I can no more! Stranger! should this memorial of my sufferings reach thee, pray for the spirit of the murderer.

* * * *

ROMANCE.

BY MRS. TURNBULL.

WHAT art thou, Spirit of Romance?—a dream—
Some sweet illusion of the feverish mind.
But Reason comes;—and then thy dazzling beam
Leaves a far worse than nothingness behind;—
An aching void, which chills the warmest breast—
The desolation of a broken heart;
Which cares not, hopes not, for the world's rude rest:
For joy and sorrow must alike depart,
And all that must be now, will one day be
Lost in the heaven of eternity!

LOVE AND HATRED.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN OF GÖTHE.

Two opulent individuals, residing in the same neighbourhood, and between whom a strict friendship had subsisted from infancy, formed the resolution of educating their respective children, a son and a daughter, under the same roof, in the hope that, when arrived at a suitable

age, the young couple might exchange the bonds of friendship for closer and dearer ties. This design, however, seemed likely to prove abortive, as the children, though otherwise of excellent dispositions, manifested, from their earliest years, a most unaccountable aversion to each other's

society. Perhaps a too great resemblance existed between their characters. Alike ingenuous and frank in their inclinations, and firm in their little resolves, they were beloved and even respected by their play-fellows, whilst each appeared to the other as a detested rival. Inventive when alone, but actuated by a spirit of hostility when together, their efforts seemed the result, not of generous emulation, but of invidious opposition. To every body else goodnatured and amiable, they showed their spite, and even malice, with reference only to each other.

This singular and mutual enmity seemed to increase with increasing years, and displayed itself in all their childish sports. Children have a favourite game, in which they divide themselves into little armies, and engage in mimic combats. On occasions of this sort, the daring little maiden, placing herself at the head of one party, would, with such fury, attack the opposing force commanded by her detested rival, that, to avoid the shame of a defeat, he had no other resource than that of disarming and capturing his furious but fair antagonist; who, even when vanquished, continued her desperate struggles, and compelled him, in defence of his own eyes, to tie her hands behind her back with his silk handkerchief. An affront such as this she never forgave; and so deep-laid and serious were her plans for revenge, that the parents, who had long observed with regret this strange animosity, reluctantly conceded to the necessity of separating the little foes, and of relinquishing altogether the pleasing hope of their future union.

The boy soon distinguished himself among his new connections; in every branch of instruction he made the most rapid progress. His own inclination, seconded by the advice of his friends, induced him to embrace the profession of arms; which he had no sooner adopted, than he obtained the esteem and affection of his military comrades, to promote whose interests or whose pleasures, his efforts were incessantly directed. Though unconscious of the source of his new feelings, he experienced the most unalloyed delight at his separation from the only enemy that nature had apparently assigned him.

The girl, on her part, soon found herself in an altered situation. Her increasing years, advancing education, and, above

all, a certain delicacy of feeling, alienated her from those rough and violent pastimes in which she had hitherto mingled in company with boys. Her mind began to experience the want of something on which to exercise its energies; there was now no object near her capable of exciting her hate, nor had she yet found one worthy of her love.

A young man of rank, fortune, and abilities, much esteemed in society, and rather older than her former adversary, began, about this period, to pay her the most marked attentions. For the first time, she found herself an object of tender solicitude: she felt gratified at a preference which so flatteringly distinguished her amongst many others of her sex, her superiors in age and education, and altogether of higher pretensions than herself.

The persevering attentions of her admirer—his demeanour towards her parents, expressive, calm, and all but hopeless (for she was yet extremely young), all interested her in his favour: habit, too, and the opinion of the world, which quickly assumed that his suit had been successful, contributed not a little to bias her inclinations: she had so often been called his bride, that she began to look upon herself as such in reality; so that when she at length resolved, according to the custom of her country, to betroth herself by an exchange of rings with him who had so long passed as her intended husband, it never occurred to her that further consideration might still be necessary. The calm course which the affair had hitherto taken, was not interrupted by the ceremony of the betrothment; every thing on both sides proceeded as usual. The lovers felt happy in their daily intercourse, and were desirous of prolonging the present delightful season—the gay spring-time of their future more serious life.

In the mean time, her early foe, who had become highly accomplished, and who had obtained a well-deserved rank in his profession, came on leave of absence to visit his family. Under very natural, and yet singular circumstances, he once more stood in the presence of his fair neighbour: she had of late indulged only in the kind domestic feelings befitting a bride; she had found herself in perfect harmony with all around her; she believed herself happy, and was so to a certain degree. But now, for the first time,

after a lengthened period, she beheld an object as it were intercepting her path; that object, however, was no longer a hateful one. Of hatred indeed she had become incapable; the childish antipathy which had in fact sprung from an obscure perception of superior merit, was now changed for agreeable surprise occasioned by the contemplation of graceful accomplishments, for obliging concessions, and for the half seeking, half shunning, of that intercourse which was in fact unavoidable. These sentiments soon became mutual. The protracted separation of the children, now arrived at the age of maturity, naturally gave rise to long conversations. The foolish antipathy of childhood served as a theme for sportive recollection, and each seemed to vie with the other in endeavouring, by a particularly friendly and attentive behaviour, to atone for that ridiculous animosity.

On the part of the young soldier no feeling exceeded the limits of a reasonable and desirable moderation. His rank, situation, and ambitious projects occupied him entirely; and he accepted as a gratifying tribute the friendship of the beautiful bride, without considering himself entitled to a warmer feeling, and without envying the good fortune of the intended husband, with whom, besides, he remained on the best of terms.

With the fair one, however, things assumed a different aspect. She seemed as if awakened from a dream. Her strife with her young neighbour had been her earliest passion; but now it flashed as it were upon her memory, that she had always loved him. She smiled at the recollection of her past hostility; she endeavoured to recall to her mind the delightful sensations which in her idea she must have experienced when he had disarmed her, when he had tied her hands behind her back! Her attempts to vex or injure him seemed to her now to have been intended but as innocent stratagems to draw his attention upon herself. Deeply did she lament their early separation, and deplore the fatal slumber into which she had fallen; deeply did she execrate that hitherto unresisted empire of habit to which alone she now attributed her choice of the insignificant being to whom she was betrothed. She suffered not the expression of these feelings to escape; though it must be confessed that her

affianced husband lost much in comparison with her early foe. The former merited a large share of esteem, but the latter at once possessed himself of entire confidence, of friendship; and when a higher degree of sympathy was expected, or advice under extraordinary circumstances looked for, to such a friend an appeal could not have been made in vain. Women are born with a peculiar capability of discriminating such traits of character, for the exercise of which both the necessity and the opportunity exists. The profound secrecy in which such sentiments were nourished by the fair bride, rendered it apparently superfluous to espouse the cause of her betrothed husband, or to suggest to her such considerations as were dictated by duty, or required by imperious necessity. Her heart was thus for a time left to cherish its fatal partiality; but when, awakening at length to a full sense of her actual situation, she on the one hand found herself irretrievably bound by the world, her family, her affianced husband, and her own promise; and on the other, perceived the aspiring youth making no secret of his feelings, prospects, and intentions; behaving towards her like a brother—even in that character displaying no peculiar tenderness, and beginning too to speak of his immediate departure,—it seemed as if the early spirit of her childhood had been again roused within her, in all its violence. She resolved to die, that she might punish for his insensibility, the youth once so detested, now so idolised! that, since she could not possess him, she might at least wed herself eternally to his recollection, to his remorse! Her dead image he should not eradicate; he should incessantly reproach himself that he had not perceived, penetrated, appreciated her sentiments. By this strange frenzy was she perpetually haunted; and though she endeavoured to conceal it under various disguises, the singularity of her demeanour must have been obvious to many, though none were sufficiently attentive or shrewd to discover its real cause.

In the meantime, the friends, relations, and acquaintance of the betrothed pair exhausted themselves in devising various schemes for their gratification and amusement. Each day some new and unexpected plan was conceived and executed. The various beautiful spots in the neigh-

bourhood had been successively decked and prepared for the reception of numerous guests. Our gallant young visiter, too, being desirous of contributing his share to the general festivity, invited the youthful couple to join a select party in an excursion on the water. In pursuance of this design, they embarked in a handsome large yacht, containing a small saloon and other commodious apartments.

The vessel glided down the broad stream to the sound of music. To avoid the intensity of the noon-day sun, the company had retreated to the cabin. Their young host, unable to remain long inactive, placed himself at the helm, to the great relief of the old pilot, who soon fell asleep. The new steersman had soon occasion for all his skill and precaution, as he approached a spot where two opposite islands, stretching out their sloping gravelly banks towards each other, narrowed the bed of the river, and formed a dangerous channel. At one moment he thought of waking the pilot, but eventually confiding in his own skill, he continued to steer cautiously towards the strait. Suddenly his fair foe appeared on deck; a garland of flowers encircled her head — she tore it off and threw it towards him: — “Keep that in remembrance of me,” she exclaimed. “Disturb me not,” he replied, taking up the garland; “I have at present need of all my strength and attention.” — “I shall disturb you no farther,” said she; “you will never see me more!” and rushing to the fore part of the vessel, she sprang into the water. A cry of terror burst from every lip; “Save her! save her! she sinks!” The young steersman was in the most dreadful consternation. Awakened by the tumult, the old pilot seized the helm, which the youth abandoned to him; but it was now too late to change masters: — the vessel was stranded: and at the same moment, casting aside the most cumbrous parts of his dress, the gallant youth plunged into the water, and swam after the sinking bride. The skilful swimmer manfully buffeted the waves, and soon reached the perishing maiden: — he seized her in his arms, and succeeded in raising and supporting her head. Both were violently hurried along by the force of the current; the islands, the shallows, were quickly left far behind, and the river resumed its broad smooth course. He now began to collect himself — to recover from the first

overwhelming shock, during which he had acted without reflection, and, as it were, mechanically. Having swum towards a level and bush-grown spot, which ran pleasantly and commodiously into the river, he there landed his fair prize; but the spark of life was apparently quenched. The youth was in despair; suddenly a narrow pathway, leading through the bushes, flashed on his sight; once more he resumed his precious burden, and had not proceeded far when he descried a lonely dwelling; this he was not long in reaching. It proved to be the abode of a respectable newly married couple. The misfortune — the urgent necessity of the case, needed no explanation. Every thing requisite was speedily furnished; a bright fire was kindled, blankets were spread upon a couch; furs, cloaks, all that could impart warmth, was speedily forthcoming. Nothing was neglected to recall to existence the cold but still beauteous form. These efforts fortunately succeeded. The maiden opened her eyes, beheld her lover, and threw her snowy arms around his neck: a flood of tears burst from her eyes. — “Wilt thou now forsake me!” she exclaimed. — “Never! never!” he cried, almost unconscious of his words and actions. “But calm thyself,” he added; “calm thyself, love: for thine own sake — for mine!” She now for the first time was sensible of her condition, which caused her no sensations of shame, for she stood in the presence of her preserver, of him who was to her the world! The young married couple, during a few minutes, held a council together, the result of which was, that the husband offered to the youth, and the wife to the maiden, their wedding clothes. In a short time our adventurers were not merely clothed, but gaily decked out; and such was the buoyancy of their spirits, that music alone seemed wanting to induce them to dance! To find herself thus suddenly snatched from death to life, from the circle of her friends into a wilderness, from despair to rapture, from indifference to warm affection — to passion, she could scarcely comprehend it; her head seemed ready to burst — to become distracted; and her fluttering heart with difficulty supported the sudden shock.

Completely absorbed each in the other, a considerable time elapsed before the youthful couple gave a thought to the

anguish of their friends ; nor was it without considerable anxiety on their part, that they then looked forward to a meeting with those friends.—" Shall we flee? shall we conceal ourselves?" said the youth.—" Rather let us remain here together," replied the resolute maiden, as she threw her arms around his neck.

Their host having learnt from them the history of the stranded ship, had hastened without further question to the river bank. The vessel having been got off with much difficulty, was now safely floating down the stream. The friends of the lost pair were steering her at a venture, in hopes of gaining some intelligence. The kind peasant who had afforded shelter to the lovers (for such must we now call them) having by signs and shouts attracted the attention of the crew, ran to a spot where there was a good landing-place, and thence continued his signals: the vessel bore up in that

direction ; and in a short time her anxious passengers were safely landed.

The parents of the young couple, and the half-distracted bridegroom, were the first to press eagerly out of the vessel ; and scarcely had they been assured that the objects of their solicitude were in safety, when the latter were seen issuing from among the trees. The enamoured pair threw themselves at the feet of their astonished parents. " Behold your children," exclaimed they, " at length united, and for ever !"—" Pardon, Oh, pardon us !" exclaimed the maiden. " Grant us your blessing !" cried both. The bystanders looked on in silent astonishment. " Your blessing ! we implore your blessing !" the lovers again repeated.

To refuse it would have been impossible.

T. H.

BIOGRAPHY OF FLOWERS.

PRIMULA FAMILY—COWSLIPS, AURICULAS, AND POLYANTHUSES.

" Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

THE *primula* family boasts another beauteous sister, more coy, but scarcely less celebrated by poets, than the primrose: this is the cowslip, or umbellated primrose. The botanical structure of the cowslip is similar to that of the former, with the variation of rather a strong general footstalk, sustaining an umbel of graceful blossoms, which fall pendulous, as if to conceal their cups "cinque spotted" with ruby marks. Shakspeare, who enriched his poetic treasury with gems gathered from nature, thus minutely describes the peculiarities of this elegant flower:—

" I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see ;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours :
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

In the cowslip these ruby spots are perhaps the nectarium, which varies in every flower, and which is supposed by botanists to be the residence of the honey and odour of flowers. Nevertheless, it is difficult to define the nectarium, its infinite variety of structure having puzzled the most skilful botanists. The cowslip loves the open meadow, and will not, like her sister primrose, abide patiently in garden bound ; nor will she, with a good grace, resist the will and pleasure of nature, who has made her a wild flower. If transplanted from her native meads, she languishes, and changes her natural form and complexion ; though we do not affirm that she carries her love of freedom as far as the meadow orchis, which the Suffolk people consider so untamable, that, if removed from the meadow to the garden, the refractory plant will make its escape bodily into the meadow before the return of blossoming time. High ground, unless springy, is not suited to

the cowslip; nor like the primrose and violet, will she flourish in woodland hollows. Meadow ground, not low enough to be considered marshy, and situated near a bright running stream, is the favourite abiding place of this lovely flower, which in that situation increases in such profusion, that in the month of May there are meads entirely covered with its blossoms, shedding a soft fragrance when the breeze blows over them, "wagging their sweet heads."

The cowslip is a harbinger of spring, an attendant on May, and forms a feature in every description of that enchanting season; of which there is a just delineation in the following poetic sketch (by Miss Agnes Strickland), extracted from one of the *Annals*:—

THE BIRTH OF SPRING.

By the heaven's celestial blue,
By the morning's diamond dew,
By the day-star's lengthen'd march;
By the rainbow's glowing arch,
Which in changeful skies appears,
Born like hope of smiles and tears;
By the softly tinted west,
By the dawn in saffron drest,
By the pleasant noon-tide hours,
Th' alternate beams and balmy showers,
By the southern gale's caress,
By Nature's growing loveliness,
By the sun's increasing force,
By the planet's radiant course,
By the smiling face of earth;—
Spring, sweet Spring, we hail thy birth.

By the blithe lark soaring high,
And wakening heaven with harmony;
By the blackbird's carol gay,
And sprightly linnet's roundelay,
And warbling voice of finch and thrush,
Heard from every brake and bush;
By the swallow's circling flight,
By the bat's career at night;
By the nightingale's love song,
Lonely moonlight groves among;
By the glow-worm's fairy lamp,
On mossy bank-side green and damp,
Sparkling like some fallen gem,
From the bright moon's diadem;
By the cuckoo's jocund cry,
By th' enfranchised butterfly,
And busy wild bee on the wing,
We perceive the birth of Spring.

By the meadow's emerald shade,
By the corn's aspiring blade,
By the daisy-spangled vale,
And velvet cowslip in the dale,

By the primrose-border'd rill,
By the unfolding daffodil,
By the golden crocus flowers,
And freshly budding hawthorn bowers,
By the violet's soft perfume,
And the fragrance of the broom,
By the vetch's azure wreath,
And the bluebell on the heath,
By the blossom on the bough,
And the hillock's flower-crown'd brow,
And the young leaves' verdant pride,
And a thousand traits beside
Of purest joy and holiest mirth,
Spring! Creation greets thy birth.

It is a pleasing sight to watch the cowslip gatherers collecting the honeyed bells of this flower on the meads of the pastoral Waveny; for the medicinal virtues of the cowslip are not yet exploded from the pharmacopœia even in these days, when the bland influence of the herbs of the field yields to fierce poisons and burning minerals. From the cowslip may be made a rich syrup, partaking of the colour and fragrance of the blossoms: it is anodyne and antispasmodic. Cowslip wine is a mild narcotic and sudorific, and if taken warm over-night is almost a certain cure for those catarrhal colds, which are the plague of our island, and which lay the foundation of consumptive complaints. The cowslip bells are plucked from the calyx, and collected in peck baskets by the country girls, who carry them from door to door, and sell them to those notable housewives, who are primitive enough to adhere to the customs of their forefathers, and to make cowslip wine; the art and mystery of which may be understood by any person acquainted with the mode of brewing gooseberry wine—the proportions of flowers and fruit being equal, and the sugar in the same quantity: loaf-sugar, however, must be used. The colour of this wine is beautiful, and its flavour resembles the odour of the cowslip blossoms.

The third branch of the primula family is not a native of our islands, but is found in its original state on the mountains of Switzerland and other Alpine regions. The auricula, or bear's-ear, in its original state, is perhaps more beautiful than in any of the infinite forms into which it has been forced by cultivation. The Alpine auricula is the parent of the numerous varieties reared in pots or on the flower-border. Its leaves are greener

than those of the garden auricula, and rather more serrated; but have not the profusion of fragrant powder which covers the leaves and petals of the latter. The flowers are of a light purple or deep lilac, with pale yellow cups. They are inclined to be pendulous, like the cowslip, and the blossoms are not much larger; they are, however, far more numerous than those of the cultivated auricula, which, though very rich in colouring, is too neat and trim in its general appearance for true beauty. What it gains from culture in richness it loses in grace. With the exception of greater hollowness in the eye, smallness of the calyx, and a general footstalk supporting an umbel of flowers, the botanical structure of the auricula is precisely that of the primrose*; and it may be dissected and examined according to the same rules. The odorous dust or pollen that covers every part of this plant, is its greatest peculiarity; it is the most fragrant of all the tribe of *primula*. The inhabitants of the Alps attribute many medicinal virtues to the native auricula, the flowers of which they gather, as we do those of the primrose, to form the ingredients of a cooling ointment. The Swiss damsels distil the blossoms, and use the water as a cosmetic, which they consider exceedingly efficacious. The auricula likewise excels in pulmonary complaints.

The auricula must have been early cultivated in England; for Parkinson, who wrote in the sixteenth century, notes twenty-two varieties, and adds that there were many more. A late paper of the Horticultural Society mentions upwards of four hundred varieties known at the present day. Country people denominate this plant *bear's-ear*, from the shape of the leaves, which exactly resemble the ears of a bear. This resemblance has been noticed in every country where the flower has been naturalised: the French call it *oreille d'ours*. French cowslip is the name by which it is designated in some ancient books of English gardening. This flower varies greatly when raised from seed; hence it is a peculiar favourite with florists, who give prizes for the most beautiful seedlings. Its time of florescence is the latter end of April, and it continues in full beauty during the month of May, producing ripe seeds in June.

The seeds ought to be sown in August; but they will grow, if sown any time before Christmas. The earth for the seed-bed should be a light sandy mould, spread on manure taken from the bottom of an old hotbed. During the winter the seedlings should be slightly sheltered from the north, and in twelve or eighteen months at farthest they will bloom. The following are the rules whereby the florist distinguishes a prime flower:—The stem should be lofty and strong; the footstalks of the single flowers should be short, in order that the umbel may be close and regular; the pipe or neck of each flower should be short, and the flowers large and regularly spread, being nowise inclined to cup; the colours should be bright and well mixed; the eye of the flower should be large, round, and of a good white or yellow; and the tube or neck not too wide. Seedlings which correspond with this description are carefully potted out, and the others either cast away as “fellows of no reckoning,” or banished into obscure corners of the parterre. Auriculas multiply readily from offsets, of which they produce a great number: the removal of these offsets is of great service to the poorest plants, as they always blow finer when the heads are single. We have frequently observed, that if the most costly auricula be neglected for two or three years in the flower-border; if its offsets be not removed; if it do not obtain shelter in the winter; finally, if rich earth be not applied to its roots; in a few seasons it loses the beautiful olive and purple tints which marked its blossoms, and degenerates into a plain red or brown flowering plant, which is perhaps one of the primitive species.

Cultivation has produced many varieties of the cowslip; which, indeed, when transplanted into garden ground, constantly changes its appearance. Double cowslips, called *hose* and *hose*; oxlips (which are cowslips grown larger and coarser in colour and appearance, sometimes with a redundancy of corolla); and the far-famed polyanthus, are varieties of the cowslip: the latter is doubtless obtained from the tawny cowslip, which is sometimes found in a state of nature.

The polyanthus, like the auricula, is a favourite among florists, who have pecu-

* See Biography of Flowers for April.

liar rules whereby they regulate the estimation in which certain varieties ought to be held. The following are the floral rules of beauty by which the polyanthus is judged:—The general stem must be moderately tall, and strong enough to support a good regular bunch of flowers, on short pedicles, in upright positions; the florets of each bunch should be equally large, spreading open, flat, with only two colours; the gold-coloured lacing that surrounds the rich brown petals must be unbroken, and not mingled with the dark colour; the cup of the flower must be of the same hue; and if the ruby spots which the polyanthus inherits from her parent cowslip presume to appear round the eye, she is rejected as an unworthy flower: the eye in the centre of each flower should be large and regular; and the antheræ, by florists called the *thrum*, should rise high enough to cover the mouth of the tube, or hollow part in the middle part of the florets, and should render them what is called *thrum-eyed*; but when the length of the pointal elevates its stigma above the antheræ, and is seen in the middle like the head of a pin, the flower is rejected as incomplete, although its other qualifications may be excellent. From the seed of these pin-eyed polyanthuses, if they are perfect in other respects, the best plants are raised. At the end of June the polyanthus bears a profusion of ripe seeds, which are cultivated precisely in the same manner as those of the auricula, except that the former do not require so much shelter from the cold. It is amusing to watch the wonderful variety that may be raised in one season: out of two or three hundred, scarcely three of the gay nurslings blowing alike. The polyanthus will not unfrequently begin to blow in February, and continue through May; in propitious ground it will begin again in autumn, and flower till checked by severe frosts. During the heat of the summer, the leaves of all the family of *primula*, the auricula excepted, die away, and almost the whole of the plant disappears under the surface of the mould.

Before we quit this subject, we must note a paragraph relating to the primrose, and inserted in the public papers of last month. "No primroses grow wild at Cockfield, in Suffolk: the oldest villagers say that not a root has been seen since the dreadful massacre of the Danes;

others maintain that a plague occasioned the phenomenon. The hedgerows in the extreme boundaries of other contiguous parishes appear decorated in proper season with primroses like 'so many stars in the canopy of heaven,' but in the fatal soil of Cockfield the modest primrose sickens and dies."

There are two Cockfields in Suffolk; the one is a hamlet near Bury St. Edmund's, the other a beautiful village near Yoxford. From the mention of Danish traditions and the plague, we suppose the writer intends to designate Western Cockfield as the ill-fated spot forsaken by the primroses. As for the Eastern, we can ourselves aver that at present it abounds in primroses and every other species of wild flower.

Floriculture is an elegant and innocent pursuit, and peculiarly adapted for the amusement of ladies. Far be it from us to cast any slight on it; yet even from these pages our fair readers must have perceived that there is a degree of pedantry and quackery attached to it: perhaps no pursuit, followed to excess, is exempt from a similar charge. It is a trite remark, that few people ride their hobbies gracefully. Flowers are most assuredly the prettiest idols before which idle gentlefolks can bow; yet we are often inclined to look upon prize tulips, auriculas, and polyanthuses, as but one degree less artificial than the cambric flowers exposed for sale in the shop of a fashionable *marchande de modes*.

These ideas may seem fastidious, yet Shakspeare felt them intuitively, without the refinements of education: when his exquisite Perdita distributes her flowers, it will be remembered, that she objects to carnations, and says—

"I'll not put
The dibble i' th' earth to set one slip of them."
And again—

"For I have heard it said,
There is an art which in their pinedness shares
With great creating Nature."

We must, however, leave the botanist and the florist to settle their differences in their own way. Enough for us, that in these our biographies of the "lilies of the field, which neither toil nor spin," we have done our duty to both: in that course we mean to continue.

E. S.—

BARNARD CASTLE.

(From the Talisman.)

Illustrated, by permission, with an Engraving by WILLMORE, from a Painting by J. M. W. TURNER.

"BARNARD Castle," saith old Leland, "standeth stately upon Tees." It is founded upon a very high bank, and its ruins impend over the river, including within the area six acres and upwards. This once magnificent fortress derives its name from its founder, Barnard Baliol, the ancestor of the short and unfortunate dynasty of that name, which succeeded to the Scottish throne under the patronage of Edward I. and Edward III. Baliol's Tower is a round tower of great size, situated at the western extremity of the building. It bears traces of great antiquity, and was remarkable for the curious construction of its vaulted roof, which has lately been greatly injured by the operations of some persons to whom the tower has been leased, for the purpose of making shot.

Barnard Castle often changed masters during the middle ages, and was successively possessed by the Beauchamps of Warwick, the Staffords of Buckingham, and the Bishops of Durham. Richard III. is said to have made it for some time his principal residence. From the Staffords, Barnard Castle passed into the possession of the powerful Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland; and belonged to the last representative of that family, when he engaged with the Earl of Northumberland in the ill concerted insurrection of the 12th of Elizabeth. Upon this occasion, Sir George Bowes of Streatham, who held great possessions in the neighbourhood, anticipated the two insurgent earls by seizing upon and garrisoning Barnard Castle, which held out for ten days against all their forces, and he then surrendered upon honourable terms. The siege is much commended by a ballad chronicler.

"Then Sir George Bowes he straightway rose
After them, some spoil to make;
These noble earls turned back againe,
And, aye, they vowed that knight to take.

"That baron he to his castle fled,
To Barnard Castle then fled he;
The uttermost walls were rathe to win,
The earls have won them presentlie.

"The uttermost walls were lime and bricke;
But though they won them soon anone,
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Long ere they won the innermost walls,
For they were cut in rock and stone."

By the suppression of this rebellion, and the consequent forfeiture of the Earl of Westmoreland, Barnard Castle reverted to the Crown, and was sold or leased out to Carr Earl of Somerset, the guilty and unhappy favourite of James I. It was afterwards granted to Sir Henry Vane the elder; and was therefore, in all probability, occupied for the Parliament, whose interest, during the civil wars, was so keenly espoused by the Vanes. It is now the property of the Earl of Darlington.

The view from Barnard Castle commands the rich and magnificent valley of the Tees. Immediately adjacent to the river, the banks are very thickly wooded; at a little distance they are more open and cultivated; but being interspersed with hedgerows, and with isolated trees of great size and age, they still retain the richness of woodland scenery. The river itself flows in a deep trench of solid rock, chiefly limestone and marble. The finest view of its romantic course is from its handsome modern bridge.

Barnard Castle also derives additional interest from being, in part, the scene of Sir Walter Scott's poem of Rokeby, which opens thus:—

"The moon is in her summer glow,
But hoarse and high the breezes blow,
And racking o'er her face the cloud
Varies the tincture of her shroud;
On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream,
She changes as a guilty dream,
When conscience, with remorse and fear,
Goads sleeping fancy's wild career.
Her light seem'd now the blush of shame,
Seem'd now fierce angel's darker flame,
Shifting that shade to come and go
Like apprehension's hurried glow;
Then sorrow's livery dims the air,
And dies in darkness like despair.
Such varied hues the warder sees
Reflected from the woodland Tees;
Then from old Baliol's Tower looks forth,
Sees the clouds mustering in the north,
Hears, upon turret-roof and wall,
*By fits the splashing rain-drops fall,
Lists to the breeze's boding sound,
And wraps his shaggy mantle round."

C C

THE TWO NOTES; OR PAGANINI'S CONTRACT.

A FANTASTIC TALE.

"DELIGHTED to meet you."

"You are going, I presume, to the Opera?"

"Precisely so. My box is No. 22. first gallery."

"So is mine. We will go together;" and off we set.

From this familiar address it might be imagined that I had encountered an old friend. No such thing; never had seen the man before in the whole course of my existence. Had I seen him, I could not have forgotten him. A lean, gaunt, we-sand looking being, with bronze-coloured cheeks, and red mustachios—not unlike a wolf buttoned into a tight suit of black.

He offered me his arm—it was as hot as though it had just been withdrawn from a furnace. I felt very queer—didn't like it. However, the box opener unlocked the door. It so happened that, although the rest of the house was crowded to suffocation, our box was vacant, and during the evening no one entered but ourselves.

It so happens also that I am from the Marais.* I had never in my life seen an opera.

"You have never been here before," said my new companion.

"True, *Monsieur*; but who told you that?"

"Nobody; but I guess the fact from your surprise, your childish astonishment. How do you like the house?"

He hitched his stool so close that it touched mine. *Malédiction!* How could I like the house, transported as I was into a perfect state of bewilderment. Things of which I had scarcely got a glance seemed utterly changed. To my utter amazement, from the ceiling appeared suspended a vast *jet d'eau*, turned as it were upside down, and spouting with fountains of light of red, green, orange, twisting in voluted columns, or circling in diadems. Around and about the galleries, were thousands of sparkling flowers. The pit seemed paved with upturned faces full of eyes, all glaring at me; and before the rest of the house floated irises and rainbows of all hues. In much terror I rose, and was about to go. The stranger's stool no

longer touched mine. Every thing resumed its proper semblance. I took it for granted that I had been seized with a passing megrim; and when he repeated his question of, "How do you like the house?" I replied with much tranquillity.

"Pretty well. I presume it contains about two thousand persons."

"I should think so," said the unknown. "It seems to me that you have never heard Paganini."

"Never."

"He is a shocking customer—pays very ill."

"How so? I expected a eulogium on his wonderful talents, and you talk to me of his debts."

"They are one and the same thing,—absolutely inseparable; his talent is his debt; and never was there so bad a paymaster!"

"Are you his coachmaker?" asked I.

"By no means."

"His tailor?"

"Better than that!"

"His *restaurateur*?"

"No such thing!"

"What are you then?"

"His master!"

"His master!" repeated I, in astonishment; "What! his music-master Giretti?"

"Not exactly."

"His singing master?"

"I have not that honour."

"What are you then?"

"His *master*, I tell you; and before the end of the evening you will know it."

Madame Dorus now sang; I was unable to listen; my attention was absorbed in my strange companion, who took snuff like a madman. He sneezed. "God bless you!" I exclaimed. He turned pale, and hastily pocketed his snuff-box.

"I request," said he, "that you will not make use of such language."

Presently he added in a tone of confidence,

"I knew Paganini at Genoa. He was then a child; but he had, even then, that forehead predestined to distinction;—that archangel eye,—that shark-like mouth,—that cleft chin,—those legs meagre as reeds,—those skeleton arms,

* The Whitechapel and Aldgate of Paris.

—those restless hands,—that cadaverous paleness. I saw him again when a young man; no woman could love him; he wept unceasingly, and abandoned himself to despair. I tried to console him. In the deserted vestibule of the theatre,—in the solitary streets,—in the silent walks, I was his evening companion. Under the shadow of night we spoke of arts, of metaphysics, of religion,—of the intimate connection subsisting between them, and so little known to the vulgar. He spoke to me of love;—I talked to him of renown; of friends; I conversed of glory;—he of relations, of parents. I talked of the world;—he of repose and tranquillity. I offered boundless riches. ‘Thou shalt have all, Paganini,’ I cried; ‘glory, fortune, renown, the world, if thou wilt serve me.’ He hesitated; I left him.***

We met again. His vocation was then decided; he had become a musician; but a musician like the common herd, who give concerts, and sing and play, and make their best bow, for two hundred francs per night. I greeted him. ‘Ah!’ said he, ‘to feel a soul in every finger, a torrent of living fire in the heart, the consciousness of genius in the brain, and yet to live unknown—is that to live? Nothing to love but this meagre fiddle-stick,—this morsel of yellow crooked wood. I have tried, in gaming, to drown recollection. Pshaw! that hatred of the happy! that calculating misery! where the fortunate devour the unfortunate: and then the consequences! I have not now a sous; I am to give lessons in this town of Bologna. What will become of me?’—‘Any thing you please, Paganini,’ said I; but he would not hear me.”

My companion was about to continue, when M. Nourrit came on the stage to sing a *morceau* from *Ma Tante Aurore*. I presented my snuff-box to the stranger, who pushed aside my hand. He was afraid of sneezing—he dreaded my benediction. Nourrit having finished, he then continued—

“At Vienna, where I again saw Paganini, I found him married. The fool! He, a thing of inspiration and harmony; a salamander living in flame; an essence so subtle that bronze could not imprison it; a being that would dissect a ray of the sun for beautiful colours—that would ascend to heaven on a note of the violin! He—fire, flame, essence, harmony, colour, encircled within a wedding

ring! Why not coupled with a galley chain to a fellow slave? Obligated to offer his arm to Madame—to dangle after her in her walks—to pin her shawl! This could not last. I found him more discontented than ever—he wept.—‘Fool,’ said I, ‘you who cherish thoughts of glory, thus to corrode your own heart—as well might you exist in the burning or icy circles of Dante!’ ‘What do you advise?’ said he. ‘Serve me,’ was my reply. ‘I have no friends?’ ‘Glory.’ ‘No relations?’ ‘The world.’ ‘No wealth?’ ‘Have you not your hand?’ ‘I have a wife?’ ‘To-morrow you shall have none’

“The next day he had no wife. ‘I am yours—I am yours,’ said he, in transport. The bargain was then struck.” “What bargain?” said I, interrupting. “You shall learn that presently; have I not said I am his *master*?” He resumed his tale.—“I remember all this as if it were now passing. It was on a beautiful and silent night, whilst we sauntered on one of the promenades at Vienna. On that evening Paganini was to give his first concert in Germany. The gigantic chestnut trees threw their solemn shadows across the alley;—but when we first met, a green light played over them—the white palisades gleamed like furtive skeletons, or like spies ambushed at a distance, the chestnut branches were studded with the stars of heaven—and at our feet opened the furnace of a volcanic crater. An enormous and terrific profile of Paganini was cast by the supernatural light over the whole white *façade* of the palace of Schoenbrunn, as distinctly as though it had been a silhouette cut from black paper, and displayed on a sheet of white. I stood by his side—but it was in vain to look for my shadow!”

Here my singular companion burst into a fit of sonorous laughter. I was stupefied with horror.

Without heeding my terrors, he thus pursued. ‘From this moment,’ said I to Paganini, ‘Europe, the world, shall ring with your fame. Your name, like that of Napoleon, shall become a cabalistic word. Touch that bond—he touched it. Now you are mine. I ask not your body; the doctors may dissect it into minute particles for aught I care. I ask not your soul—the priests may dispose of it as they list. But, as an indemnity for the power bestowed upon your bow, I require two

notes at every concert. *Two notes*; understand — *two notes*. If you forget your contract, tremble. He agreed, and the covenant was finished."

As I have already intimated, I belong to the Marais, where we are by no means accustomed to mystifications. "If I comprehend one word of all this," exclaimed I, somewhat unadvisedly, "may the devil take me!"

"On your word of honour, may he?" said my companion, seizing my arm with his hot hands.

"Only a figure of speech!" said I, in great alarm.

"Oh! is that all?" said he, unhooking his fingers. "Well; a metaphor is not as binding as a contract." He then continued — "We parted; the Vienna concert commenced. Never since the days of St. Cecilia was heard such melody. The senses of every hearer were prostrated before the Christian Orpheus. Paganini's triumph was complete. He paid me my two notes — notes agonising to human ear, and that in the finest part of the concert. Upon my honour he then behaved admirably; but those were early days. I have had no reason lately to applaud his punctuality. I hate imposition; but the fact is, he now pays badly, very badly. I am obliged to extort my notes almost by main force. You will see if I do not tell you truth."

Here my unknown companion perched himself on the front of the box, rolling his green eyes like a cat watching for her prey.

As I said before, I did not like my company. I would have cried — quitted the box — but I could do nothing; for he pushed his stool close to mine. I again fell into my nightmare — again saw the inverted *jet d'eau* from the ceiling, the galleries of flowers, the living lake of eyes. — Presently he stepped a few paces backwards, the curtain drew up, and Paganini appeared.

Heavens! what a price to pay for soaring above the crowd! Oh leave me in my ignorance — in my obscurity — in my *marais* — in my closet of a bedchamber, where I sleep so soundly! There was Paganini, like Lazarus rising from the tomb — there he was, holding his instrument, his genius, as yellow and attenuated as himself. A breath would have blown him into air. — Never was heard such music. The monarch leant out of his

box, men went out of their senses, women fainted — some, it is said, died. At the conclusion Paganini retired to the bottom of the stage, to rest himself after his fatigues; he was followed by a detonation of applause.

"Has he paid me my two notes?" murmured my companion. "Not he. He thinks, perhaps, that I am at Vienna. However, we shall see. I must play him the same trick I did at Prague. I suppose you have newspapers here?" "By the bushel," said I —

"After a concert at Prague it was one morning published that the famous Paganini could not play a note — knew nothing — the fact was, on several occasions he had cheated me of my two notes. Before the concert began I sent a friend to him — one of my agents, who mingled in the crowd, and held up the contract. On the instant, all his talent deserted him. — But silence! here he is again; this time we must settle our accounts — that is, if I can catch his eye."

Impelled by an unlucky instinct, Paganini passed in front of the stage, and took a survey of the house. I thought it was for the purpose of showing himself to the public. It is a glorious thing to attract so many eyes to one's own person. The stranger stretched his head out of the box, which, as I said, was No. 22. Their eyes encountered. The artist staggered and turned pale; my companion laughed aloud. Then drawing a flame-coloured pocket-book from his bosom, he held it on high, exclaiming — "Friend! my two notes!"

Paganini then commenced a strain so doleful, so chilling, and yet so powerful! it was as if the listener had been led into a church, from the church to a cemetery, from the cemetery to the grave; and then, in the midst of a supplication tender as an infant's prayer, two such notes! horrid, appalling! the artist's breath went and came, his bony arms appeared elongated, his heart seemed to bound as if it would rend his vesture, four strings crashed beneath the last note; and, as the cabalistic contract was accomplished — I know not if other eyes beheld the same vision — two slender blue flames sprang from the violin like frightened birds, and curling about a little, vanished upwards in a spiral form.

My companion became calm. He carefully closed his pocket-book, which doubtless contained some mysterious document.

An exquisite in the next box, with a *lorignon* and moustaches, exclaimed — "This is the triumph of art! of the violin!" The fool called this art, and the violin!

The unknown rose to depart; I followed, but at the distance of several paces: before I left him, however, curiosity led me to exclaim,

"Sir! Sir! excuse me, — but have I the honour of speaking to the ——"

"At your service," said the stranger, with a low bow.

"And pray, for what purpose are the two notes?"

"They are," said he, "an instalment upon my account — a portion of my ransom from condemnation. I shall deposit them in heaven's chancery, for there, perhaps, he may one day arrive; that is, if I ever leave him. I wish you good evening."

I cannot exactly say if all this was a dream — a hideous nightmare; but, thank heaven, 'tis over! Be it as it may, when Signor Paganini plays at the Hay-market, let the box-keepers keep a sharp look-out for the gentleman in black.

E. S.

PORTFOLIO.

MOZART'S VIOLIN. — About forty years ago, a poor dealer in nick-nacks and *bric-à-brac*, named Ruttler, took up his abode at the upper extremity of the Fauxbourg Saint Joseph at Vienna. The scanty profits of his little trade but ill sufficed for the support of a young wife and fourteen children; the oldest of whom was but sixteen years of age. Ruttler, however, notwithstanding the discouraging position of his affairs, was kind-hearted, ever ready to serve his friends; and the needy traveller was never known to quit his door without the benefit of his advice or his charity. An individual, whose serious deportment and benevolent expression of countenance were calculated to inspire respect and interest, passed regularly every day before the door of Ruttler's shop. The individual in question was evidently struggling against the influence of a desperate malady; nature seemed no longer to have any charms in his eyes. A languid smile would, however, play around his discoloured lips as Ruttler's children each morning saluted him on his passage, or heedlessly pursued him with their infant gambols. On such occasions his eyes were raised to heaven, and seemed in silence to implore for the young innocents an existence happier than his. Ruttler, who had remarked the stranger, and who seized every occasion to be of service, had obtained the privilege of offering him a seat every morning on his return from his usual walk. The stranger frankly accepted the proffered civility, and

Ruttler's children often warmly disputed with each other the prerogative of setting the humble stool before their father's guest. One day the stranger returned from his walk rather earlier than usual. Ruttler's children accosted him with smiles: — "Sir," said they, "mamma has this night given us a pretty little sister." Upon this the stranger, leaning on the arm of the eldest child, presented himself in Ruttler's shop, and kindly asked after his wife. Ruttler, who was going out, confirmed his children's prattle; and after thanking his guest for his enquiries, "Yes, sir," said he, "this is the fifteenth that Providence has sent us." — "Worthy man!" cried the stranger, in a tone of anxiety and sympathy; "and yet a scanty portion of the treasures showered on the courtiers of Schoenbrunn lights not on your humble dwelling. Age of iron! when talent, virtue, honour are admired only when the tomb closes on them for ever: but," added he, "have you a godfather for the infant?" — "Alas, sir! the poor man with difficulty finds a sponsor for his child. For my other children I have usually claimed the good offices of some chance passer or neighbour as poor as myself." — "Call her Gabrielle. Here are a hundred florins for the christening feast, to which I invite myself, and by taking charge of which you will oblige me."

Ruttler hesitated. "Come, come," said the stranger, "take them; when you know me better, you will see that I am a unworthy to share your sorrows. But

you can render me a service: I perceive a violin in your shop; bring it me — here — to this table; — I have a sudden idea, which I must commit to paper." Ruttler hastily detached the violin from the peg to which it was suspended, and gave it to the stranger, whose skill drew from the instrument such extraordinary sounds that the street was soon filled with a crowd of inquisitive listeners. A number of personages of the highest distinction, recognising the artist by his melody, stopped their carriages.

The stranger, entirely engrossed by his composition, paid no attention to the crowd that surrounded Ruttler's shop. When he had terminated, he thrust into his pocket the paper on which he had been writing, left his address with Ruttler, and took leave of him, intimating that he should expect to receive due notice of the christening. Three days elapsed, and the stranger returned no more. In vain Ruttler's children placed the stool before their father's door. On the third day, several people dressed in black, and their countenances impressed with the seal of woe, stopped before the humble seat, which they contemplated with sadness. Ruttler then determined to make some personal enquiries as to the fate of his former guest. He arrived at the house to which the stranger had addressed him. The door was hung with black, a coffin was illuminated with an immense quantity of wax-lights; a crowd of artists, of grandees, of scientific and literary men, deplored the fatal event that had taken place. For the first time the truth flashed across Ruttler's mind; he learned with astonishment that he whose funeral obsequies were on the point of celebration — his guest, his benefactor, the proposed godfather of his child — was Mozart! Mozart had exhaled his last melodious sigh at Ruttler's miserable threshold! Seated on the shapeless stool, he had composed his harmonious requiem, the last strain of Germany's expiring swan! Ruttler paid the last sad tribute of respect to one whom he had honoured and revered without knowing him. Returning home, he was astonished to find his modest asylum invaded by the idle crowd, who often incense the shrine only when the deity has departed. The circumstances just detailed brought Ruttler's establish-

ment into vogue, and enabled him to amass a competence and provide for his fifteen children. Conformably to the wish expressed by Mozart, the youngest was named Gabrielle, and the violin on which the great composer had played a few days before his death served as the marriage-portion of his goddaughter when she had attained the age of sixteen. The same violin was afterwards sold for 4000 florins. With the seat on which Mozart had sat, Ruttler never would consent to part, notwithstanding the tempting sums offered for it. The honest merchant resolved to keep it as a monument at once of his former poverty and of his present good fortune. — *Les Nuits Étoilées.*

A DESPOT'S CAPRICE. — The name and the trial of General Moreau recal to my memory the story of a brave officer who was implicated in that unfortunate affair; and who, after remaining several years in disgrace, extricated himself from his position solely by the courage with which he braved the Emperor's displeasure. The authenticity of the statement which I am about to make can be attested by persons now living, whom I shall have occasion to mention in the course of my narrative, and whose veracity is beyond all question.

Moreau's disgrace extended to all who were in any way connected with him. The attachment felt for him by the officers and soldiers who had served under his orders was generally known. Even such of his aides-de-camp as had been absent from Paris at the time of his conspiracy were arrested. One of the latter, Colonel Deléclé, had been for several months on leave of absence at Besançon, where he lived retired in the bosom of his family, and with an amiable wife to whom he had lately been united. Wholly occupied with his domestic happiness, he thought but little of politics, and still less of conspiracies. His evenings were passed agreeably in the society of his comrades and brethren in arms, Colonels Guilleminot, Hugo*, and Foy, all of whom subsequently became general officers. To the surprise of all who were acquainted with him, Colonel Deléclé was suddenly arrested, forced to seat himself in a post-chaise, and, while galloping along the road to Paris, learned from the officer of

gendarmes who accompanied him, that Moreau had been detected at the head of a conspiracy; and that he himself, in his capacity of aide-de-camp to that general, was included in the list of traitors.

On his arrival in Paris, the Colonel was placed in solitary confinement; I believe, in the prison of *La Force*. His wife, alarmed for his safety, followed him to the capital, but for a length of time was denied access to the ill-fated prisoner. When, after repeated solicitations, she was permitted to visit her husband, she was compelled to communicate with him by signs, and to remain in the court-yard of the prison, whilst he passed his hand through the bars of his window, at which he appeared for an instant.

The rigour of the prisoner's captivity was occasionally soothed by the presence of his child, a boy of three or four years of age, whose infant caresses afforded the unhappy father a momentary respite from his sufferings. Every morning, the child was brought in his mother's arms to the prison, and escorted to the Colonel's cell by one of the jailors, in whose presence the little rogue played his part with the cunning of a practised dissembler. He would sometimes affect to limp, and complain that his foot was hurt with sand or gravel which had found its way into his shoe: the Colonel would then turn his back to the jailor, take the child on his knees under pretence of ridding him of the inconvenience, and find in the boy's shoe a letter from his wife, briefly informing him of the stage which the trial had reached, and what he himself had to hope or fear. After a lengthened captivity, sentence having been pronounced against the conspirators, Colonel Deléclé, against whom no charge had been proved, was not acquitted, as he might in justice have expected, but forced to retire from active military service, arbitrarily placed under the *surveillance* of the police, and prohibited from residing within forty leagues of Paris. He was at first forbidden to return even to Besançon; where, however, about a year after his liberation, he was finally allowed to fix his residence.

In the vigour of youth, and glowing with ardent courage, the Colonel, from his obscure retreat, saw his friends and former comrades winning their way to fame, and gaining military rank and honours on the field of battle. Condemned to inglorious inaction, his days were

wasted in tracing on the map the victorious march of an army amid whose ranks he felt himself worthy to resume his place. Numerous were the representations addressed to the Emperor by the impatient soldier and his friends: the Colonel asked permission to join the army as a simple volunteer; or even, with the knapsack on his shoulders, to march by the side of his old companions in arms. His prayers were rejected: the Emperor was inflexible; and, to each fresh solicitation on the Colonel's behalf, contented himself with replying — "Let him wait."

The inhabitants of Besançon, who considered Deléclé as their fellow-citizen, felt deeply interested in the unmerited sufferings of the gallant officer, and resolved to avail themselves of an opportunity, which shortly afterwards presented itself, of again recommending him to the clemency, or rather to the justice, of the Emperor. On the return of the French army from the campaign of Prussia and Poland, deputations were sent from every part of France to congratulate Napoleon on his newly-achieved victories. Colonel Deléclé was unanimously elected a member of the deputation of Besançon, amongst whose ranks the mayor and prefect were likewise enrolled, and whose president was Marshal M***. Colonel Deléclé was thus at length gratified with an opportunity of putting an end to the prolonged sentence of exile which weighed so heavily on his head. He was determined to speak to the Emperor, — to complain, in respectful but dignified terms, of the unmerited disgrace which had so long enchained his courage. From the bottom of his heart he appreciated the generous kindness of his fellow-citizens, whose suffrages would, he trusted, on this occasion, irresistibly plead with the Emperor in his behalf.

The deputies of Besançon, on their arrival at Paris, made a point of presenting themselves to the different ministers. The police minister, taking the president aside, requested to know the motive which had induced the deputation to elect as a member of their body a man universally known to be in disgrace with the Emperor; and whose presence would, therefore, at such a moment, be highly displeasing to his Majesty. On this significant intimation, Marshal M***, with every symptom of terror in his countenance, sought a conference with Colonel

Delélee. "My dear friend," said he, "all hope is lost: I have it from the highest quarters that a hostile feeling is still entertained towards you. Should the Emperor see you at this juncture, he will take your appearance for an intention of open rebellion against his orders, and his rage will be unbounded." — "Well, and what then?" — "Why, to avoid compromising the department, the deputation, and yourself, you would, perhaps, do well to —"

The Marshal hesitated. "What mean you?" asked the Colonel. "Perhaps, if you would retire without more ado —"

"Marshal," replied Delélee, interrupting the president, "you will excuse me if I differ from you in opinion. I have not undertaken so long a journey, to be daunted, like a child, by the first obstacle. I am weary of undeserved opprobrium, and still more weary of the forced indolence in which my best days have been wasted. Be it in anger, or be it in good humour, the Emperor *shall* see me. He may condemn me to perish by the firelocks of my comrades: I care not for the existence in which I have vegetated for the last five years. However, I consent to be guided by the opinion of my colleagues, the deputies of Besançon."

The latter having approved of the Colonel's resolution, he accompanied them to the Tuileries on the day appointed for the reception of the various deputations of the empire. The apartments of the palace were crowded with officers in brilliant uniforms and richly embroidered costumes. The Emperor's military staff, his household, general officers, the *corps diplomatique*, ministers and heads of departments, deputies, prefects, and mayors, decorated with tricoloured scarfs, — all formed themselves into separate groups, and conversed together whilst awaiting Napoleon's arrival. In the centre of one of the groups might have been observed an officer of lofty stature, dressed in a plain and rather old-fashioned uniform; he was without the decoration which distinguished other officers of his own military standing. It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that the officer was Delélee. The president of the deputation appeared embarrassed and chagrined; and but few of his old comrades ventured to acknowledge the disgraced Colonel by a salute. The most intrepid of his friends, by a distant inclination of the head, ex-

pressed at once their anxiety and compassion for his fate; the prudent looked another way. Delélee himself, with a cool determined countenance, maintained his ground. At length a folding door was thrown open, and an usher of the palace, with a loud voice, announced — "Gentlemen, the Emperor."

The groups, immediately separating, formed into two distinct ranks. The Colonel, without hesitation, took up his position in the foremost. The Emperor commenced his tour of the assembly, and addressed the president of each deputation in the usual complimentary form. After a few words to the deputies of Besançon, and their president Marshal M***, Napoleon was about to pass on, when he perceived an officer whose features were unknown to him. Surprised at the circumstance, he accosted the deputy with his accustomed bluntness: "Who are you?" said the Emperor. "Sire, I am Colonel Delélee, formerly senior aide-de-camp to General Moreau." These words were pronounced in a firm tone, and echoed amid the deep stillness occasioned by respect for the presence of the Emperor, who, stepping backwards, fixed his gaze steadfastly on the Colonel. Delélee maintained his unshrinking but respectful attitude.

Marshal M*** was pale as death. "What do you here?" asked the Emperor. "Sire," replied the Colonel, "I come to urge the supplication with which I have wearied you for years; that your Majesty will deign to inform me of my crime, or reinstate me in my rank." Such of the audience as were near enough to hear this dialogue were breathless with expectation. A smile at length dilated the Emperor's countenance. With his finger on his lip he approached the Colonel, and addressing him in a subdued and friendly tone — "You have some right to complain," said he; "but let us talk of it no more:" and Napoleon passed on to the next deputation. Scarcely had he made ten steps, when he turned back, and, with eyes fixed on the Colonel, desired the secretary at war to "take down the name of that officer. He is weary of an idle life," added the Emperor; "but we'll give him occupation."

The audience terminated, the friends who had before avoided him now eagerly pressed around the Colonel. He was overwhelmed with congratulations and pro-

testations of regard; his former comrades disputed the possession of his person; his hands were insufficient to seize the friendly hands that now courted his grasp. Even General S***, who, the evening before, had increased the apprehensions of Marshal M*** by expressing his amazement at the audacity with which an officer in disgrace ventured to brave the Emperor's wrath, now stretched his arm over the shoulder of the Colonel's newly-acquired friends. "Delélee," exclaimed the military courtier, "recollect that to-morrow you breakfast with me."

Before two days had elapsed, Colonel Delélee was promoted to an important staff situation in the army of Portugal, commanded by the Duke d'Abrantes. His military preparations were soon terminated; and, on the point of departure, he was honoured with a last audience of the Emperor, who thus addressed him:—"Colonel, I have no occasion to urge you to make amends for lost time: before long, I trust, we shall be perfectly satisfied with each other." On taking leave of the Emperor, the brave Delélee declared to his comrades that, to complete his felicity, he only longed for an opportunity of shedding his blood for the man who could so nobly repair the wrongs inflicted on a wounded spirit. Such was the empire of Napoleon over his subjects.

The Colonel passed the Pyrenees, traversed Spain, and was received by Junot with open arms. For two years the army of Portugal had suffered severely in their struggles with the English; the supplies often failed, the soldiers were ill clad, and almost without shoes. Delélee exerted himself to the utmost to restore order; and the troops began to reap the advantage of his presence amongst them, when he was attacked with a fever, occasioned by excessive fatigue, and died before he could, to use Napoleon's expression, "make amends for lost time."—*Mémoires de Constant*.

FEMALE PATRIOTISM.—In Suwarcki, one of the Polish palatinates, the ladies have formed an association for the purpose of raising funds for the aid of their country during her present arduous struggle. Among other expedients, a deputation goes from house to house in order to gather the wedding-rings of the married females, which are afterwards converted into specie for the exigencies

of the state. A few words may be necessary to explain wherefore this important golden circlet, so little and light as worn here, becomes, in Poland and Germany, no trifling aid in times like the present. The wedding-ring worn by a Polish lady is massive and richly wrought with mottoes and figures, and so broad that it reaches to the first joint of the ring finger. The ladies and citizens' wives wear rings of the purest ducat gold; the peasantry use silver ones of the same size, and nearly resembling the others in form and ornaments. Thus it may be easily imagined that a few thousands of these rings will prove a valuable assistance to suffering Poland. In lieu of the gold ring is substituted one of Berlin iron, whose mournful hue serves to remind the fair patriot that her absent husband braves death to defend her, her home, her babes, and all that is dear to the heart of woman. From such glorious indications of patriotism amongst the Polish females, may we not augur an auspicious termination to the present contest? The German ladies pursued the same course at the time of the resistless rising of the Landwehr; when Napoleon's force withered to nothing before the virtuous indignation of a patriot people, inspired and supported by female virtue.

SINGULAR APPARITION.—In our last Number were inserted some extracts from Hone's *Every-day Book* and *Table Book*, relative to the customs anciently observed in honour of May. In the course of the detail is mentioned the singular assassination of Sir Robert Percival, then a student at Lincoln's Inn, and a noted duellist. It is strange that so indefatigable an antiquary as Hone should have omitted a most extraordinary circumstance of this eccentric being's life.—As he lay awake on the morning of the day on which he was murdered, his own apparition, ghastly and bloody, is said to have approached the bed, and looked woefully in his face: the sight inspired him with such horror, that he swooned away. On recovering his senses he paid a visit to his uncle, Sir Robert Southwell, to whom he communicated the particulars of the appalling vision. On that evening he was found murdered near the Maypole in the Strand, 1677. A print of him by Faber is still extant, and may probably be found in the Print-room of the British Museum.

In the department of Lesmont (France), certain singular customs were formerly observed; all who passed over the estate of the lord of the manor being compelled to pay a toll more or less singular, according to the rank and circumstances of of the wayfarer. For instance, a brazier passing with his utensils was obliged to pay two farthings, or to pronounce a *Paternoster* and an *Ave Maria* before the gate of the lord's castle. A Jew was less liberally treated; having no other alternative than that of receiving a blow from the hands of the *châtelain*, whose principal functions, it would seem from the foregoing account, were limited to the offices of hearing prayers and inflicting blows.

Two French doctors, whose studies during the last five years have been exclusively directed to the discovery of powerful antidotes against poison, recently gave proof of their extraordinary success in presence of several distinguished chemists and physicians. By way of inculcating precept by example, they severally swallowed the most dangerous substances, the ill effects of which were neutralised by their preparations. The experiment was to be repeated at the Royal Academy of Sciences in Paris.

DUKE OF RAGUSA.—Marmont's participation in the sanguinary scenes of July has given birth to more than one anecdote. On the 28th, he visited Saint Cloud, with a view to obtain an audience of Charles X., and to acquaint him with the deplorable state of Paris. To the Marshal's remonstrances, his Most Christian Majesty replied,—"Be under no uneasiness: this is nothing; another quarter of an hour, and all will be over." "But, sire—" "But, Marshal, I tell you 'tis mere child's play; or, at the most,

a repetition of the old work in the Rue Saint Denis. However, if you feel any alarm, confer with M. de Polignac on the subject." On the Marshal's replying to the Tuileries for that purpose, he was accosted by a certain personage with whom he was acquainted, and who boldly offered the following advice:—"The ministers," said Marmont's friend, "are now at the Tuileries: take upon yourself to prevent the further effusion of blood by seizing their persons: imprison them; nay, if necessary, treat them as Bedlamites, and chain them to the walls of their dungeons." Marmont stared. "Well," resumed the proposer of the summary proceeding, "will you not decide?" "My orders," said the duke, in a tone of hesitation: "the events of 1814 are embroidered on this uniform." "Ay," replied the blunt Mentor; "your uniform is spattered with dirt, but you will not efface the stain by washing it in blood."

APPROVED RECEIPT FOR ALMOND HONEY PASTE.—The various soaps and pastes, sold at high prices in the shops, for cleansing and whitening the skin, ought to be used with great caution, as they are generally mixed with deleterious preparations of white lead, which produce paralysis and other fatal consequences. The following receipt is highly efficacious, and the ingredients are perfectly innocent.—One lb. of blanched almonds, 4 oz. of the kernels of the cones of the fir likewise blanched and peeled, 2 oz. of fine sugar, 1 oz. of fine honey, 1 oz. of French bean meal, and 2 oz. of white brandy. To give an agreeable perfume to this paste, add some drops of essence of citron, of rose, or jasmine, according to fancy. Pound to paste in a marble or earthen mortar.

MUSIC.

PAGANINI.

Il Signor appears to have got into disgrace with honest John Bull, who unmusically refuses to subscribe a few thousands per night for the pleasure of hearing the virtuoso's wondrous performance of an hour. We really were far from taxing John with the possession of so

much wisdom. On this subject we can only express a hope that the principle may be carried into effect in the cases of stars of every constellation.

The Genoa violinist (for now-a-days we have no fiddlers), take him for all in all, is no ordinary personage. His long lank figure, his hollow eye, his appearance

of physical suffering, and the strange though, we believe, unfounded tales which rumour has been pleased to circulate on the score of his early career, are well calculated to add a degree of mystical interest to his unquestionably unrivalled performances. The embellishments, however, with which the curious in biography have deemed it expedient to enhance his talents, seem by no means pleasing to the artist himself, if we may judge from a letter inserted by him in most of the foreign Journals, and of which we give the following translation :—

“ To the Director of * * * * .

“ SIR,

“ Paris, April 21. 1831.

“ So numerous are the marks of kindness, so flattering the plaudits, bestowed on me by the French public, that it were worse than affectation in me to express a doubt that my visit to Paris was preceded by favourable reports of my skill ; I must, in fact, take it for granted, that the concerts which I have given in that capital have not deteriorated from my past reputation. Any doubt that I might entertain on this subject would be quickly dispelled by the sight of my features displayed in almost every print-shop, and by the many ‘ striking resemblances of Paganini ’ pasted on the walls of your metropolis. Speculations of this kind, however, are not limited to mere portraits ; for yesterday, passing by the shop of a printseller on the *Boulevard des Italiens*, I was struck with the sight of a lithograph representing *Paganini in prison*. ‘ Good ! ’ exclaimed I mentally— ‘ these honest folks seem determined, after the fashion of Basilio, to turn to account the calumny which for fifteen years has pursued my fame.’ As I proceeded, with a smile, to examine this mystification, to heighten the effect of which the imaginative artist had added certain ingenious conceptions of his own, a crowd gradually gathered around me ; each individual of which, after a careful comparison of my features with those of the personage represented in the lithography, with much gravity gave his opinion as to the change which had taken place in my person since the period of my detention. I at length began to perceive that the affair, which I had considered an excellent joke, was taken as a dry matter of fact by these Parisian cockneys, and that the printseller’s speculation was in reality not so bad. As every

man must live by his trade, I conceived the idea of gratuitously furnishing to the artists who are kind enough to etch my lineaments some anecdotes which may afford a variety of hints for future caricatures ; and to give publicity to which, you will perhaps have the goodness to insert my letter in your Review.

“ The gentlemen to whom I allude as having represented me in prison, appear ignorant of the cause of my incarceration ; though, indeed, on this subject they are probably as well informed as myself, and the original concoctors of the tale, of which a number of versions are given, each well calculated to form the subject of a separate engraving. For instance, it has been asserted that, having surprised a rival in the house of my mistress, I attacked him bravely in the rear when *hors de combat*, and thus despatched him *ad patres*. According to others, my jealous fury vented myself on my mistress, though the last-mentioned commentators are by no means agreed as to the mode in which her quietus was administered : some affirming that the poniard was the ready instrument of my vengeance ; others, that the poisoned chalice inflicted more lingering tortures, and not less certain death. In a word, each narrator has arranged the particulars of the story to his own taste ; and it would be a downright injustice to refuse the same licence to lithographers. About fifteen years ago, the following adventure happened to me in Padua :—I had given a concert with some success, and on the following day I took my seat (No. 60.) at a *table d’hôte*, none of the company having recognised my features. Scarcely had the repast commenced, when one of the guests expressed a highly favourable opinion of my performance of the preceding evening. His neighbour echoed the eulogy, at the same time adding— ‘ After all, there is nothing very wonderful in Paganini’s skill ; he is indebted for it to a captivity of some eight years, during which period his violin was his sole companion. To this lengthened imprisonment he was condemned for the assassination of his rival, one of my own personal friends.’ You may well suppose, Mr. Editor, that all who were present appeared horror-struck at the enormity of the crime. Taking advantage of a pause in the conversation, I addressed myself to the obliging individual, who seemed so well acquaint-

ed with my history, and requested some precise information as to the how, the when, and the where, of Paganini's atrocious adventure. All eyes were immediately turned upon me; and you may judge of the general astonishment, when the principal actor in the tragic drama was recognised. Unbounded was the embarrassment of the story teller, who at length recollected that it was not *exactly* his friend who had fallen in the fatal encounter; but — 'he had heard — he had been told — he had imagined — he might have been deceived.' — Thus, sir, is the reputation of an artist at the mercy of every idle individual, who will not understand that a musician may prosecute his studies in perfect freedom in the privacy of his own apartment, with as much advantage as though he were confined within the bars of a prison.

"At Vienna, where I had with some effect executed my variations, entitled *Le Streghe* (the Sorceresses), a still more ridiculous report was circulated amongst a few credulous enthusiasts. — A pale-faced, poetic-looking, melancholy gentleman declared, that during the performance of my variations, he had distinctly seen the devil at my elbow, guiding my hand, and placing my bow. The evil spirit was said to bear a striking personal resemblance to myself, as he was clothed in red garments, and was decorated with a pair of horns and a tail. After a description so minute on all points, it was no longer possible to doubt the diabolical nature of my origin; and thus was at length discovered the grand secret of what a number of worthy individuals have been pleased to call my *tours de force*.

"My tranquillity being somewhat invaded by these various reports, I endeavoured to expose their absurdity. I took the liberty of observing, that since my fourteenth year, I had incessantly been before the public eye; — that during a period of sixteen years I had been employed as leader of the orchestra, and director of the music at Court; — that, had I really suffered eight years' imprisonment for the murder of my mistress or my rival, such an event must have occurred before I had the honour of being known to the public; in other words, that I must have had a mistress or a rival at the age of seven years. At Vienna I appealed to the testimony of my own ambassador, who de-

clared that for nearly twenty years he had known me in the position which an honourable man ought to occupy. A momentary restraint was thus placed on the tongue of slander, but the story was not wholly discredited; and, on my arrival here, I cannot be astonished to find it revived. I now see no other remedy for the evil, than to sit down in calm resignation. I shall conclude, however, with the mention of an anecdote on which have been founded many of the injurious reports propagated at my expense.

"A violinist named D*****i, who visited Milan in 1798, unfortunately contracted an intimacy with two individuals of disreputable character, and, in concert with these associates, agreed on a certain night to repair to a neighbouring village, and to assassinate the curate, who was supposed to possess a considerable sum in ready money. When the moment drew near for the execution of the guilty plot, one of the party, actuated by terror or remorse, denounced his accomplices. At the critical juncture the gendarmes made their appearance on the scene of action, and arrested D*****i, and his remaining companion, who were condemned to twenty years' imprisonment. At the expiration, however, of two years, General Menou, who had been appointed Governor of Milan, restored the artist to liberty.

"Such, Mr. Editor, are the materials from which has been fabricated the entire of my history. A violinist, with a name terminating in *i*, being brought into question, that violinist must of course be *Paganini*, who assassinated his mistress, or rival, and who, for that offence, was condemned to the horrors of a loathsome dungeon. Fortunately, however, for me, as it became an object to discover my new system, I was indulged with a special exemption from the irons which might have impeded the freedom of my arms. I repeat, that since honest folks will view me in the light of an assassin and a jail-bird, there is no help for it; — I must yield to my destiny. But I may indulge a hope that, after my death, Calumny will consent to abandon her victim; and that when my successes shall no longer excite the enmity of malignant adversaries, their foul aspersions will not dishonour my memory.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, &c.

«(Signed) "PAGANINI."

Review of Literature, Fine Arts, etc.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

THE TWELVE NIGHTS. Whitaker,
Treacher, and Co.

OF this volume it would ill become us to speak but in terms of eulogy; six of the twelve tales which it contains having been published in previous Numbers of "The Lady's Magazine." We, therefore, as in duty bound, bestow all commendation on the taste and discrimination of the publishers. For obvious reasons, however, we must no further "swell the note of praise." Our best course will be to give the following extract, which is one of the tales *not* published in our Periodical.

TONIOTTO.

THE observer of characteristic national feature, who loves to indulge his dominant taste sometimes at the expense of his kindlier feelings, and who cares not for softness and harmony of colouring, if the outline be but bold and distinctly marked,—such a one might roam through this world, and at the term of his wanderings proclaim the secluded island of Corsica the *Eureka* of his adventurous research. If the lyric or dramatic hard delight to celebrate in lofty strains indifference to suffering and cold contempt of danger,—wild and romantic incident,—gloomy heroism unmoved by the gentler sympathies of nature, and worthy of a nobler spring of action than the outlaw's predatory habits; if—if—not another word. Ye industrious playwrights, who lack the Promethean fire of invention,—ye manufacturers, by the cubic foot, of opera, tragedy, pantomime, melodrama, and ballet, take the hint and be grateful.

The traveller, as he leaves Porto-Vecchio, and directs his course towards the interior of the island, may, if he be not in a hurry, take note of a species of forest overgrown with short stunted timber, the borders of which he may probably reach after a three hours' ramble through crooked inconvenient by-paths, occasionally obstructed by detached fragments of rock, and intercepted by deep ravines. This unfrequented route, with its frowning and desolate scenery, is by no means an unsuitable introduction to a spot which affords a secure retreat to the daring Corsican outlaw, or to such minor offenders as may keep a running account with dame Justice, and feel indisposed for the moment to clear off old scores. To avoid the trouble of an elaborate and poetic description of this copse, or *mâquis*, as it is called by the honest gentry to whom it serves either as a temporary or permanent asylum, we beg to

inform our readers that the Corsican peasant, instead of manuring his land in the ordinary mode, adopts the shorter process of setting fire to a certain extent of wood, leaving to benign Providence the task of extinguishing the flames at due and fitting season. This pious confidence in the divine bounty, though not without its inconveniences, is rewarded by the increased fertility of the soil, for which the ashes of the consumed trees form an excellent manure, and from which, if properly sown, the peasant is certain of reaping a plentiful crop at the ensuing harvest time. From the roots of the trees, which remain uninjured in the earth, numerous thick shoots branch out during the spring, and in the course of a few seasons grow to the height of seven or eight feet. The peasants have given the appellation of *mâquis* to this sort of thicket, frequently extending for miles, and composed of stunted trees intermingled with shrubs, which the most indefatigable botanist would be sorely puzzled to classify. Several of these *mâquis*, remote from all human habitations save the straggling cottages of a few Corsican shepherds, are impenetrable to the intrusion even of the gend'arme, unless armed with the invading axe. That near Porto-Vecchio has, time out of mind, been considered the classic ground of all the lawless characters for miles round, and to this day harbours many a bold brigand who has brought down his man. In this snug retreat a good carbine, a sufficient supply of powder and ball, and the *Ruppa* or large brown cloak, with its capacious hood, serving at once the purposes of mattress and blanket, enable the bandit to scoff at the vengeance of the law, and defy the impotent pursuit of the armed force. A trifling portion of his nightly plunder suffices to purchase milk and cheese from the peasantry of the neighbourhood, in general well disposed to these outlaws, in whose misdeeds they are often secret participants, and with some of whom they are connected by the ties of kindred.

These preliminary observations will serve to introduce the personages and the scene to which our narrative refers, and to afford a rude idea of the habitation of Toniotto, situated at the distance of half a league from the *mâquis* of Porto-Vecchio. When the occurrence of which we are about to attempt a sketch took place, some fifty winters had passed over the worthy peasant's head without much apparent detriment to the black curly locks with which it was thickly over-spread. His form was vigorously moulded, his stature rather under the middle size, his prominent aquiline nose and dark fiery eye giving expression to a countenance whose

sallowness somewhat resembled the bilious tinge of an English top-boot. In worldly substance he was passing rich, — that is to say, for a country where a tried and trustworthy fusil, a steady hand, and a stout heart, were estimated beyond the conventional wealth of less rude society. His subsistence was principally derived from the produce of his flocks and herds, which the shepherds of that region, who might in truth be denominated a race of Arcadian banditti, were employed to tend on the mountains. In short, he was held in high esteem among his neighbours, who were wont to sum up his eulogium in the comprehensive phrase — that he lived like a prince; from which the reader may, if he pleases, infer, that Toniotto rarely condescended to turn his hand to any useful occupation. He had acquired one accomplishment which merits particular mention, — a degree of dexterity in the use of the carbine, which was pronounced extraordinary even in a country where every peasant is a marksman. Innumerable and scarcely credible are the traits of his address which have been cited. He would single out a goat from the herd, and at the distance of a hundred and fifty paces would lodge a ball in her head or haunch, at the option of a spectator giving the word of command. By night or by day his aim was equally unerring; in testimony of which, he was accustomed to perform a feat which the reader who has not visited Corsica will deem indeed a traveller's tale. He would frequently place a light behind a paper transparency, no larger than the crown of Jupp's last edition, and then, retiring about eighty paces, would present his carbine. Before he could possibly take aim, a bystander would suddenly extinguish the light, and the marksman instantly firing in total darkness, of four shots discharged in this hasty manner, it rarely happened that one proved a failure.

We risk but little in asserting, that possessed of such transcendent accomplishments, Toniotto was a man of established and redoubtable name throughout the country; but it may with some difficulty be credited that his friendship was as safe as his enmity was dangerous. He was reckoned a sturdy, blunt, but, in the main, a good-natured peasant; and often has the necessitous object of his bounty turned to bless him for the charity which warmed his rough heart, but dwelt not in his countenance. True it is, that the tongue of slander had bespattered his fame; where is the brightness which the minx sullies not with her foul breath? Certain invi-

dious whispers confided to the ears of the credulous gossips at Porto-Vecchio, that in a distant district, where Toniotto had taken to himself a helpmate, he had freed himself from the torments of jealousy by assisting to a leaden quietus a rival no less famed for his successes in affairs of the heart than for his dauntless bearing in the hereditary feuds so common among the families of the Corsican peasantry. It was distinctly averred, that one morning, as this redoubtable rival was occupied in arranging a hasty toilette before a fragment of looking-glass near his window, pop, an unceremonious bullet, aimed by an unknown hand, had suddenly interfered with the operation, and, if we may indulge in classic illustration, had despatched the Corsican Narcissus to gaze on his image in the muddy mirror of Acheron's waters. Rumour, with her hundred tongues, of course attributed the feat to Toniotto, but for want of positive evidence the affair was hushed up. The field left clear, Toniotto espoused the blooming Giuseppa, who, in due course of time, blessed their union with three little roguish hazel-eyed girls, — a dispensation at which the mother secretly rejoiced, and to which the father submitted after much murmuring and some swearing. His wishes were at length crowned by the birth of a son, who was named Fortunato, and who arrived in time to save his sire from the despair of meditating on the extinction of his name, and the abandonment of his patrimonial orchard to a distant heir. Toniotto's joy at this unlooked-for event was about the same time enhanced by the marriage of his daughters with three brave lads of the Canton, on whose prompt zeal, and ready poniards, he reasonably considered himself entitled to reckon at a pinch.

On a certain autumnal morning, Toniotto and Giuseppa quitted their cottage to look after their kids that were grazing luxuriantly in one of the open glades of the *maquis*. Little Fortunato, who was then a forward mischievous boy of twelve years old, wished to accompany his parents; but the distance being too great, the child was forced to remain behind, and to amuse himself as he best might. Accordingly, he commenced by breaking up his playthings, for the purpose of ascertaining their internal mechanism; and, when weary of this pastime, stretched himself listlessly in the sun before the cottage door, gazing the while at the mountains that looked like clouds in the distant horizon, and regaling his childish fancy with the reflection, that on the ensuing Sunday he was to dine with his uncle the *Caporale**, and

* *Caporale*, the name given in Corsica to a man who, on account of his hereditary property, family connections, or wealth acquired through the exercise of a profession, holds a place in the magistracy of a *Pieva*, or Canton. The Corsicans are divided into five castes, the Signori, Caporali, Citizens, Plebeians, and Strangers.

other dignitaries of the village. On a sudden, the report of a carbine, discharged at some little distance, interrupted his reverie. Fortunato, accustomed to such sounds, was on his legs in an instant, and directed his attention towards the quarter whence the explosion had proceeded. The shot was followed by others fired at broken intervals, each still louder and nearer than the preceding. At length, in the narrow pathway that led from the plain to Toniotto's cottage, appeared an individual dragging himself along with difficulty by the aid of his carbine, on which he leaned for support. One of the shots had evidently taken effect upon his person, as the blood gushed profusely from a deep wound in his thigh. The costume of this outlaw (for such he was) was in perfect keeping with his miserable calling. A few wretched tatters dangled dubiously together in variegated shreds around his muscular frame. On his head he wore a cap, terminating almost in a point, after the fashion of those in use among the Corsican mountaineers. His visage was half concealed by a rough grisly beard, whose untrimmed luxuriance proclaimed its proud independence of the razor's tyranny. He had quitted the friendly shelter of the covert by night, and hazarded himself in the village for the purpose of procuring ammunition. Having imprudently loitered till morning, on his return he fell in with a party of Corsican voltigeurs, who had received information of his movements, and formed an ambuscade, in the hope, or rather the certainty, of an important capture. Gianetto, however, was no easy prize; and, after a gallant defence, succeeded in effecting his retreat, hotly pressed by the voltigeurs, upon whom he kept up a constant fire, and who, like hunters in pursuit of their wounded prey, were enabled to track him by his blood from rock to rock. Exhausted as he was with fatigue, and fainting from the pain of his wound, the impossibility of his final escape became every instant more apparent, when he suddenly bethought himself of accosting Fortunato.

"You should be Toniotto's son?"

"The same."

"My name is Gianetto Sampiero. The yellow bonnets are in close pursuit of me. Not a moment is to be lost: conceal me, for I am wounded, and can go no further."

"Softly, good Gianetto: what will my father say, if I afford you shelter without his permission? for as you seem on intimate terms with the family, you are doubtless acquainted with Toniotto's cranky humour."

"Toniotto cannot but approve of the succour afforded to his comrade in mishap."

"His comrade, quotha! Now, good

Gianetto, my father's son is not assured of that."

"Quick! quick! they are close at hand."

"If you will await Toniotto's return, you may——"

"Return! furies! I tell you, boy, they are at my heels; in five minutes they will be here. Hark ye, Fortunato; conceal me; or, if you will not hear reason, you see this carbine? it contains an argument that, I warrant me, you will find of sufficient weight:" and the bandit held the muzzle of his piece close to the boy's ear.

With a degree of self-possession extraordinary in a child of such tender age, and only to be explained by the supposition of his early though unconscious participation in that reckless contempt of danger, which he had been inured from infancy to witness in the demeanour of all around him, Fortunato unhesitatingly replied—"Friend Gianetto, I saw you just now discharge your carbine; and, if I mistake not, of your last cartridge."

"Ay; but this dagger is still left me."

"You forget your wound," cried Fortunato, suddenly springing aside, and by this unexpected manœuvre placing an interval of some ten paces betwixt the bandit and himself.

"Boy," said Gianetto, determined as a last expedient to try the pathetic, "you cannot be Toniotto's son: none that bears his name would thus stand between his threshold and a dying comrade."

Fortunato was softened by the rhetoric of the sentimental brigand. His unworthy feelings capitulated to the impulse of humanity, not, however, wholly at discretion, nor on terms absolutely unprofitable to his selfish interests.

"If I consent to hide you," said he, drawing nearer to the almost fainting Gianetto, "what will you give me?"

To this demand the outlaw replied by groping in a leathern bag attached to his girdle, whence he drew out the money which he had set apart for his village purchases. The glittering temptation at once turned the scale in favour of hospitality. A smile of infantine pleasure dilated Fortunato's countenance. Seizing the proffered recompence—"You are safe," said he, in a tone of assurance. The moments were precious. Outside the door of the cottage was a hayrick, in which the child, with admirable presence of mind, made an aperture sufficiently large to admit the body of a man. With his finger on his lips, as if to demonstrate, both in practice and in precept, the necessity of silence, he motioned to Gianetto to take possession of the incommodious hiding-place.

The latter, spite of his wound, having obeyed with alacrity, Fortunato, carefully replaced the hay; piling it over his protégé, so as to restore to the hay-rick its natural appearance, and allowing a sufficiency of air for the bandit's respiration. As an extra-measure of precaution, he bethought himself of a stratagem, the idea of which might have stamped the fame of a more experienced tactician. A favourite tabby was reposing with her litter of kittens in a corner of the cottage, under the child's bed. Gently removing the mother and her mewling progeny from their old quarters, Fortunato established them snugly on the hay, which thus exhibited to the eye of a casual observer the most unequivocal proof that its hospitable accommodations were exclusively reserved for puss and her family. His next care was to cover with dust the traces of blood which stained the pathway near the cottage; and, these various measures executed with promptitude, he again lay down in the sun before his father's door, and tranquilly awaited the event.

Scarcely had he resumed his recumbent attitude, when six men at arms, in the uniform of the Corsican voltigeurs, and commanded by an adjutant, halted in front of the cottage. The leader of the party, whose name was Tiodoro Gamba, claimed the honour of a distant relationship with the worthy proprietor, who was in fact his twentieth cousin: for, be it known to our readers, that in Corsica the degrees of consanguinity are more tenaciously observed than elsewhere. Gamba, who was daring, vigilant, and active, was the terror of all the evil-doers in the district (and the number was not scanty), the scourge of all such reformers in finance as professed a decided taste for generalising the attributes of private property.

For this time, however, the wily adjutant was completely at fault. Eying Fortunato with a sinister obliquity of visage that strongly contrasted with the tone of apparent confidence in which he accosted the child—"Good morrow, my pretty little cousin," said he; "and how does your good father, Toniotto? But he's always well, always merry, and never at home. Might you have seen any one pass this way? Bless me, how the boy is grown!"

"I am not so tall as you by half, good cousin," said the boy, eagerly catching at the concluding phrase of Gamba's salutation, in order to evade a direct reply to the question, which the adjutant had imbedded, as it were, in the midst of his eloquence.

"All in good time; but—have you observed nothing particular? Has no one passed?"

"Passed, did you say?"

"Ay, passed! A fellow wearing a goat-

skin cap, and a jacket with red and yellow stripes."

"A goatskin cap, and a jacket with red and yellow stripes!" echoed Fortunato, with an air of well-assumed stupidity, that played sad havoc with the adjutant's patience.

"Child, must I repeat my words for the third time?" demanded Gamba, in accents which had lost a considerable portion of their honey. "Let me have a brief answer, — yes or no."

"This morning," replied Fortunato, with the most desolating *sang-froid*, "the curate passed this way, mounted, as usual, on the old black horse Piero, and papa observed that the poor beast limped, but the curate said —"

"Purgatory confound the curate! Which way has Gianetto taken? We have been in pursuit of him since the morning; and as sure as I am Gamba, the knave must have passed you."

Fortunato shook his head. "Come, come," said Gamba, "lying is an obvious vice, child, as probably the curate may have told you; for he is paid to look after souls as we after bodies. For the last time, have you seen Gianetto?"

"A shrewd question! Pray, cousin Gamba, do you see folks when you sleep?"

"And prithee, my sly cousin Fortunato, do folks sleep soundly when balls are whizzing about their ears?"

"Tut! Gamba; your fusils are mere pop-guns. Papa's carbine makes ten times the noise."

"Plague take thee, for a prevaricating urchin!" exclaimed Gamba; "were I not of tried patience, the dog would make me swear lustily. Now am I certain that Gianetto has passed this way. Who knows that this sneering gallows-bird in embryo has not concealed him? Comrades, search the house; let not a hole or corner escape unvisited. Our game cannot have perched far off. That last shot of Mateo's winged him; and I know Gianetta: 'tis a sensible knave — much too discreet to attempt gaining the thicket with an ounce of lead in his groin. Besides, precisely in this spot all traces of blood disappear."

"But," continued Fortunato, with the most irritating composure, "what will my good papa Toniotto say, when he hears that cousin Gamba has broken into his house during his absence?"

"Scapegrace!" said the adjutant, pinching him sharply by the ear, to try the effect of a little bodily infliction upon the child's plegm. "Now, my facetious cousin, does it occur to you that the flat of a sabre, properly applied, might operate marvellously to set that tongue of your's a prating to better purpose?"

"My father's name is Toniotto," observed the child, with singular emphasis, and still preserving the most admirable self-command, to which the adjutant's wrath, waxing fiercer at each reply, formed a ludicrous contrast. "Provoking young rascal!" exclaimed he, almost stifled with passion; "if you will not answer my questions, my comrades shall take you to Bastia, where a damp dungeon will be your abode, a little musty straw your bed. Where is Gianetto Sampiero? Speak, or I'll have you guillotined."

At this ridiculous menace, the boy burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter:—"Cousin Gamba," repeated he, "must I again say it? my father's name is Toniotto."

"Adjutant," observed one of the voltigeurs in a whisper, "methinks it were as well to avoid all quarrel with Toniotto." Gamba thought so too; and appeared evidently embarrassed between his duty, and his inclination to remain on peaceable terms with his kinsman. A species of extempore council of war was held, under his direction, by his myrmidons, who had carefully visited the premises; an affair, by the way, of no tedious duration, the said premises consisting of a single apartment suitably furnished; that is to say, with a table convertible at night into a bed, a few benches, boxes, and various implements of the chase. Meanwhile Fortunato was busily occupied with grimalkin and her feline brood, and from time to time looked askance upon the voltigeurs and their grim leader, whose embarrassment he seemed to enjoy. One of the soldiers approached the hay-rick, into which he carelessly thrust his bayonet, at the same time shrugging his shoulders, as if in sovereign contempt of his own manœuvre, which he apparently deemed a useless precaution. Fortunato's countenance betrayed not the slightest emotion, and the soldier retired to join his comrades.

The adjutant and his disappointed troop stormed and swore in concert. It was enough to set folks in a passion, and a good round oath has its advantages; if not a remedy, 'tis sometimes a consolation for mishap. Swearing may not inaptly be termed the safety-valve of the temper. Already the party began to look with wistful eyes towards the plain, as though disposed to face to the right about, when Gamba, convinced that threats of violence would produce no impression upon the offspring of Toniotto, resolved to change his batteries.

"My pretty little cousin," said he, "you are a lad of infinite mettle, the true son of your worthy father; and if peradventure you escape hanging, you will yet achieve great things. But, my child, you must rise early to outwit Gamba; and, were it not that I

fear to do a displeasure to my valued kinsman, Toniotto, who, I know, is rather touchy on certain points, by my epaulettes I would fain hear how you could answer this matter to the authorities at Bastia." Fortunato deigned not to reply, but grinned an expression of defiance.

"But," continued Gamba, "as I intend to trespass on the hospitality of this roof until my kinsman's return, he shall hear of this affair, and I must e'en endure the chagrin of seeing my merry little cousin dance to the music of a certain fiddlestick, which, as he knows full well, plays a rough tune in the worthy Toniotto's hand."

"Indeed!"

"Ay, indeed; but, as I was saying, Fortunato, you are a lad of promise; and, if you will be ruled by me, this matter may end differently. Who knows but you may even yet turn it to account, and pocket some little trinket, which you may treasure up for the next holidays—simply by confessing the truth."

"Cousin, I must requite your kindness by a piece of advice: if you tarry much longer, Gianetto will have reached the inquis, where it were an uncharitable counsel to recommend you and a hundred of your followers to seek him."

At this juncture the adjutant drew from his fob an old-fashioned pinchbeck watch, which might have been worth a few crowns; and as he held the tempting bait suspended by its steel chain over the head of Fortunato, the boy's eyes glistened like those of a cat gazing wistfully on a plump canary bird in the security of its cage. "I warrant me," said Gamba, "my little cousin would have no objection to strut about the streets of Porto-Vecchio with a watch like this; and as folks stopped to ask the time of day, the young rogue would toss up his head as proudly as a peacock, and answer—'Hum! what says my watch?'"

"Well, and if I live another year I shall have a watch; my uncle, the Caporale, has promised me one."

"Ay, but your cousin Gregorio has one already; not so handsome as this to be sure; but then he is full four months younger than you." This was a home thrust, and roused the indignation of Fortunato, who, spite of his tender years, we are credibly informed, muttered an incipient oath on being made acquainted with the gross partiality which had regulated the distribution of the family time-pieces.

"What say you, cousin?" demanded Gamba, returning to the charge; "shall the watch be yours?"

Fortunato, with the corner of his eye fixed on the prize, was again in the predicament

of the aforesaid mouser, between whom and himself we have already instituted a comparison. Grimalkin, to whom some truant master, in waggish sport, offers a delicate titbit—mayhap the wing of a tender pullet—justly irritated at the cruel mockery, consults her offended dignity by carefully muffling her paws, and avoiding all experiment upon the epicurean morsel. Ever and anon, too, to avoid temptation, she turns away her grey eyes, and purs with much seeming equanimity, and blinks at the kitchen fire. But again her gaze is riveted on the tantalising bait, and, licking her whiskered lips, she seems with sullen eye to reproach her tormentor with his atrocious pleasantry. Such precisely was the nature of the trial to which little Fortunato was exposed, and such the relative position of the balker and the balkee on this occasion.

The watch continued to dangle and oscillate most invitingly above the child's head: indeed, we know not by what effort of stoicism he restrained his little fingers from grasping at its polished steel chain, each link of which dazzled his eyes with the reflection of a thousand concentrated sunbeams. He had, perhaps, on former occasions, experienced the adjutant's *punica fides*, and the recollection might have somewhat strengthened his determination to avoid the disgrace of an abortive *coup de main*. Accordingly, instead of advancing his hand towards the prize, Fortunato inparted to that member an opposite direction,—one more personal to himself,—and, suiting the word to the action, expressed his wrath in certain childish but energetic terms, which, for manifold reasons, we cannot venture to lay before our readers. The phrase was less dignified than the independent feeling by which it was prompted.

"Nay," replied the adjutant to Fortunato's contemptuous indication of his sentiments, "I do not trifle; where is Gianetto? say but the word, and the watch is yours."

A scowl of incredulity contracted the child's brow: he fixed his dark eyes full on Gamba's face, and seemed as if measuring in his lineaments the degree of confidence to be attached to his promise.

"Nay more," added Gamba, directing his looks towards the soldiers; I repeat the promise in presence of my comrades: on the honour of a voltigeur the watch is yours, on condition that you instantly disclose the secret of Gamba's hiding-place."

The proposition, at first indefinite and uncertain, now assumed the aspect of a treaty about to be established on a solid basis between two belligerent powers. The boy's resolution was perceptibly shaken; and as the temptation was augmented at each moment by a nearer view of the watch, the con-

dict between childish avarice and the sacred laws of hospitality was evinced in the alternate flushing and paleness of the tantalised Fortunato's features. His fingers trembled with eagerness to obtain possession of the offered reward. Still the watch balanced, and bobbed, and turned, and ticked in his very ear. This was too much. By degrees his right hand advanced with a sort of slanting elevation, and, by a circuitous route, came in actual contact with the chain. At last the watch itself was in his hand, Gamba's forefinger and thumb still compressing the last ring of the chain, as a precautionary measure. The dial was of the brightest enamel; the outside case had been newly burnished, and shone like Giuseppa's best copper saucepan. The temptation was irresistible. Fortunato's last remaining scruple vanished. Without uttering a word, he slowly raised his left hand above his shoulder, and pointed with his thumb to the hay-rick, against which he leaned. The adjutant needed no farther explanation, and immediately relinquished the watch-chain in execution of his covenant. Fortunato thus became sole possessor of the glittering prize; and, darting forward with the agility of one of his mountain kids, abandoned the hay-rick to the tender mercy of the voltigeurs.

The adjutant and his party eagerly laid siege to the frail redoubt, within which the unfortunate Gianetto was entrenched. The work of demolition had scarcely commenced, when a rustling motion was observed to proceed from the lower part of the hay-rick, whence shortly issued the object of the attack, pale, covered with gore, and armed with a stiletto. He essayed to raise himself upright, but in vain: after a few faint efforts, he sunk exhausted from loss of blood, and the agony of his stiffened wound. At this moment the adjutant valiantly threw himself upon his prostrate body, and wrested the poniard from his hand. Though disabled, Gianetto made a desperate resistance; and, like the stricken tiger, was still a formidable foe. He was, however, soon overpowered, and bound hand and foot by his revengeful vanquishers.

With a look of ineffable disdain, as though anger were too noble to be wasted on such heartless treason, the captive turned his head towards Fortunato, who had by degrees approached him. "Spawn of traitors!" cried he, "Gianetto's blood lies at your door." Conscience-stricken, the child threw back to the outlaw the piece of money with which his fatal hospitality had been paid: his heart, for the first time, smote him with the conviction, that the service of which it had been the price was effectually cancelled. Gianetto paid no attention to the act; but addressing

the adjutant in a tone of the most enviable composure — "Friend Gamba," said he, "I grieve that I must put you to the trouble of carrying me as far as the village; but 'tis even so; for, by the saints, I am unable to march a single step."

"And yet just now I would sooner have chased a deer in the hope of coming up with her, than have blown myself in a race with those long legs of thine. However, be under no apprehension, Gianetto; I am so pleased to feel thee but once in my clutches, that I could almost carry thee on my back to the village, and find thee buoyant as a feather. The price set upon thy head being rather handsome, we can afford thee a litter to the nearest farmhouse, where we shall doubtless find horses."

"Good!" said the prisoner; "and prithee, Gamba, indulge me with a little clean straw: I am fond of travelling conveniences."

While the soldiers were occupied, some in constructing a rude litter with the branches of trees, others in bandaging Gianetto's wound, Toniotto and his wife unexpectedly made their appearance at an abrupt angle of the narrow path leading to the *mâquis*. Giuseppa, who was in advance, was almost bent double under the weight of an enormous sack; Toniotto loitering behind, and carelessly tossing a fusil in the air, whilst another was slung across his shoulders. The peasant, who had his own notions on the score of dignity, would have considered it a degradation for a Corsican to carry any other implements than those of war.

At first Toniotto had a confused idea that the party were sent to arrest him. But for what crime? Justice and he had not been lately at odds, and on the whole his reputation was indifferent good. For what crime then? "Ay, there's the rub." Toniotto was a Corsican, and a mountaineer; and few to whom those united appellations apply, but on a careful scrutiny might find their consciences burdened with a trifling arrear of peccadilloes — rapine, homicide, and similar bagatelles. But for upwards of ten years Toniotto's dagger had absolutely rusted in the sheath. However, as he was in all matters of exceeding prudence, he judged it expedient to adopt a defensive attitude, in order that, should his worst fears be realised, the event might find him prepared.

"Wife," said he to his submissive helpmate, "quick, put down that sack, and hold yourself in readiness;" at the same time desiring her to free him from the incumbrance of the fusil slung in picturesque fashion behind him. Giuseppa promptly obeyed. In all skirmishes, offensive and defensive, it

is the duty of a true Corsican's wife to load her husband's spare arms. With his carbine on full cock, and his finger on the trigger, Toniotto slowly advanced towards the cottage, coasting the trees which bordered the pathway, and prepared, on the first hostile movement from the adjutant's party, to retire behind the largest, under cover of which he might keep up a murderous fire upon the enemy. Giuseppa, with the ammunition and his second fusil, marched close upon his heels. This prudent order of battle was the source of much disquietude to our worthy adjutant, who began seriously to reflect on certain consequences that must inevitably result, should Toniotto consider himself bound to protect the outlaw Gianetto, either in obedience to the laws of hospitality, or from motives of relationship — of friendship — or, in short, from any other chivalrous feeling, the existence of which Gamba sorely deprecated when at variance with his own purposes. Such, indeed, was the acumen of the adjutant's mathematical reasoning, that he at length succeeded in convincing himself to demonstration, that should Toniotto be seized with the unaccountable whim of firing upon the *voltigeurs*, the contents of his two barrels would respectively pass through the bodies of a couple of those brave men, as infallibly as a letter confided to the post-office at Porto-Vecchio would reach its destination. "And suppose," added Gamba mentally, and following up the chain of his ideas — "only suppose that, spite of our consanguinity, my doughty cousin should take a fancy to select me as his mark!"

The chance was possible, how perplexing soever the idea. Having adopted this uncomfortable conclusion, and judging that no time was to be lost, Gamba heroically determined to advance alone to meet Toniotto — to accost him as an old acquaintance — and with the confiding frankness of a kinsman to inform him how matters stood. Notwithstanding this hardy conception, which was followed by immediate execution, the space which separated Gamba from his affectionate relative appeared to the former of immeasurable length. Having at last arrived within hailing distance — "Hollo! — Hollo!" shouted the adjutant; — "how goes it, old comrade? — 'tis I, Gamba, your cousin."

Toniotto, on perceiving the approach of an individual in uniform, had instantly halted, and at each phrase of Gamba's, gradually elevated the barrel of his piece, the muzzle of which, by the time the speaker had joined him, was inoffensively pointed towards the clouds.

"*Buon giorno, fratello!*" said the adjutant,

Good morning, brother.

amicably extending his hand; "'tis an age since we have met. Having a matter of business in this neighbourhood, I could not resist the opportunity of paying a visit to you and my cousin Pepa. We have had a weary march of it from Porto-Vecchio; but I must not complain neither, for we have made a famous capture. What think you, cousin? We have at last helped justice to lay her finger on Gianetto Sampiero, whom the saints confound for a troublesome caittiff!"

"Providence be praised!" exclaimed Giuseppa, much to the satisfaction of Gamba; "no later than last week, the lurching knave plundered me of one of my finest milk-goats."

"Wife," said Toniotto, "hunger is a rude counsellor."

"The bandit fought like a lion," continued Gamba, rather mortified by Toniotto's palliative. "He has killed one of my voltigeurs, and broken the arm of another. Had it not been for my little cousin Fortunato, we should never have discovered his hiding-place."

"Fortunato!" exclaimed Toniotto with indignation.

"Fortunato!" re-echoed Giuseppa.

"Ay, Fortunato! Gianetto had buried himself in the midst of the hay-rick yonder, where the devil himself would never have thought of searching after him; but my sly little cousin discovered the trick. Be assured, Toniotto, that I shall not forget to mention this service to his uncle the Caporale, who will, doubtless, reward him handsomely; ay, and his name, and your's too, shall figure in the report of the circumstance to be addressed to the authorities."

"Confusion!" muttered Toniotto aside, and with the air of one overwhelmed by some sudden and disastrous intelligence. Meanwhile the detachment of voltigeurs had rejoined their leader. Gianetto was already placed on his litter, and all was in readiness for the departure of the escort. The outlaw, perceiving Toniotto in company with the adjutant, smiled bitterly, and turning his face with an effort of agony towards the door—"House of traitors! thus do I leave thee!" exclaimed he, and spat against the threshold. "Traitor!" murmured Toniotto, gnashing his teeth with frenzy, and grasping his stiletto;—"he that is resolved to die, and he alone, dares couple that word with Toniotto's name: but," added he, dropping his arm, "thou art to die! thou art in the gripe of justice!—justice will have her prey!" and his eye rested on Fortunato with an expression of horrible meaning.

With downcast repentant look the child presented a bowl of fresh milk to the parched lips of Gianetto. "Out upon thee!" cried

the outlaw in a voice of thunder; and addressing himself to one of the voltigeurs,—"Comrade," said he, "give me to drink; we have exchanged some bullets together; but give me thy hand,—I'll drink from thy gourd." The soldier hastened to satisfy the wounded prisoner. "Comrade," said Gianetto—"one more request; undo these villainous cords that press my wrists so tightly; and prithee, do not bind my hands behind my back, but cross them, so, upon my breast: for the remainder of my term, I would fain journey at my ease." These demands being complied with, the adjutant gave the signal to march; bade adieu to Toniotto, who heeded him not; and the party with rapid steps descended towards the plain.

Toniotto, leaning on his fusil, continued to gaze upon the child in gloomy silence: to Giuseppa, who knew the man, the fixed intensity of his look was appalling. Fortunato turned his eyes imploringly on his mother. "The boy commences well," said Toniotto, at length with fearful calmness.

"My father! Pardon!" sobbed the child, rushing forward with an instinctive impulse to embrace his parent's knees. "Begone!" said Toniotto harshly; and the terrified Fortunato, stopping short, remained rooted to the spot. Just at that moment, Giuseppa perceived the end of the watch-chain hanging from his bosom. "From whom had you that watch?" demanded she in a tone of severity.

"From my cousin, the adjutant," replied the child. Toniotto seized the watch, and violently throwing it to the ground, dashed it into a thousand pieces. "Wife!" exclaimed he furiously,—*"is that boy Toniotto's son?"*

Giuseppa's sun-burnt cheeks assumed a deep purple tinge. "Toniotto!" said she, while her dark eye sparkled with indignation;—"what mean you?"

"Wife!" said Toniotto, with smothered emotion, "the name of traitor has fallen upon my race; that boy is the first." His lynx-eye still fixed upon Fortunato, who redoubled his sobs and tears, the father flung his carbine across his shoulder, and struck into the pathway. "Follow me," said he sternly to the child, who obeyed in silence.

The terrified mother pursued her husband, and seizing him by the arm,—*"Toniotto,"* said she, while her lip quivered—"in God's name—he is your son;" and her keen eyes were fixed with agony on his, as though in their gloomy expression she could have traced the secrets of his soul.

"He is my son;—leave me," said Toniotto, in accents which too clearly denoted that his fatal resolution was taken.

In wild despair Giuseppa embraced the

boy, and re-entered the cottage, where she threw herself on her knees before an image of the Madonna, and prayed with fervour. Meanwhile Toniotto proceeded about two hundred paces along the pathway, till he reached a little ravine, into which he descended. Striking the earth with the butt of his fusil, as if to ascertain its fitness for his purpose—"Fortunato!" said he, still with the same gloomy serenity—"place yourself near that large stone—and pray."

"My father!" cried the child, throwing himself on his knees,—"do not kill me!"

"Pray," said the father,—"and quickly." In a voice inarticulate with sobs, Fortunato repeated his creed and Paternoster; Toniotto, at the end of each, devoutly responding Amen. "Have you no other prayer?" demanded he, as Fortunato was silent.

"None, father: except an Ave-Maria, and the Litany, which my aunt taught me."

"'Tis of the longest, but no matter;" and Toniotto breathed not a syllable, as Fortunato in faint accents went through his devotions. The child at length paused. "Have you quite finished?" again demanded Toniotto.

"My father! my father! Can it be thus? Oh! forgive me: I am but a child—but I am *your* child! I will so pray, so weary my uncle the Caporale, that he *shall* spare Gianetto's life." He would have added more, but Toniotto had already levelled his fatal carbine. Yet again the boy made a desperate effort to throw himself on his father's bosom,—but too late.—"God be merciful to you!" cried the merciless parent,—and the next moment Fortunato was a stiffened corpse.

With a dry eye Toniotto gazed for an instant on the lifeless remains, and turned towards the cottage. He had scarcely proceeded a few steps, when he was met by Giuseppa. "Toniotto!" shrieked his wife in frantic despair;—"Oh God! what have you done?"

"Justice!" replied the father, in a firm, unaltered tone. "He is there—in the ravine. At sunset I will return to bury him, and to-morrow the curate shall repeat a mass for the repose of his soul."

The "Button-holder" purports to be "a sketch from life." If we mistake not, we have ourselves enjoyed the felicity of meeting the worthy Ex-banker. Whether the portrait be a striking likeness we venture not to pronounce.

PORTRAITS OF THE DEAD. *By H. C. Deakin.* Smith & Elder.

WERE reviewers actually to read the numerous poems daily offered to their

attention, we should more frequently meet with the reproof of real faults, than with sweeping censure or with general commendation. Had Mr. Deakin been thus dealt with when his first edition was published, good sense would probably have induced him to obliterate the instances of affectation and false taste which now disfigure the second edition of his "Portraits of the Dead."

Affectation is the crying sin of the present poetical era. Poets who would be pleasing, if natural, make violent efforts after originality, and reach but to affected quaintness, and false and incongruous metaphor. There is a poem in this collection whose beauties are utterly marred by the frequent recurrence of instances of this false taste, which degenerates into downright euphuism. Miriam begins positively in Sir Piercie Shafton's vein—

Sweet Orientalist, I bow to thee!

Nevertheless we read on, and were pleased, notwithstanding the occasional intervention of a passage such as this:—

And those dark shadowy lines that arch the eyes,

Clear as the crescent that the cygnet makes
When first she cleaves the unruffled river's
margin;

And those black opal melancholy orbs,
Glancing swift intermitted dewy beams.

The metaphor descriptive of cychrows is far fetched, and lacks similitude; and as to opal eyes, the epithet might be complimentary to the eyes of a whiting, or of a cat, but not to those of a dark beauty. But the words are pretty, and fall well on the ear; they will accordingly pass, and be admired by those who look not for good sense as well as musical sound.

In the Field of the Slain, we object to the following ranting verse, it outrages taste:—

Here mangled limbs, and sever'd heads,
And headless trunks, and pools of blood,
And features shatter'd into shreds,
Told more than words of lightning could.

Mr. Deakin ought to have let Rosamund Gray alone; simplicity and elegance are gracefully united in the beautiful original. They are wofully contrasted by the bald simplicity of such lines as these at the commencement—

She was a love, a very love, * * *
Her face, her round and ruby tinctur'd face,

more descriptive of a young *Bacchus*,
than a young lady.

— Falling sleet,
Frequent and *chill* — like fire-flies, glanced
and fell
On every side. —

Where will the poet find fire-flies in
England ?

She drew her cloak around her, for the storm
Reel'd like a drunkard rudely up against her.

This simile has been used by Lord
Byron, and by several poets in the seven-
teenth century ; it is in vile taste, and
becomes ridiculous when applied to a
young woman going home late in the
evening.

We should not have taken this trouble
with Mr. Deakin, had we not considered
his poems worthy of a third edition.
We now turn with pleasure to the more
gratifying task of quoting some of the
many beauties which adorn his volume.
The following hymn is full of holy and
lovely thoughts, and we doubt not will
find a place in future collections of sacred
poetry : —

SANCTE SPIRITUS.

When the busy day is done,
And upon his couch the run
Rests, his course of glory sun,
" Sancte Spiritus ! " be with me.

When the twilight shadow falls
O'er the humming waterfalls,
And zephyr unto zephyr calls,
" Sancte Spiritus ! " be with me.

When the vesper murmurs come
Through the leaf, and from the tomb,
From the sunset's crimson gloom,
" Sancte Spiritus ! " be with me.

When the moon is roaming high,
Like a seraph through the sky,
And the one white cloud floats by,
" Sancte Spiritus ! " be with me.

When the stars, those jewels rare,
Fill with diamond-lights the air,
And comes on the hour of prayer,
" Sancte Spiritus ! " be with me.

Then when knees are truly bent,
And the hands are clasp'd intent,
And the voice to Heaven is sent,
" Sancte Spiritus ! " be with me.

The Stone of the Swede is a fine
poem : we extract a portion : —

Lutzen's bloody plain,
Lutzen's arid heath,
Incarnadined with the slain,
Beheld the rout of death.

The wind was roaring loud,
The sun was sinking red,
As the Night spread her pallid shroud
Over the kingly dead !

One star was in the sky,
One silent star alone,
And it fell on many an eye,
On many a brow it shone ;
And many an eye was weeping,
And many a brow was bare,
For the Swedish king was keeping
A warrior's last watch there !

And they bore him to his rest,
As a soldier should be borne ;
For a shroud, his bloody vest —
The anthem, his battle horn !
And where the battle blazed,
Where fell the kingly slain,
This rugged rock and cross were raised
On Lutzen's sanguine plain.

* * * * *
Who may tread upon this plain,
Nor almost think are heard
The chilly voices of the slain,
When midnight winds are stirr'd ?
Who may gaze upon this cross,
When the stars are throned on high,
Nor mournfully lament the loss,
And purchased victory ?

* * * * *
To the death-stone of the Swede
Let your noble youth repair,
And, like the Carthaginian's deed,
Their lips to freedom swear ;
Her banners let them wave,
Like sunlight, when unfurl'd,
And draw from royal Sweden's grave
A spell to rouse the world !

The following lines, however, are
in unison neither with the manner nor
with the costume, if we may so call it,
of Gustavus's death : —

A helmet girt his brow,
A coronet his crest,
The snow-white plume was drooping low
Upon his mailed breast.

* * * * *
And the closed visor's steel-ribb'd grate
Was with dark blood besprent.

This is the array of a knight errant at
a tournament, but not of a soldier of the
thirty years' war. We would have preferred the stout Swede's buff coat and
spectacles, unpoetical though they be.
Gustavus Adolphus was extremely near-
sighted, and constantly wore spectacles :
these had been shattered at the com-
mencement of the battle of Lutzen. In
consequence of this loss, the monarch

approached too near to a body of imperialists, and was shot. This is the account given by Duke Franz of Lauenburgh, who was his only attendant, and who has been charged with his murder; for the fall of Gustavus, like that of Charles XII., is involved in mystery.

We cannot expect that in poetical historical portrait painting, the whole costume can be depicted; but it ought to be omitted rather than violated. It would be less ridiculous to act Macbeth without hair than in a tye-wig.

THE DELIVERANCE OF SWITZERLAND;
a Dramatic Poem. *By H. C. Deakin.*
Second Edition. Smith and Elder.

MR. DEAKIN has displayed fewer of his peculiar faults in this work than in the "Portraits of the Dead;" his dramatic poem is evidently the performance of mature ability. We regret that he has chosen a period of history known to satiety by every reader: a well known story is advantageous to a piece intended for dramatic representation; but when the poem is destined solely for the study, a hackneyed plot fails to excite emotions of surprise, and consequently awakens little interest. Having in the preceding review rigorously noted some of the author's faulty comparisons, we now with pleasure turn to one that reminds us of the noble thoughts with which our early dramatists abound.

I know 'twas but a dream—yet dreams
sometimes,
Do usher in, as herald winds the storm,
The stern reality.

The whole of the passage from which we quote this simile deserves to be extracted.

Dreams are the hazy landscapes of our sleep,
And sleep is the silent janitory
Of the grave! I had two dreams last night,
—one

So full of horror, that I cannot dwell
On it e'en now without a shudder, though
I know 'twas but a dream! yet dreams some-
times

Do usher in, as herald winds the storms,
The stern reality. — Methought I saw
The venerable Melcthal bound with chains,
His white locks streaming like the drifting
snow
Over Mont Blanc — his clasped hands were
raised

In agony towards Heaven; awhile he
pray'd,

Then calm fell sweetly on him, serenely
As in the coral sunset hours; and now
Beings in the shape of men approached him,
And flung him to the earth, and then,
With the hot iron they sear'd his weeping
eyes;

Nor groan nor murmur issued from his lips,
But sweat, like thunder-drops, fell off his
brow,

In form of tears, on his tormentors' hands.
With horror I did shriek! My dream was
changed;

And golden banners and triumphant shouts,
And swords that shamed the sunbeam, and
broad spears,

And warriors rushing on their battle-steeds,
Started before me; and the trumpet's call,
And the proud cries of "Freedom! victory!"
I heard. Then I did see my husband arm'd,
And red to the helm with blood! vociferating
"A Tell, a Tell! to the charge for Swit-
zerland."

Then, like some ardent meteor through the
sky,

He onwards came: a thousand shouts arose:
He pointed to his banners with his sword,
And the foe fell before him! — In the joy
I woke. This was my second dream. Alas!
I fear me such a glorious dream as this
Will not come true; so I will teach my soul
The Roman Matron's part, — to bear and
suffer.

EPITOME OF ENGLISH LITERATURE;
or, a Concentration of the Matter of
Standard English Authors. *Edited*
under the Superintendence of A. J.
Valpy, M.A. Philosophical Series:
"Paley's Evidences of Christianity,"
"Locke's Essay on the Human Un-
derstanding."

ANOTHER volume of "Valpy's Epi-
tome," equally well executed, and far
more interesting than the preceding one.
The selections are admirably chosen, and
well calculated to improve and exercise
the mind of the reader. The present
volume opens with Paley's noble work,
"The Evidences of Christianity," which
is already too well known, and too highly
celebrated, to receive additional value
from any praise of ours. Still, we cannot
refrain from warmly recommending its
perusal to such of our readers as are yet
unacquainted with its pages. To the
weak but well-meaning Christian, we
would say — Read the "Evidences;"

they attack no sect — they flatter no party. So high is our opinion of this work, that we are persuaded that the infidel who peruses its pages will be an infidel no longer. The latter part of the volume contains a portrait, a short memoir of Locke, and his "Essay on the Human Understanding," as far as the ninth chapter, condensed into sixty-four pages; it is ably done, and brought nearer to the comprehension of the *human understanding in general*, by the excellent arrangement of the editor.

THE HISTORY OF MARY PRINCE, A WEST INDIAN SLAVE. *Related by Herself.* Third Edition. Westley and Davis.

THE rapid sale of this pamphlet, which has not been published three months, is its best recommendation. The public is, after all, a faithful and perhaps the most candid reviewer; and a dull work is never seized with avidity, or read with passionate interest.

The "History of Mary Prince" is written with energy of feeling and simplicity of diction; and, as the autobiography of a slave, is at once a literary curiosity, and a powerful plea for that justice which we hope will no longer be withholden from our injured fellow-creatures. In these times, shall the voice of eloquence pleading for the freedom of the slave be silenced by the chorus of "cant and humbug," "humbug and cant," — the sole attempt at reply made by the advocates of slavery to the indeed unanswerable arguments of justice and Christianity?

THE WORKS OF DR. BARROW. *Edited by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D.* A. J. Valpy.

THE commencement of the present volume, which is an exposition of the Lord's Prayer, the Decalogue, and the two Sacraments, is familiar to the ear, if not to the eye, of the constant church-goer. From this valuable source, copious extracts are generally made by clergymen who give discourses on those important subjects. The rest of the volume is composed of treatises on the Pope's Supremacy, and the Unity of the Church; — they display deep research, and a store of learning sufficient to appal some modern divines. None but a man of great attain-

ments could follow Barrow through all his references; we use the term great with reference to the science of the present day, when a little learning dexterously spread over the surface goes far. The treatise on the Pope's Supremacy is valuable to the historical reader.

COURS DE LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE; or, A Course of Lessons in French Literature. *By J. Rowbotham, F.R.A.S.* W. Joy.

THE author, with some degree of justice, claims credit for the originality and utility of his plan. His method consists in dissecting idioms, so that the learner obtains not only the general meaning of the sentence, but a literal translation of each word, by means of interlinear arrangement; an extract will afford the best explanation.

ALLEMAGNE.

GERMANY.

L'Allemagne s'appelait autrefois *The Germany* was called *itself* formerly *Germanie*, des *Teutons* mots, *Ger* *Germanic*, from the *Teutonic* words, *Ger Mann*, qui signifient *tout homme*. Le nom, *Mann*, which signify every man. The name, que les Français donnent lui, vient which the French give to it, comes des anciens *Allemands* (*Allemani*) qui from the ancient *Allemands* (*Allemani*) who déjà dans le 3^e siècle habi- already in (as early as) the 3d century peo- taient le pays que l'on nomme- pled the country which people call (is called) la Souabe. Peu à peu leur the *Swabia*. Little by little (by degrees) their nom étendit s' (for se) à tous les Ger- name extended itself to all the Ger- mains. mans.

Les Allemands appellent leur pays *The Germans* call their country *Deutschland* et *Deutschland*, mot qui *Deutschland* and *Deutschland*, a word which signifie le pays des *Teutons*, peuples signifies the country of the *Teutons*, people très-connus cent ans avant very (well) known a hundred years before l'époque chrétienne, par leur passion pour the christian era, by their passion for

la guerre et par la dure vie qu' ils
the war and by the hardy life which they
menaient.
led.

ALLEMAGNE.

L'Allemagne s'appelait autrefois *Germanie*, des mots *Teutons*, *Ger Mann*, qui signifient *tout homme*. Le nom, que les Français lui donnent, vient des anciens Allemands (*Allemani*) qui déjà dans le 3^e siècle habitaient le pays que l'on nomme la Souabe. Peu à peu leur nom s'étendit à tous les Germains.

Les Allemands appellent leur pays *Deutschland* et *Teutschland*, mot qui signifie le pays des *Teutons*, peuples très-connus, cent ans avant l'ère chrétienne, par leur passion pour la guerre et par la vie dure qu'ils menaient. — *Debonale*.

The reader must observe, that the author alters the French text when it is submitted to literal translation, and in another part of the volume prints the French in the original form. Why the text should be altered at all, we cannot exactly understand; and we think that part of the plan a defect in the work. Mr. Rowbotham's general arrangement is useful, inasmuch as idioms are often learned by rote, and gabbled by learners rather as sounds than combinations of definite words. We think, however, that Mr. Rowbotham would have done better had he left the French idioms in an unadulterated state, even at the risk of making his English translation many degrees more crude and disjointed.

PORTRAIT OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR. *Ingrey.*

THIS is an admirable likeness of His Lordship, beautifully lithographed by Ingrey, as also the writing annexed to it, which is said to be the composition of that gifted and exalted personage; whether this be the case or not, it bears the impress of genius, and is so striking in its nature, that we copy it for the entertainment of our readers.

Taxes upon every article which enters the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon every thing which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, and taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on every thing on earth, and the waters under the earth; on every thing that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every value that

is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health, on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribands of the bride; at bed or at board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent, into a spoon which has paid 15 per cent, throws himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent, makes his will on an 8*l*. stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid 100*l*. for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then taxed from 2 to 10 per cent; besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers, to be taxed no more.

MEMOIRES AUTHENTIQUES DE MAXIMILIAN DE ROBESPIERRE. Paris.

THE appalling recollections attached to the career of one who was not inappropriately termed the personification of the French revolution, stamp with a degree of passing interest a biographical sketch, how insignificant soever in itself, or incomplete in its description of a period which ranks with terrific pre-eminence among the annals of nations. The name of one whose reign of terror might be designated as the carnival of murder, will probably act as a talisman to ensure the partial success of a narrative, whether really traced by him whose life it professes to record, or gleaned from old and threadbare documents, to gratify depraved curiosity, and further the purposes of needy speculation. When we consider the tales of terror with which, in France, the literary caterers of the present day in vain endeavour to glut their insatiate readers, we cannot avoid thinking of the travellers' stories of cannibalism and savage barbarity, which excite feelings of intense interest, at the same time mingled with emotions of horror and of pity. One lamentable difference, however, destroys the force of our parallel: the traveller's tale often owes its being solely to the traveller's imaginative genius, while the narrative of revolutionary excess, though sometimes distorted from motives of un-

worthy or contemptible interest, may be found in the page of history, harrowing with its minute "relation, too nice, and yet too true."

That the political existence of Robespierre was indeed rich in horrors will scarcely be contested. At the same time, we may with truth affirm, that, with regard to the motives of his conduct, no revolutionary demagogue has ever excited a greater diversity of opinions. The atrocities of the first revolution are events now within the domain of history, and therefore may be scrutinised by the historian with a calmer spirit of enquiry, or treated by the philosopher as subjects of abstract consideration. God forbid that we should rank ourselves among the advocates of Robespierre; but we must regret the obstacles that prevent the impartial judge from weighing in the balance of justice a name which served as the characteristic expression of the too memorable Convention; and which, pervading every record of a blood-stained era, stands sternly prominent "through good and ill report." Robespierre may be considered as a problem of difficult solution. He probably commenced his career with views less exceptionable than those which marked its termination. Like the despot who at a later period ruled France with a rod of iron, Robespierre, at the outset of his course, was distinguished by a show of loyalty and patriotism. Ambition and the force of circumstances urged him to grasp at absolute power; he reasoned and declaimed before he usurped. This is the invariable march of human action. Alexander divided with his sword the Gordian knot which he was incapable of unloosing. Napoleon harangued the representatives of the people before he vanquished them with a soldier's argument;—and in the days of Napoleon and Robespierre, the bayonet or the sanguinary condemnation was too often the peroration of the political orator.

Without the slightest wish to extenuate the guilt of Robespierre, we may allude to the historical fact that his very enemies distinguished him by the surname of *the incorruptible*.—"With all his imperfections on his head," he had, by common consent, one redeeming quality—he was gifted with the most rare of all political virtues; neither wealth nor influence could purchase his political adherence. When we call to mind, too, that he per-

ished during a moment of popular excitement, without any regular form of trial, and by the hands of a faction as deservedly odious as the object of their fury, we cannot but admit the force of Cambacérès' remark:—"C'est un procès jugé, mais non plaidé." Time, that flies with healing on his wings, has enabled a succeeding generation to sift with dispassionate enquiry events which past historians have feebly traced or culpably falsified; but unfortunately the scarcity of authentic documents, and the contradictory testimony of individuals, who, from their former position, might be supposed to possess valuable information on the subject of Robespierre's life, render the task of investigation wholly without result. The volumes which form the subject of the present notice do not appear to contain a single fact of importance unknown to readers who can boast the most superficial acquaintance with the history of the French Revolution. With regard to their authenticity, we have our misgivings;—in the first place, from the circumstance just stated, the total absence of novel or interesting information which characterises the work under consideration. Its pages are apparently a dull compilation from tedious hackneyed narratives on the subjects of which they profess to treat, with here and there a few unimportant details of private life, ranged, like the empty bottles of Romeo's apothecary, "to make up a show." In the next place, we have to observe, that the romantic statement made by the Editor, to account for his possession of Robespierre's manuscript, might induce us to give him credit for a playful fancy, at the expense, however, of his veracity, had we not long since perused the very counterpart of his tale (he must excuse the word), in the preface to an ingenious work of imagination. It might formerly have been considered a good idea to amuse the reader with the story of a bundle of worm-eaten papers discovered in the trunk of a hollow tree; or, as in the present instance, committed to the care of an old grey-headed peasant, who most opportunely confides them to a bookseller, *just in the publishing season*. At present the device is "flat;" and, to continue the quotation, we may add, "stale and unprofitable." Thirdly, and lastly, we cannot resist the impression, that Robespierre was a man more of deeds than words: he could undoubtedly

play the sophist when it suited his purpose ; but the occupation of committing to a common-place diary details of momentary and often frivolous interest must have been little suited to the fearful activity of his genius. The eloquence of such a man was neither of the tongue nor of the pen : had he written the history of his time, the record, like Draco's code, had been traced in characters of blood.

The memoirs of Robespierre are filled with dry details of his birth, his early years, his studies, his first successes as an advocate, and a dabbler in prize-essays and periodical composition. We have experienced some difficulty in selecting a few fragments which may repay the reader for the trouble of a hasty glance. We venture, however, to translate two passages relative to the celebrated Jean Jacques Rousseau. The name may operate as a charm to beguile attention for a few moments. The first chapter opens with an invocation to the author of the *Confessions*. This passage has been given by the Editor of the memoirs as a *fac-simile* of Robespierre's handwriting.

I dedicate this work to the manes of the illustrious citizen of Geneva. Should it be destined one day to see the light, may it be placed under the eyes of the most eloquent and the most virtuous of mankind ! for now more than ever do we need the support of eloquence and virtue. Divine Rousseau ! thou hast taught me to know myself—to appreciate the dignity of my nature—to reflect on the principles of social order. The ancient edifice of society totters to its base : the portico of a new temple rises from the ruins, and, thanks to thee, I have contributed at least one stone of the building ; accept, then, the feeble tribute of my homage : the offering is not wholly worthless, for never has it incensed the shrine of the living.

I saw thee in thy last days, and the recollection is to me a source of joyful pride. I contemplated thy noble features, marked with the mournful expression of that sorrow to which the injustice of mankind had condemned thee. From that moment I could comprehend the sufferings of an existence devoted to the cause of truth. I shrunk not from the contemplation. The consciousness of having endeavoured to promote the welfare of mankind, is the virtuous man's reward. The supplement of his recompense is the gratitude of posterity, who render to his memory the honours denied him by his own generation. Like thee, I would purchase these blessings at the price of a laborious existence—perhaps of a premature death. I would follow thy footsteps, even were I to

leave behind me a name which future ages may bury in oblivion ;—too happy if in, the perilous career opened to my view by a revolution unprecedented in the annals of the world, I remain faithful to the principles with which thy writings have inspired me.

Our next citation relates to Robespierre's first and only interview with Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Emboldened by my enthusiasm, I resolved to pay a visit to the hermitage. I cautiously abstained from acquainting my friends with a project which they would doubtless have censured as extravagant ; and on a delightful morning in the month of June I took the road to Ermenonville. I proceeded gaily on foot : the reflections which occupied my mind prevented me from perceiving the distance. At nineteen years of age, and engrossed by one predominant idea, the traveller soon arrives at his journey's end. Many a young man at my time of life would have performed for a pair of bright eyes, the same feat which I undertook in honour of philosophy.

My heart beat quick on my approach to the goal of my wishes. I experienced a feeling of timidity, but retreat was impossible ; and had I in a moment of weakness voluntarily renounced my purpose, I should have died of shame and vexation. I therefore boldly entered the park, in which I wandered for some time at random. A servant belonging to the château demanded the object of my visit. In much confusion I stammered out the name of Rousseau. The servant examining me from head to foot with a smile,—"I fear," said he, "you will not succeed in your wishes. M. Rousseau is not fond of visitors. However, if you are not afraid of losing your time, take the alley to the right of those poplars ; it leads to the hermitage, and M. Rousseau, who is something of a botanist, passes that way every day : you may probably meet him."

Blushing with shame, and fancying that I heard the tittering of the insolent valets who mocked the beardless student in philosophy, I followed the path to which he pointed. I waited for some time in the neighbourhood of the Hermitage, one moment seated on a fragment of artificial rock, the next, walking at a hurried pace, or pausing to reflect. At last an individual, with his eyes bent on the ground, approached me. Now and then he stopped to gather a flower or a plant, which he examined with attention. I was about to advance towards him, but a feeling of respect retained me in my place. He continued to walk slowly, with an absent air, and was soon within a few paces of the spot where I stood. I had leisure to observe his features, as he paid no attention to my presence. His sta-

ture was of the middle size; the expression of his eyes was piercing, but melancholy; on his forehead were imprinted the traces of deep reflection and habitual suffering. His whole appearance was that of one mastered by sorrow. A ray of satisfaction lighted up his countenance, when at intervals he discovered some new botanic treasure.

I had not yet ventured to stir: he was at my side, but did not observe me. He stooped to gather a cowslip, when, suddenly rushing forward, I plucked the flower and presented it to him. He took it, and looking at me stedfastly, "This is not Stanislaus," said he. "No, sir," replied I, "'tis one who asks no further gift of Providence, since he has had the happiness of seeing you." Contemplating me with mournful attention, — "Young man," said he, "you have already learnt to flatter; so much the worse." — "Mine is not the age for flattery, but 'tis the age at which a youth feels the spur of enthusiasm, and performs ten leagues on foot to —" — "Indeed! Ten leagues on foot! You are aware that I am a judge of such matters, and that a pedestrian excursion is a joke to me." I bit my lips and blushed. "Come, friend," said he, "you must not be angry. You wished to see me, eh? I am the rare-show of Paris; and every one asks his neighbour, 'Have you seen the madman Jean Jacques? Have you been at Ermenonville?' Now that Voltaire is gone, I must do double duty; I must show off for him and myself too. However, I am not offended. My skill in physiognomy has often deceived me, and yet, methinks, you are destined to accomplish great ends." I made many protestations of the purity of my esteem, and deprecated the suspicion of idle and childish curiosity. "I believe you," said Rousseau, and my esteem for you is consequently increased. Do you know what will be the result of their barbarous curiosity? They will destroy me. They have persecuted me, — driven me like a wild beast from their haunts, — and now, they stifle me with caresses! Must I quit even this retreat, where, would they but allow me, I might be so happy! It resembles all that I have dreamed, and since you have read my works, you know my meaning. No: I will not go hence alive: my last resting-place is marked not far from this spot." — "If I might speak with the candour natural to my youth," said I, "I would entreat you to banish these gloomy reflections. A man like you ought not to abandon an existence that may still be useful to his fellow-creatures; and never more than now did France require the lessons of eloquence and wisdom." — "Her horizon," said he, "is clouded; but the tempest that lowers will be of short duration, and her sun will again shine more glorious than

ever. But these are not my concerns. Others must accomplish this stupendous task. Mine is already finished. I have ploughed the field, — I have sown the seed which the toil of others must ripen." I would have continued, but he interrupted me. "Enough of this subject," said he, "see how the Earth smiles in her native beauty! A truce to the paltry cares of this world, and let us enjoy the blessings of Nature. She is a mistress that always receives her lover with a smile, is never faithless, and even though forsaken still forgives. But come, — will you walk with me? Take my plants, remain by my side, and only speak to me of the flowers that you gather in your path: you shall have a lesson in botany."

I followed him respectfully, and passed two delightful hours in his company. — "Stanislaus," said he, "has played the truant to-day. Like all old men, I am partial to my old habits: he generally accompanies me on my botanical excursions, and, to speak without compliment, his absence has secured you a better reception here than you would have had under other circumstances." I requested his permission to visit him again. — "No," said he; "I might become attached to you; and at the stage of life's journey which I have reached, instead of seeking new affections, I must wean myself from those which still cling to my heart." I pressed him with greater earnestness, and he at last consented that I should visit him in the course of the ensuing month, to receive, as he called it, a new lesson in botany.

I quitted him with tears in my eyes, but somewhat consoled by the prospect of our approaching interview. The next month he was no more, and the visit to which I had so ardently looked forward, was paid to his inanimate remains. The few short hours which I passed with one whose genius has entitled his memory to the admiration of his surviving fellow-citizens, have left on my mind an impression that can never be effaced. Every circumstance that I have stated is fresh on my recollection, as though it happened but yesterday, and the sound of a voice which still vibrates on my ear, will find its echo in my heart for ever.

One more extract, and we conclude. Most of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the name of the celebrated Mirabeau. The following is the judgment pronounced on him by the real or *soi-disant* Robespierre: —

The man who, during the first days of our popular representation, ranked highest for genius and eloquence, was beyond all question Mirabeau. Those who have heard him at the tribune will not be astonished at the ascendancy which he obtained in our

deliberative assemblies. Nothing but a *sang froid*,—a firmness of soul, steeled against the seductions of mental powers the most extraordinary, could resist the torrent of his eloquence. From the commencement of our legislative debates his place was marked; it was the first. His brilliant *début* as a public speaker attached me to him with all the ardour of youthful enthusiasm. He seemed to me the man destined by Providence to realise the hopes of every good citizen. The object of his eloquent attacks on more than one occasion, I forgot the pangs of wounded self-love, to mourn over the faults which even admiration would not permit me to consider as the errors of an honest heart. Alas! that with powers like his, and holding in his hands the destiny of his country, he could sell himself for a little vile gold, and desert the post to which Heaven had called him! I have admired Mirabeau as one of the most splendid works of creation: I have hung upon his words when he spoke: I have contributed my portion to the tribute of admiration with which a people saluted his tomb: but, for his own renown, would that I had admired him less, and esteemed him more!

Never shall I forget the brilliant strain of eloquence with which on one occasion he captivated, as it were by magic, the attention of the Assembly, who had at first heard him with marked expressions of disapprobation. "I too," said he, "was about to be carried through your streets in triumph; and now, in those very streets, I am assailed with cries of 'the Count de Mirabeau and conspiracy!' Citizens! I needed not this lesson to learn that from the Capitol to the Tarpeian rock the distance is but short. But the man who defends the cause of reason and his country yields not without a struggle."

At this splendid burst of eloquence the orator was interrupted by the enthusiastic applause of the whole assembly. Men who, had they followed the simple dictates of good sense, would have been fired with indignation at the desertion of Mirabeau, were led away by the general feeling, and were at a loss to give expression to their admiration. I myself was hurried along with the torrent, and even at this day I scarcely lament my weakness. There is something seductive in the inspirations of eloquence. I would honour even the worthless children of genius with a diadem, were it but to deck the scaffold which they merit! Had Mirabeau been virtuous, the earth had been unworthy of his sojourn.

His death was a political benefit. By that event the National Assembly, though its position was not materially altered, was delivered from the ascendancy of one whose

influence had exercised a fatal sway over the public councils. A long list of ambitious candidates aspired to the honour of filling his place; but the pitiable weakness of mediocrity toiling under the load which Mirabeau had lightly worn, resembled the ludicrous efforts of a pigny endeavouring to strut under a giant's panoply.

Mirabeau's death took place in time for his own reputation; for latterly the admiration inspired by his talents had been the sole basis of his popularity. His desertion of the national cause had long ceased to be a mystery. When he declared in the Assembly that he would oppose the efforts of the factious, no matter under what denomination, he betrayed the secret of his new alliance with the court; for the orators and scribes of monarchy lavished the epithet of factious on the firmest friends and supporters of the people. Against us were Mirabeau's attacks directed. But, with all his genius, he would have fallen had the struggle continued. He was alone in the contest: we were supported by a nation.

But the great man was no more; and the benefits which his eloquence had rendered to the cause of liberty were not written in ungrateful hearts. A deputation from the department of Paris demanded that more than ordinary homage should be paid to his memory; that he should be interred in the church of St. Génévieve, and that in future that consecrated spot should receive the last remains of men once eminent for their talent, or for their services to the public. I supported the motion with all my power, or rather, with all the effusion of my heart. That was the noblest vengeance in which I could indulge for the many bitter sarcasms which Mirabeau had levelled against me in public.

The following stanza was composed on the occasion of his death; and, though little known at the present day, met with a successful reception at the time of its publication:—

‘Grand Dieu! de tes décrets je suis épouvanté:

Honoré Mirabeau dans les douleurs expire;

Et Mallet vit! et Durosoy respire!

Et Maury crève de santé!!!’

LA MONTAGNE DE SAINT-LIE', OU LA FERME CHAMPENOISE. *Par Louisa II. R. C.* 2 vols. 12mo. Paris and Rheims.

THE days are gone when boarding-school misses, and sometimes ladies of riper growth, devoured with avidity the

sentimental flirtations, and agitations, and palpitations, and many other *botherations* (we quote from a literary Emeraldalder) of the Rosa-Matildas and Clementinas of the old school. Those days are gone — and, truly we must hope, never to return. We detest the absurdity of a “literary lady,” who, hot from the tea-table, or (still worse) from the circulating library, nauseates us with the turbid froth of her own feverish fancy, through sheer inability to etch the likeness of any thing that exists, or ever has existed, in this material world. The pupils of a better — of a more genuine school, are now in possession of the field, and seem resolved to wield the pen of the tale-writer, to the exclusion of authors whose *dramatis personæ* resembled no living creature on “the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.”

In making these remarks, we by no means wish to give pain to the juvenile and fair author of the slender, delicate, and sylph-like brace of duodecimos now reposing on our table. She has bloomed through but sixteen summers — a fact which we gather from her preface; for, in alluding to the delicate subject of a lady's age, we think it prudent to quote authority. Sweet, blushing sixteen! At that period of life, a woman may lay claim to one of the most convenient privileges of royalty: she can do no wrong; from which proposition we deduce the corollary that she can write no nonsense. This point fully established, far be it from us to insinuate aught against the merit of the romance now under consideration. It is a graceful portraiture — a charming “picture in little” — of love, friendship, and many other amiable feelings, in the existence of which we ourselves were once enthusiastic believers. We may, however, with all due caution and timidity, surmise that the writer looks upon the world as she charitably wishes it to be, but not as it is. Some of her monsters of perfection *ought to be*, and, perhaps, *will be* — when the lion shall lie down with the lamb; — but as this vile world runs at present — they *are not*. We envy the young unhackneyed fancy which mistakes the dreams of youth for golden realities; and, after all, in common charity, we can scarcely wish that, merely to abet novel readers in the slaughter of time, the desolating wisdom of this world and its ways may impart its cold sad truth to our author's future delineations. Long may the fair subject of our criticism pre-

serve her illusions. Life is, indeed, hideous without its mask!

ENGLISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING. Tilt.

OF the former number of this work we have already spoken in terms of praise. In parts 13, 14, and 15, now before us, are three plates of Marriage à-la-mode. A more interesting subject could scarcely have been chosen; and in our opinion the engraver has done ample justice to the inimitable Hogarth. Indeed, the general execution of all the plates reflects great credit upon our continental rival. The method of engraving in outline upon steel has the advantage of peculiar clearness, and is well adapted for the introduction of a number of objects.

As the subjects chosen for the present numbers are known to most readers, we confine ourselves to the task of specifying them.

In Part 14: “The Holy Family,” by Reynolds. “Shakspeare nursed by Tragedy and Comedy,” by Rouney. “The Fisherman's Departure,” by Collins: an admirable effort. “The Cottage Door,” by Gainsborough: one of his most carefully finished pictures. “Monument of Mrs. Warren,” by Westmacott: without merit. “Wreckers off Fort George,” by Hanfield. “A Sleeping Nymph,” by Hoppner: devoid of attraction. “The Expiation of Orestes,” by Westall: well conceived, and well executed.

QUADRILLES. *By Zerbini.* Johanning and Whatmore.

L'ALEGRESSE and seventh sets possess some merit, and are tolerably pretty. We may also commend the “Melodies of the Singers of the Alps;” forming a simple and pleasing collection of airs well adapted for waltzing. “Sweet lovely Rose” we can venture to recommend. We cannot, however, say as much for the words of a little song, “How soft the Air beneath yon Hill!” nor for the common-place invocation to a “Lady Love.”

THE FAMILY CABINET ATLAS. Bull, Plain, 2s. 6d.; coloured, 3s. 6d.

THE twelfth Part, just published, completes the “Family Cabinet Atlas;”

and we have seldom had to speak of a work so unique in its execution. To the present Number is added a highly finished, very chaste, and elegant titlepage, designed and engraved by Starling, the engraver also of the work. The book is specially dedicated to Their Majesties. The present Number contains maps of Asia, the South Sea Islands, and a comparative view of the inland seas and principal lakes in the Eastern and Western hemispheres. The coloured Parts are very elegantly finished. The work is highly creditable to all concerned: the object was new, and we rejoice that those interested in its success have been favoured with high and extensive patronage. They have well deserved support, for neither pains nor cost seem to have been spared in producing this little gem of the useful arts.

VIEWS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS. *From Drawings by Mr. J. Serjeant; engraved by J. Rogers and H. Wallis.*

ONE of these views, by express permission, embellished our Number for January. Consequently, before the work was finished, the public were impressed favourably towards it; for none could have seen that specimen without admiring its beauty both of design and execution, and particularly the exact copy after nature, in the peculiar shades exhibited in the gardens; to be seen no where else, but known to be strikingly correct by those who are familiar with the spot. We think ourselves fortunate to be made the medium for favourable introductions, some beforehand, some afterwards, taking advantage of our pages; one transmitting MS. whilst preparing it for publication; another publishing our tales wholesale, some six or seven out of a dozen, as in the case of a work reviewed elsewhere in our present Number.

The embellishments are:—The Palace; View from the Bridge; the Bridge (light and elegant); the Bridge from the Grotto; the Palace from the east side of the Basin; the Palace from the south-east; a View of the Lodge at the north-

eastern entrance from Hyde Park is selected for the Illustration; and the last in the work is "The Spring," a romantic little spot, deeply embosomed in the grove, at the north-eastern extremity of the garden, with a deer drinking. This is a most beautiful plate, engraved by Wallis. Indeed, the whole work deserves high commendation.

The embellishments are very superior, and the letter-press is got up in a very neat and pleasing manner.

Preceding the plates and descriptions is a short and interesting history of the palace and gardens. One part of the narration attracts our attention. We take the account as we find it at p. 7. Mary, the consort of William III., to whose exalted and amiable character the learned Bishop Burnet bears such forcible and honourable testimony, died in Kensington Palace. "*During her fatal illness, she is said to have carefully destroyed every paper that might do a prejudice to any one, or place their characters in a dubious light.*"

If this example were followed by the living as well as the dying, how much misery might not be prevented in the world!

ENTHUSIASM, and other Poems. By *Susanna Strickland, now Mrs. Moodie.* Smith, Elder, & Co.

IN our previous numbers, we were favoured with pieces from the forthcoming volume. The expectation we had of its merits is fully confirmed by the work itself now before us. We make two selections, that our readers may here judge for themselves: the one for the merit of conception and composition, the other for the utility of the theme; though we almost despair, by poetry, or any other method short of a "taste of slavery," to move the hearts of men, who cannot be brought to consider it a matter of moment whether their fellow-creatures are treated as human beings or as brutes that perish. Some there may be, who, from thoughtlessness alone, are not yet alive to the subject. Upon such the author may work a desire to aid in the godlike work of giving freedom to the slave.

THE VISION OF DRY BONES. Ezekiel xxxvii.

The Spirit of God, with resistless control,
Like a sunbeam, illumined the depths of my soul,

And visions prophetic burst on my sight,
As he carried me forth in the power of his might.
Around me I saw in a desolate heap,
The relics of those who had slept their death-sleep,
In the midst of the valley, all reckless and bare,
Like the hope of my country, lie withering there.

Son of man! can these dry bones, long bleached in decay,
Ever feel in their flesh the warm beams of the day;
Can the spirit of life ever enter again
The perishing heaps that now whiten the plain? "
Lord! thou knowest alone, who their being first gave;
Thy power may be felt in the depths of the grave;
The hand that created again may impart
The rich tide of feeling and life to the heart.

"Lo, these dry bones are withered and shrunk in the blast,
O'er their ashes the tempest of ages have past;
And the flesh that once covered each mouldering frame
With the dust of the earth is re-mingled again: —
At the voice of their God, son of man, they shall rise;
The light shall revisit their death-darkened eyes;
Their sinews and flesh shall again be restored,
They shall live and acknowledge the power of the Lord!"

And lo! as I prophesied o'er them, a sound,
Like the rushing of water, was heard all around:
The earth trembled and shook like a leaf in the wind,
As those long severed limbs to each other were joined,
And flesh came upon them, and beauty and grace
Returned, as in life, to each warrior's face.
A numberless host they lay stretched on the sod,
All glowing and fresh from the hand of their God.

But the deep sleep of death on each eyelid still hung;
Each figure was motionless, mute every tongue:
Through those slumbering thousands there breathed not a sound,
And silence, unbroken, reigned awfully round: —
"Raise thy voice, son of man! call the winds from on high,
As viewless they sweep o'er the brow of the sky;
And life shall return on the wings of the blast,
And the slumber of death shall be broken at last."

I called to the wind — and a deep answer came
In the rush of the tempest, the bursting of flame;
And the spirit of life, as it breathed on the dead,
Restored to each body the soul that had fled.
Rejoicing to break from that dreamless repose,
Like a host in the dark day of battle they rose;
He alone who had formed them could number again
The myriads that filled all the valley and plain.

"Son of man! in this numerous army behold
My chosen of Israel, beloved of old.
They say that the hope of existence is o'er,
That no power from death's grasp can the spirit restore:
He who called you my people is mighty to save,
Your God can re-open the gates of the grave;
From the chain of oblivion the soul can release,
And restore you again to your country in peace!"

AN APPEAL TO THE FREE.

Offspring of heaven, fair Freedom! impart
The light of thy spirit to quicken each heart.







* * * * *

The friends of humanity nobly have striven,
But the bonds of the heart-broken slave are unripen!

* * * * *

Ye children of Britain! brave sons of the Isles!
Who revel in freedom, and bask in her smiles,
Can ye sanction such deeds as are done in the West
And sink on your pillows untroubled to rest?
Are your slumbers unbroken by visions of dread?
Does no spectre of misery glare on your bed?
No cry of despair break the silence of night,
And thrill the cold hearts that ne'er throbb'd for the right?

Are ye fathers,—nor pity those children bereaved
Of the birth-right which man from his Maker received?
Are ye husbands,—and blest with affectionate wives,
The comfort, the solace, the joy of your lives,—
And feel not for him whom a tyrant can sever
From the wife of his bosom and children for ever?
Are ye Christians, enlightened with precepts divine,
And suffer a brother in bondage to pine?
Are ye men, whom fair freedom has marked for her own,
Yet listen unmoved to the negro's deep groan?

Ah no!—ye are slaves!—for the freeborn in mind
Are the children of mercy, the friends of mankind;
By no base, selfish motive their actions are weighed;
They barter no souls in an infamous trade;
They eat not the bread which is moistened by tears,
And carelessly talk of the bondage of years;—
They feel as men should feel;—the clank of the chain
Bids them call upon Justice to cleave it in twain!"

"Fame" is a piece of superior merit, but too long for an extract: there are also articles of a light and cheerful character, though the greater number are of a religious cast

Drama, etc.

KING'S THEATRE.—The opera of *L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei* has been repeated at this house, and has again proved an unsuccessful speculation to the manager. The representatives of the different rôles have been changed, Madame Lalande sustaining the character of *Ottavia*, vice Mrs. Wood; Rubini the part of *Appio*, in lieu of David. Lablache, too, has returned from Paris; and, on the occasion alluded to, made his appearance as *Sallustio*. The principal event, however, which has occurred at the King's Theatre since our last, is the re-appearance of Madame Pasta as *Medea*. The *rentrée* of this incomparable singer, after an absence of three years, might naturally be expected to produce something

like a *sensation*—which, in managerial phrase, imports a house crowded to suffocation. The audience were, in fact, as closely and as uncomfortably packed together as heart of manager or prima donna could wish: and during the intervals between her surprising efforts, Madame Pasta received the most enthusiastic plaudits. In person she is somewhat slighter than when she last appeared before the public; her voice, however, remains unimpaired. To amazing power and sweetness of voice this lady adds high claims to public favour as a tragic actress—a eulogium which can be conferred on few vocalists of the day. Signor Rubini, who, as *Egeo*, most ably supported Madame Pasta, introduced in the

first act a most beautiful air, which was honoured with an encore. Miss Fanny Ayton was an extremely efficient representative of *Crensa*, as was Signor Curioni of *Giasone*. The part of *Creonte* was performed by Lablache, with his usual excellence. After the fall of the curtain at the conclusion of the opera, Madame Pasta was again summoned to receive the unanimous applause of the audience.

The ballet of *La Náyade* having been received with unequivocal marks of disapprobation, has been withdrawn.

On the 20th ultimo, Her Majesty, accompanied by her sister the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, honoured the King's Theatre with her presence. The most important characters of the opera (*Medea*) were sustained as on the former occasion. The ballet of *Kenilworth* closed the performances. The Royal Visitors occupied the fifth box from the stage, on the first tier.

The engagement of Mademoiselle Taglioni, we regret to say, is on the point of terminating.

Towards the close of the last month, the daily papers have been much occupied with the subject of Paganini, and his high prices. We shall not fatigue our readers with a discussion on the merits of the

case: some allowance, we think, should be made for a foreigner unacquainted with the customs and the language of England. It is also fair to add, that the arguments hitherto urged appear all on one side of the question.

DRURY LANE. — Mr. Knowles's historical drama of *Alfred the Great* has been performed at this house with the most unequivocal success. Miss Phillips in the character of *Ina*, and Macready in that of *Alfred*, received the most deserved applause. Cooper, Miss Huddart, and Miss Fawcett, sustained their respective parts with much effect. The play continues to draw crowded audiences on each night of its representation: it has hitherto been in general succeeded by the national anthem of "God save the King," sung by the vocal strength of the house.

The period chosen for the production of *Alfred the Great* is undoubtedly most favourable; but how long the play might, on the score of intrinsic merit, keep possession of the stage, it would, perhaps, be difficult to determine. The plot is exceedingly meagre; but many of the passages are replete with striking poetical beauties. The following quotations will, we think, bear us out in the assertion:—

Oscar. And think'st thou friendship barter kindnesses?
'Tis not because at such or such a time
He help'd my purse, or stood me thus or thus
In stead, that I go bound for him, or take
His quarrel up. With friends all services
Are ever gifts that glad the donor most.
Who rates them otherwise, he only takes
The face of friend to mask a usurer.
I give my life for him not for the service
He did me yesterday or any day,
But for the love I bear him every day,
Nor ask if he returns.

Alfred. So much for poverty! Adversity's
The nurse for kings; but then the palace gates
Are shut against her! they would else have hearts
Of mercy oft'ner — gems not always dropp'd
In fortune's golden cup. What thought hath he
How hunger warpeth honesty, whose meal
Still waited on the hour? Can he perceive
How nakedness converts the kindly milk
Of nature into ice, to whom each change
Of season — yea, each shifting of the wind
Presents his fitting suit? Knows he the storm
That makes the valiant quail, who hears it only
Through the safe wall — its voice alone can pierce;
And there talks comfort to him with the tongue
That bids without the shelterless despair?
Perhaps he marks the mountain wave, and smiles

So high it rolls! while on its fellow hangs
 The fainting seaman glaring down at death
 In the deep trough below! I will extract
 Riches from penury; from sufferings
 Coin blessings; that if I assume again
 The sceptre, I may be the more a king
 By being more a man!

The melodrama of *Tymour the Tartar* has been revived here with much applause. The processions, combats, &c., have the required quantity of show, noise, and bustle. H. Wallack, Cooper, Miss Huddart, Miss S. Phillips, and Miss Poole, personated the principal biped characters, male and female: the horses were indubitably the best performers.

Some differences having taken place between Captain Polhill and Mr. Alexander Lee, the acting manager of the theatre, the latter gentleman is said to have retired from the direction of the establishment. As to the cause of the quarrel the public are in the dark, and, we believe we may add, unconcerned. A theatrical manager, however, is a personage of no small importance in his own opinion; and moreover, one who with the greatest difficulty opens his eyes to the fact of his utter insignificance in the estimation of the public.

COVENT GARDEN.—Don Trueba's comedy, *The Exquisites*, has been produced at this theatre, but on the first night to comparatively empty benches. Were the play possessed of little real merit, the novelty of an English comedy, written by a foreigner, might ensure it a partial measure of favour. Many of the scenes, however, are extremely dramatic, and the dialogue is both spirited and satirical. The performers generally did justice to their characters; Keely and his wife were extremely amusing.

A drama, in seven acts, (!) with the lengthy title of *Napoleon Buonaparte, Captain of Artillery, General and First Consul, Emperor and Exile*, has been produced here at considerable expense. As we should find it rather inconvenient at present to indite a history of the exile of St. Helena, we forbear entering into any details of the plot. The scenery and decorations of this pageant, deserve the highest encomiums. Mr. Warde personated Napoleon, and we believe in the hat actually worn by the ex-Emperor. The piece was announced for performance every evening until further notice.

SURREY THEATRE.—This theatre, too, has produced its grand historical, allegorical, and pictorial drama (play-bill style) on the subject of the ex-Emperor of France: the title is, *Napoleon, or the Victim of Ambition*; but the piece is a trifle shorter than its fellow at Covent Garden, being modestly limited to six acts. Mr. Thompson of Drury Lane theatre is the author. Mr. Osbaldiston represented Napoleon with considerable spirit and ability; but a Mr. C. Hill seemed rather abroad in the character of *Bertrand*. The dignity of a field marshal, according to his idea, consists in loud hems and big looks; in many instances his displays of pathos compelled his audience to laugh, even to tears. The scenery of the drama is well executed, especially two dioramic views; the first, representing the invasion of Russia by the French; the second, the far-famed battle of Waterloo. The piece was decidedly successful.

FRENCH PLAYS, HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Laporte has in some measure redeemed his managerial character by the engagement of Mademoiselle Leontine Fay, with whose fame as an actress few amateurs of French theatricals are unacquainted. In Paris this young lady has long been designated the *Mars* of the *Vau-deville*, and as the last-mentioned actress (Mademoiselle Mars), was without a rival in her particular line, genteel comedy, the compliment affords an unequivocal proof of the estimation in which Leontine Fay is held amongst our continental neighbours. Though not precisely handsome, her features are extremely intellectual, her figure and attitudes graceful. In *le Mariage de Raison*, *Le Quaker* et *la Danseuse*, *la Reine de Seize Ans*, and *Yelwa*, she displays talent of no common order. The English stage possessing few dramatic pieces of the kind in which Mademoiselle Leontine Fay may be seen to peculiar advantage, it becomes difficult to define her powers, which are extremely versatile. Nature and ease are in fact the most striking cha-

racteristics of her acting in every part which she undertakes. We feel, however, that no description of ours can convey to the reader, who has not witnessed her performance, an adequate idea of her style and manner. Her engagement, we understand, is restricted to ten nights; its prolongation, we have little doubt, would prove a source of pleasure to the public, and of profit to the manager.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS, MUSIC, &c.
— In Paris, the Italian opera has closed for the season. Madame Malibran, with a view to recruit her powers for the vocal campaign of the ensuing winter, has refused the offer of an advantageous engagement at Bologna. She has left Paris, it is said, for Switzerland, whence her return is not expected before January next. She will then resume her post at the Italian Theatre. At the German theatre, which recently opened for the season, Haitzinger and Madame Schröder Devrient have made their appearance. The opera of *Freyshütz* commenced the series of performances; the Prima Donna, however, on her first appearance, was evidently labouring under the effect of indisposition.

At the *Théâtre de l'Opéra Comique*, a new opera, in three acts, entitled *Zampa*, ou la *Fiancée de Marbre* has been represented with extraordinary success. The music is by M. Hérold. The plot, which is developed with much tact, in many of its details resembles that of *Don Juan*. The title of *Le Corsaire* was originally destined for this opera, but was subsequently changed for the appellation which it now bears, and which the author judiciously considered more likely to pique curiosity.

At the Theatre Royal, Berlin, a new cantatrice, a Madame Pohl Beisteiner, from Vienna has made a successful *début* in the opera of *La Molinara*.

At Trieste a series of operas will be performed during the season; amongst the number is an Italian translation of Auber's opera, *La Muette de Portici*, and an opera, with the title of *La Fidanzata*, written by Riesck expressly for the theatre of Trieste.

Madame Ronzi de Begnis has contracted an engagement for the theatres at Naples.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.
THE Annual Exhibition of the Royal

Academy opened on Monday, 2d ultimo. The number of paintings and works of art contained in the rooms is immense. We proceed to give a brief detail of some of the most striking performances.

No. 1. *Margaret, at Church, tormented by the Evil One*; R. Westall, R. A. This is a fine painting; the subject taken from Lord Francis Leveson Gower's translation of Göthe's wild drama of *Faust*.

7. *Subject from the Merchant of Venice*; G. S. Newton, R. A. In this very beautiful picture, Bassanio is represented reading a letter; his wife anxiously, and with female curiosity, leaning over his shoulder, in order to catch a glimpse of the contents. The dogged look of the messenger is excellent.

33. *Faust preparing to dance with the young Witch at the Festival of the Wizards and Witches in the Harz Mountains*; R. Westall, R. A. Another subject from Lord F. L. Gower's version of *Faust*. The execution is admirable: we were particularly struck with the expression of Mephistopheles' countenance. The Demon stands apart, gazing with truly diabolical satisfaction at the approaching destiny of his victim.

67. *My Sister from Home*; R. A. Clack. The young lady would do well to return by the first suitable conveyance.

79. *The Maid of Judith waiting outside the Tent of Holofernes till her Mistress had consummated the Deed that delivered her Country from its Invaders*; W. Etty, R. A. This is a splendid painting: the colouring is beautiful, and the light admirably managed.

107. *Portrait of Miss Rivière*; C. W. Pegler. A dark interesting beauty, but we should say of a certain age.

113. *The Dinner at Mrs. Page's House, supposed to take place in the First Act of the Merry Wives of Windsor*; C. R. Leslie, R. A. A most delightful performance. Falstaff, and his ragged regiment of tatterdemalions, are well hit off. Bardolph's rubicundity of nose absolutely illuminates the picture.

149. *Portrait of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*; J. Watson Gordon. None familiar with the face of the literary Magician of the North, as represented in various engravings, &c., can mistake the resemblance.

168. *The Angel releasing Peter from Prison*; W. Hilton, R. A. The composition of this fine picture is excellent. The sleeping guards are most naturally and forcibly depicted.

171. *Portrait of Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq., Author of Pelham, Devereux, Paul Clifford, &c.*; H. W. Pickersgill, R. A. This is among the best portraits in the exhibition. Men of genius, it is said, live through their own works; in this instance, however, the talent of the painter may contribute its share towards perpetuating the memory of the spirited and satirical author of *The Siamese Twins*.

172. *Portrait of Lieut. Gen. the Right Hon. Sir George Murray, G.C.B.*; H. W. Pickersgill, R. A. A finely executed portrait in Mr. Pickersgill's best style.

182. *Venetian State Prisoner*; J. Ward. A good painting, though we could discern nothing of the "filthy dungeon villain" in the countenance of the prisoner—a handsome man with a well arranged beard, that might excite the envy of a modern unshaved exquisite.

321. *The Bride*; E. T. Parris. This is a most graceful representation of a young lady about to tie the indissoluble knot. Matrimony, we have heard, is no joke, and the pensive air of the fair

subject of this performance, is, we must presume, an additional evidence of the fact.

333. *Portraits of Lieut. Gen. Sir Herbert Taylor, Lady Taylor, and Child*; W. Yellowlees. The portrait of the principal subject of this painting is a striking likeness.

363. *Portrait of Charles Kemble, Esq.*; H. W. Pickersgill, R. A. As far as resemblance is concerned, we cannot say as much for this as for the preceding.

381. *Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Rutland*; G. Manton. With regard to this picture, we cannot help thinking that some mistake has occurred: how it could have obtained the conspicuous place which it now occupies, we are at a loss to conjecture. Had it been exhibited as a sign-board, majestically swinging over the portico of the "Rutland Arms tavern and chop-house," it would then, as Sterne says, "be something."

552. *Portrait of Lady Ribblesdale*; Mrs. Carpenter. Though the last which we can find space to notice, by no means the least worthy of praise.

Fashions.

COSTUME OF PARIS.

FASHION has at length issued her imperial decrees on the important object of bonnets, and such as have been seen in the walks of Longchamps, during the last ten days of May, may be considered decisive for the season.

BONNETS.—Although the cottage bonnets, called by the French belles *modestes*, and which they deem peculiarly English, are still in vogue, at least one half of the gay population of Longchamps adopt a more sprightly costume; a retiring and modest *tournure*, however, is the favorite mode of the day; nor does it exclude either elegance or costliness of material. The favorite walking bonnets are rather rounder than of late; the ears square, almost pointed, by being rounded out behind, a curtain of silk of the material of the bonnet is appended; a very full, fluted band is fastened in a butterfly bow behind*, very few bows in front. The most fashionable women prefer trimmings neatly piped of the material of the bonnet to those formed of riband; but ribands are general, and those of an immense

breadth are preferred. A looped quilling of gauze riband, the colour of the bonnet, is worn in front, from temple to temple. Plain round crowns, sometimes slightly sloped upwards, are now preferred to the helmet, *barolet* (barrel), or shell-shaped, which have prevailed during the two or three last seasons. Lemon, pale nankcen, or straw-coloured watered silks are most in favour for bonnets, they are lined with a delicate tint—generally Adelaide blue crape, or pale lilac crape; sometimes white satin is used for the bonnet with a coloured lining; but a lining different from the outside of the bonnet is always worn.

Blonde ribands and deep falls of blonde are chiefly seen in carriage costume. Bouquets of flowers, according to the season, are still favourites, but plumes take the lead. The periwinkle flower, the wild hyacinth, bunches of hawthorn blossoms mixed with wreaths of green wheat, are the favourite bonnet-flowers. The hair in walking-dress is worn in Madonna bands, and a little chain *a la Ferromière* crosses the brow. Rice straw and English

* See the plate of Walking Dress.

Dunstable bonnets are likewise much worn.

CANEZOUS and PELERINES.—These are, and will be for the succeeding months, important articles of dress. Simple as the canezou is in general, there is nothing that so completely distinguishes a woman of real elegance from pretenders in a lower sphere as these modest auxiliaries to the toilette. Neatness, delicacy of material, and careful arrangement, will, to the experienced eye, proclaim the lady, whilst expense and ultra devotion to fashion totally miss the object. The newest canezous are made with square epaulettes, two smaller over another set of the same shape with short sleeves, some times with several lappets instead of epaulettes or jockeys. In walking-dress the canezous are of cambric (French), full of baby-work, and surrounded by a neat narrow frill, delicately plaited. In full walking-dress they are of blonde net, British lace, or bobbin net trimmed or drawn with satin ribands. These last are made with deep points or lappets, the lappets fall considerably down the arm, and cross behind and on the bosom, the ends being fastened beneath the belt; these are considered to be of the pelerine form. Both pelerines and canezous are fastened at the throat with lappets or bows of worked cambric, trimmed round with narrow thread edging.

WALKING DRESS.

This season, as may naturally be expected, a great variety prevails in walking and carriage costume; a coloured printed muslin gown, with a canezou and cottage straw bonnet, seems to please universally. The chief novelty introduced last month in coloured muslins, is a whole coloured ground, on which are dispersed white flowers; rose coloured muslins, with white figures, and tea green coloured with white, are the most elegant of these new patterns. Botanical patterns, called *à la Flore*, are in great request. For colder days, white *chali*, printed with botanical patterns, are worn. Dark silk dresses always look well with the white pelerine; watered silk is prevalent in every sort of out-door costume, it is worn for bonnets, pelisses, and gowns; in the latter, besides the shades of straw and buff, may be seen iron gray, chestnut co-

lour, *verdâtre* (green gray), and green tea colour. These dark silks, besides giving slenderness to the figure, and clearness to the complexion, are considered to set off, to greatest advantage, the delicate white pelerine, and light coloured silk or straw bonnet. Pelisses are made *en tunique*, not only flying open but folding open to show a *jaconot*, or clear muslin gown, worked *en tablier* beneath; they are trimmed with the reverse points rounded off.* In long sleeves little alteration, excepting in epaulettes, which are long points, lappets, or the rounded dents, at pleasure. The lower sleeve is sometimes cut into three cheverons, but is still worn tight to the arm. The corsage of the tunic pelisse still folds back in a reverse, and the body of the white dress is then made *chemisette à la vierge*; the lower part of the corsage is as light and plain to the shape as possible. White muslin pelisses, or redingotes (*à la tunique*) are talked of over plain coloured silk high gowns, but they have not yet appeared.

We subjoin a few admired *toute ensembles* in walking dress. A dress of rose coloured *jaconot* with white designs, hat of rice straw, white and green ribands; in the knot of ribands a bunch of wood violets. Gown of pale *gris verdâtre*. Cottage bonnet of white watered silk, gauze riband of *verditergreen* and buff, among the bows of riband a bunch of *willets mignardises*—these are the Snowdon pink, the smallest of that flower that grows; shawl of white cachemire; boots pale green *gros de Naples*. Dress of watered silk, polyanthus brown; bonnet of lemon-coloured watered silk, lined with white crape; three white plumes, *blonde* gauze ribands, trimmed distinct from the plumes; the bows being chiefly behind, or on the opposite side; long *brides*, bordered with lace, hang from the highest bows like lappets. These are pieces of the material of the bonnet cut on the cross; instead of a *pelerine* a long lemon-coloured gauze scarf, rolled like a boa; brown *prunella* boots. Some *élegantes* wear wristlets of the same silk as their dress, fastened with a long buckle of bronzed gold. Frequently, in walking costume, nothing is worn but a white *jaconot* dress, with very full *ruche* made of muslin, worked at the edge with coloured silk, or lambs' wool: this is crossed on the bosom, and

* See the plate of Walking Dress.

continued down the dress *à la tabler*—it looks very pretty. Shawls of *chali*, printed with natural flowers, and sometimes with palms and Chinese patterns, are very useful as summer wear. A *tout ensemble* for carriage or promenade dress has been greatly admired. It is as follows:—Gown of Polish green watered silk. Elegant blonde *pelerine* of points, with pale green satin riband bows on the shoulders. Blonde hat, stiffened with pale green satin pipes, a deep fall of blonde, long blonde lappets *à la bride*. Wreath of hawthorn, and green wheat ears round the crown of the hat. Bronze gold chain, waist and bracelet buckles. Boots the colour and material of the dress. Polish green is a dark hussar green.

DINNER AND EVENING DRESS. — The chief novelty in evening dress is the cut of the corsage, which is now made quite plain; but cut out before and behind half way to the belt in a point.* A *chemisette à la vierge* is seen beneath; satin ornaments, a shade deeper than the dress, are the favourite trimmings. These are made in flowers and foliage, and are very new and pretty.

Silk muslins, and fine Lyons muslins, are worn for evening dresses; but painted organdi and gauze for *grande costume*. Tunics over white satin are in general favour. In evening dress there are not so many new inventions as in out-door costume; we will, however, quote a few *toute ensembles*. Robe of white Chinese crape, *corsage à la mantille* in blonde, at the head of a low hem white satin foliage and flowers: on one side a bow of white *lisse*, in which is placed an iris. Short sleeves *à la côté*, the puffs divided by knots of ribands; the hair *à la couronne*, in which is braided a gold chain, on one side a bunch of irises. Necklace, earrings, and bracelets of pear-shaped amethysts, white *gros de Naples* shoes. Another:—Dress of rose-coloured muslin, painted in *arabesque* designs, over a slip of rose-coloured satin. Corsage draped *à la Grècque*; long sleeves of white *lisse*. Hair in a high braid, round which is passed a chain of small pearls; a large bunch of flowers formed of various small coloured jewels (which are set on elastic stalks, and have a tremulous motion) is put on one side, and some long ringlets depend from that side of the head. Scarf of painted gauze.

Bracelets, chains of pearls very broad, fastened with a snap in the form of a gold padlock.

HAIR. — The hair is at present arranged in Madonna bands, laid very smoothly over the brow, or a little raised like bows. The curls are brought to the back of the head. Folded bows, interwoven to the number of five or six, are raised very high on the top of the head, and a flower with a strong stalk is placed so as to support them. Two fine gold chains cross the forehead, and are clasped with a snap, from which depends a jewel in the shape of a pear drop.

CAPS. — In *demi parure* are worn caps of English pillow-lace, so high as to rival the caps *à la Berne*. These are supported by several stalks of field flowers, which produce a charming effect. Dress caps are of large bows of saffron gauze, between which are inserted plumes of marabouts *à la panache*. Sometimes a wreath of white *fisse* bows, each parted with branches of lilac flowers and leaves. Crape and silk muslin have entirely superseded velvet toques. Pale rose-coloured crape hats, with plumes of white Persian lilac, have a truly elegant appearance. Dress hats are very small when of a round shape, but caps larger than ever.

APRONS. — Coloured *gros de Naples* aprons, painted or printed with wreaths of natural flowers, are much approved of. Instead of a white frock, the following forms a graceful dress for children:—A coloured silk dress, with an apron over it of net or muslin, with a very broad hem bordered with dents; a drapery *croisée*, from which depend epaulettes of deep points. Pockets trimmed with dents, and a band bordered with dents, and fastened in a bow behind. Sometimes this apron is made in coloured silk, and worn over a white dress.

SHOES. — *Gros de Naples* is the favourite material for shoes and boots; the latter are as much worn as last year. A new invention has been introduced—a peculiarly soft and strong leather, made from rabbit skins. Such as have tender feet will find it an excellent material for shoes and boots.

GLOVES. — Gloves made from Scotch thread are in great request this summer.

JEWELLERY. — Armlets of gold serpents passing twice round the arm, are the no-

* See the Plate.

velties of the season. Pear-shaped drops of various jewels are the most admired among ornaments, as necklaces, earrings, and agrafes. Small, coloured jewels, worked *à la mosaïque*, in the most elegant patterns, are new and exquisitely beautiful. For *demi parure*, bronze gold, and enamelled jewels are often seen.

COLOURS.—Terre de Pologne, Polish green, verdâtre, chesnut colour, lemon and buff, chamois, pistachio green, Adelaide blue, and cinnamon rose, are the reigning colours.

FURNITURE.—Furniture is now made of various woods, so veined and stained as to imitate marble exactly; it is difficult to distinguish a marble table from one of this wood, so highly does it take the French polish,—the effect produced is beautiful. Chairs and couches are likewise made of this material.

AT HOME.

Cap *à la Berne*, of British pillow lace, six inches deep; the border is supported by blue bell stalks and leaves, a little chain of the bells crosses the forehead, *à la Ferromière*. There are a few short lappets behind. Very broad *brides* of Adelaide blue crape, cut bias, hang as low as the waist, the ends are knotted into bows. Dress of nankin-coloured gros de Naples, the corsage of an entirely new cut, in a point behind and before, and a *chemisette à la vierge* drawn round the bust. The dress is trimmed with an elegant satin foliage round the corsage down the top of the sleeves, and placed *en bias* on the skirt, rather lower than the knees. This trimming is three shades darker than the dress, and approaches

fawn colour. Shoes of black gros d Naples. Enamelled gold bracelets.

WALKING DRESS.

Hat of citron-coloured watered silk, trimmed with a band, and a butterfly-bow of the same material; the bow is placed nearly behind, over a deep silk curtain. Four white curled plumes, placed almost upright, wave over the front of the bonnet, which is very new—cut square at the ears. The bonnet is lined with Adelaide blue crape. A puffed quilling of citron gauze riband is in front of the bonnet cap, the rest of which is lace. White jacconot gown worked in bands *à la tablier*; these bands are continued up the corsage. Tunic pelisse of citron-coloured watered silk, folding back with lapelles, the ends of which are rounded off—the epaulettes are likewise rounded. The skirt turns back to show the worked gown beneath, with a very elegant fold not easily described, unless the figure is seen; it is trimmed with rounded *dents* of graduated sizes. Small round *dents* at the wrists. Gloves and boots of pale lilac. Bronze gold buckles at the wrists and waist.

CHILD'S DRESS.

Lavender gros de Naples bonnet, with a fluted crown, square at the ears, a deep silk curtain fluted crown, and a cockade put at the top. Rose-coloured silk robe, open to the belt behind and before, and showing a white drawn *chemisette*. Epaulettes with the points rounded. A deep trimming of rounded *dents* at the skirt. White cambric trousers very full, drawn round the ankle and finished with *dents*.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF IMPORTANT EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE latest French papers contain very little of importance. Louis Philippe continues his tour through the provinces, where he is rather more popular than in the metropolis. The Polish general, Dwernicki and his forces have, it is said, been detained in the Austrian dominions. It is added, that the general and the officers of his corps will not be allowed to return to Poland, except on parole that they will not, during the present war, draw the sword against Russia. The in-

telligence, to say the least of it, is extremely doubtful.

A considerable sensation was produced in Paris, intelligence having reached that capital, that the free constitutions obtained by the people in several of the Swiss cantons had been suppressed on the intervention of Count Metternich.

It is reported that Prince Leopold is on a visit to Paris, in order to ascertain if he can obtain the hand of one of the French King's daughters, in the event of

his accepting the crown of Belgium. Several government prosecutions have taken place in Paris. The *rédauteur* of the *Révolution* has been sentenced to a fine of 5000 francs, and three months' imprisonment, for endeavouring to *excite hatred and contempt* against the dynasty of Louis Philippe. The Editor of the *Figaro*, however, has been acquitted for a libel, real or imaginary. Several other prosecutions have been instituted against the Editors of the *Tribune*, *Révolution*, *Journal de Paris*, &c. These violent and vindictive measures will, it is to be feared, produce no other effect than that of increasing the opposition, which is now manifested by all parties, Republicans, Bonapartists, and Carlists, to the existing French government. M. de Chateaubriand has subscribed to a fund for paying the fine incurred by the Editor of the *Révolution*.

Some insurrectionary movements have been displayed in La Vendée; a military force has been sent against the Chouan leaders. The French papers state that arrangements are shortly to be made for a European Congress. Some disturbances have also taken place in Brussels.

The German Confederation continue their armaments: at the same time the insurrectionary spirit is spreading among the people of Germany.

The Greeks have overthrown the government of Capo d'Istria. They can scarcely change for the worse.

At home, the result of the Elections, we are happy to state, is highly favourable to the cause of reform.

THE COURT.

HER MAJESTY'S state ball given on the 9th ult. at the palace of St. James's was attended by a brilliant assemblage of noble and distinguished personages. The same disposition of the royal apartments was observed as on the occasion of the first ball. The drawing-room and King's closet were set apart for cards; the ball-room and throne-room for dancing. Weippert's quadrille band was in attendance in the former room; and in the latter the quadrille band, led by Collinet and Musard. At ten o'clock, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Catherine Jenkinson, and in a few minutes afterwards the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duke of Sussex, the Princess Augusta, the Landgravine of

Hesse-Homburg, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and Prince Leopold arrived at the Palace by the principal court-yard. At a quarter past ten o'clock the King and Queen entered the state apartments, both bands immediately playing up "God save the King." His Majesty on this occasion wore the full uniform of an admiral. The Queen's dress was of white and silver; the head-dress composed of a small tiara of diamonds and a wreath of flowers. As soon as their Majesties had seated themselves on the elevated platform at the end of the ball-room, dancing commenced, and was kept up with great spirit till one o'clock, when the royal party retired to supper, both bands again playing the national anthem. In the banqueting-room, which was thrown open as on the occasion of the previous ball, was a continuous range of tables, loaded with the delicacies of the season, and a profusion of made dishes, confectionary, and pastry. In the centre were several beautiful ornaments in pastry, representing various interesting sites; amongst others, a scene in Windsor Great Park, Netley Abbey; a temple, with a bust of Her Majesty, &c., and at regular distances were placed candelabra with wax-lights. The sideboard at the west end of the room covered with plate of the most exquisite workmanship, arranged in the form of a pyramid, displayed the most splendid and magnificent appearance. After supper dancing recommenced, and was kept up till nearly four o'clock. The Queen and the members of the Royal Family who had returned to the ball-room, retired a little before three o'clock. It was most gratifying to observe the excellent health which their Majesties seemed to enjoy, and the animation with which they entered into the festivities of the evening. The following were amongst the distinguished guests invited:—

The Russian Ambassador and Princess Lieven, the Netherlands Ambassador and Madame Paley, the Austrian Ambassador, the Prussian Minister and Baroness Bulow, Madame Bermudez, the lady of the Spanish Minister, the American Minister and Mrs. McLane, the Neapolitan Minister and Countess Ludolf, the Bavarian Minister and Baroness Cetto, the Mexican minister, and Madame Gorostiza, the Danish and Wurtemberg Ministers, Count Mastuccewitz on a special mission from

Russia, the Brazilian Chargé d'Affaires, Prince Dolgobrouki, attaché to the Russian Embassy, Mons. Bourke, Secretary to the Danish Embassy, the Chevalier Vauvitelli, Secretary to the Neapolitan Embassy, the Chevalier de Neumann, Counsellor to the Austrian Embassy, Mons. Courtoys and Mons. Cordova, Secretaries to the Spanish Embassy, the Count de Aceto, Mons. E. de Gorostiza, attaché to the Mexican Embassy, the Lord Chancellor.

Dukes. — Norfolk, Northumberland, Devonshire, Gordon, Portland, Richmond Grafton, Dorset, Buccleuch, Argyll, Newcastle.

Duchesses. — Montrose, Rutland, Buccleuch, Newcastle, Northumberland, Leeds.

Marquesses. — Lothian, Lansdowne, Bristol, Graham, Hastings, Titchfield.

Marchionesses. — Salisbury, Clanricarde, Lothian, Lansdowne, Dowager Salisbury, Westmeath, Stafford, Hastings.

Earls. — Fife, Cavan, Waldegrave, Rosslyn, Aboyne, Essex, Derby, Carlisle, Weymouth, Denbigh, Sefton, Sheffield, Selkirk, Harewood, Tankerville, Amherst, Abingdon, Northesk, Gower, Carnarvon, Jersey, Warwick, Bathurst, Mountcharles, Grey, Albemarle, Talbot, Roseberry, Darlington, Grosvenor, Verulam, Sefton, Chesterfield, Cowper, Westmorland, Dudley, Erroll, Brecknock, Mayo.

Countesses. — Harewood, Tankerville, Amherst, Abingdon, Gower, Lonsdale, Jersey, Warwick, Mountcharles, Albemarle, Roseberry, Darlington, Verulam, Chesterfield, Erroll, Mayo, Cavan, Clarendon, Mansfield, Bathurst, Denbigh, Mount-Norris, Beauchamp, Sefton, Dowager Warwick, Dartmouth, Selkirk.

Viscounts. — Ennismore, Berehaven, Maynard, Anson, Palmerston, Sidmouth, Goderic, Sydney, Melbourne.

Viscountesses. — Maynard, Anson, Sidmouth.

Lords. — C. Manners, Dacre, Seymour, Dundas, Suffield, Lyndhurst, Aukland, Gardiner, Howden, Thynne, Grimston, Foley, Wharnccliffe, J. O'Bryen, J. Stuart, Skelmersdale, Loughborough, Hill, Arden, Farnborough, Leveson Gower, Durham, F. Somerset, Howard de Walden, Stormont, Weypark, Radstock, Galloway, Dunglas, Redesdale, Borringdon, Tullamore.

Ladies. — Ellenborough, A. Lascelles, Bloomfield, Rowley, Maryborough, Dacre, Seymour, Charlotte Bertie, Conroy, Wheatley, Lucy Clive, De Grey, Tullamore,

Wharnccliffe, Hamilton, (2) Jenkinson, Georgiana Bathurst, Acland, L. Gillespie, I. Douglas, (2) Hastings, Suffield, Mildmay, Lyndhurst, Harriet Primrose, Gardiner, Otway, Charlotte Egerton, Keppel, Howden, Thynne, Stevenson, C. Cavendish, A. Poulet, Grimston, A. Milbank, Hardinge, Stratford Canning, H. Gurney, Beckett, Skelmersdale, Dowager Suffield, Campbell, William Freemantle, Freemantle, Farnborough, Leveson Gower, (2) Grey, J. O'Bryen, Houstoun, Durham, (2) Bentinck, F. Somerset, Howard de Walden, Stormont, Augusta Baring, Cullen Smith, Fielding, Harriet Baring, Radstock, Bromley, Vincent, E. Lowther, Ingestrie, (2) Molyneux, Lethbridge, Mary Taylor, Sophia Lennox.

Right Honourables. — Sir Stratford Canning, Sir Frederick Lamb, J. Herries.

Baron. — Linsingen.

Baroness. — Grey de Ruthyn.

Sirs. — Wathen Waller, F. Seymour, John Conroy, Henry Wheatley, H. Dashwood, Thomas Acland, Henry Hardinge, W. Houstoun, B. Stevenson, Robert Wilson, F. Watson, Henry Campbell, W. Freemantle, Augustus D'Este, Colquhoun Grant, Cullen Smith, Robert Stopford, F. Vincent, G. Shee.

Honourables. — William White, W. Bathurst, Cecilia Foley, Geraldine Foley, Miss Addington.

Messieurs. — Arthur Lascelles, Ellis, Sturges Bourne, Egerton, Baring, J. Hudson, C. Cavendish, Gurney, Cavendish Bradshaw, Parnter, A. Greville, Byng, Brand, Barton, Hay, Mash, Beaumont, Shore, Mills, Henry Hope, H. Drummond, Littleton, Tatton Egerton, E. Drummond.

Mistresses. — Ellis, Wynyard, Egerton, Baring, Arbuthnot, Villiers, Col. Cavendish, Parnter, A. Greville, Byng, Gwynne, Elliot, Vernon, Harbord, Lester, Drummond, Langston.

Misses. — (3) Law, M'Lane, (2) Bloomfield, Bagot, Harvey, Conroy, (2) Wheatley, (2) Maynard, Cooper, Mildmay, (2) Eden, (3) Otway, (2) Bentinck, M'Donald, Wilson, Campbell, (2) Bootle Wilbraham, Ramsbottom, Houstoun, De Gorostiza, Fane, (2) Wrottesley, (2) Lethbridges, Fitzroy.

Admirals. — Sir Charles Rowley, Sir Henry Blackwood, Sir Robert Otway.

Generals. — Wynyard, Sir John Malcolm, Grosvenor, Upton.

Colonels. — Sir Charles W. Thornton, Higgins, Cust, Cavendish, Poten, Fitzclarence, Trench.

Major. — Wrottesley.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS — Sons.

April 27. Mrs. *R. B. Boyman*. — April 28. At Woburn Place, the lady of *Frederick P. Ripley*, Esq. — May 2. In Grosvenor Square, the Countess of *Wilton*. — May 4. In Eaton Place, Lady *Caroline Calcraft*. — May 5. At Iomerton, county of Dublin, the lady of *S. Foot*, Esq. of Dorset Square, Regent's Park. — May 6. At Wellington Square, Hastings, the lady of *Richard Day*, Esq. — May 8. The lady of *J. B. Kelly*, Esq. of the Inner Temple. — April 8. Mrs. *Thomas Kinder*. — May 8. At Cheltenham, the wife of Capt. *Macan*. — May 2. At Bourdeaux, the lady of Dr. *J. F. Clarke*. — May 11. In Lower Berkeley Street, the lady of *J. W. Bramston*, Esq. — May 14. At Chatham, the lady of Major *Woolridge* of the Royal Marines. — May 16. In Hintley Street, the lady of *F. I. Prescott*. — May 7. At Highbate, the lady of *G. A. Owen*, Esq. — May 12. At Hlove, near Brighton, the lady of the Rev. *G. Millett*. — May 6. The lady of *S. Page*, Esq. of Dulwich. — May 18. In Upper Harley Street, the lady of *R. Jenkins*, Esq. M.P. — May 18. In Albion Street, Hyde Park, Mrs. *O. Greene*. May 19. At the Rectory, East Horsley, the Hon. Mrs. *A. Percival*. — May 23. At 25. Brixton Place, the lady of *C. L. Newton*, Esq. — May 22. Mrs. *Burchett*, of Burton Crescent. — May 21. At Parliament Street, the wife of *J. Burder*, Esq. — May 21. At Lower Clapton, the wife of *R. Hanbury*, Esq.

BIRTHS — Daughters.

April 26. At Putney Heath, the lady of Capt. *B. Hall*, R.N. — April 28. The lady of *H. M. Boodle*, Esq. — April 27. At Hereford Street, Mrs. *H. Tuffrel*. — May 27. Mrs. *R. McCabe*. — May 26. At New Street, Spring Gardens, the lady of *Francis Baring*, Esq. — May 1. At 13. Saville Row, the lady of *Charles Pemberton*, Esq. — May 2. At Sussex Place, Regent's Park, Mrs. *W. E. Phillips*. — May 7. At Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, the lady of *W. Woodgate*, Esq. — May 6. At 56. Gower Street, Bedford Square, the lady of *D. S. Bockett*, Esq. — May 12. At Lynton, the lady of Captain *P. Yeoman*, R.N. — May 16. At Connaught Square, the wife of *W. H. Place*, Esq. — May 13. In Bernard Street, Russell Square, Mrs. *George Pitman*. — May 20. In Guilford Street, Mrs. *G. Rivington*. — May 24. At Tring Park, Herts, the lady of the Rev. *J. E. Austen*. — May 24. The wife of Capt. *T. Blair*. — May 25. In Albany Street, the lady of *F. Taber*, Esq. — May 24. At Blackheath, Mrs. *Tomlin*. — May 20. At Norwood House, the lady of *C. G. Gray*, Esq.

MARRIAGES.

April 26. At St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet, the Rev. *C. G. Davies*, B.A. to *Mary Elden*, second daughter of the late Colonel *Horne* of Syndal Hall, in the county of York. — April 26. At Trinity Church, Marylebone, *I. W. E. Green*, Esq. of Stanway Hall, Essex, to *Harriet Ann Sabilla*, only daughter of the late *J. Brooks*, Esq. of Cadogan Place. — April 28. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, *J. Edrige*, Esq. of Pockeridge House, Corsham, Wilts, to *Mary Ann Yockney*, of Upper East Hayes, Bath. — April 26. At St. George's Hanover Square, *H. G. Monk*, Esq. of Enfield, to *E. Ann Archer*, of Belgrave Place. — April 28. At King'scote, Gloucestershire, *I. Kennaway*, Esq. eldest son of Sir *I. Kennaway*, Bart. of Escot, Devon, to *Emily Frances*, daughter of the late *Thomas King'scote*, Esq. of King'scote Park. — April 21. *J. T. Vernon*, Esq. of Hanbury Hall, Worcestershire, to *Jessie Ann Letitia*, second daughter of the late *Henry Foley*, Esq. of Ridgway, Pembroke. — April 30. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Mr. *Murdock* to Mrs. *Browne* of 49. Hunter Street, Brunswick Square. — May 2. By the Lord Bishop of Winchester, the Rev. *W. Gilson* to *Eliza*, third daughter of the Bishop of *Chester*. — April 28. At Paris, at the British Embassy, the Count de *Montebello*, son of the late Marshal *Lannes*, Duc de *Montebello*, to *Mary Teresa*, eldest daughter of *T. Boddington*, Esq. of Cumberland Place. — April 28. The Rev. *Thomas Parr*, of Whittington, in the county of Salop, to Miss *Joy* of the same place. — May 4. At All Souls Church, Langham Place, *F. Hawkins*, M.D. of Curzon Street, May Fair, to *Hester*, third daughter of the Hon. Baron *Vaughan*. — May 19. At Great Stanmore, Middlesex, *Peter*, eldest son of *Peter Clutterbuck*, Esq. of Red Hall, Herts, to *Caroline*, youngest daughter of the late *W. Poulton*, Esq. of Maidenhead, Berks. — May 19. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, *R. B. Colgrave*, Esq. R.N. to *Emily Henrietta*, youngest daughter of *R. Ellis*, Esq. of Torrington Square. — May 19. At Honiton, *J. Fisher*, Esq. of Dorchester, to *Harriet*, third daughter of *R. Brown*, Esq. of Honiton. — May 19. At Stratton St. Margaret's, Wilts, *J. E. E. Spink*, Esq. of Sibton, Suffolk, to *Sophia Terry Jackson*, eldest daughter of the Rev. *J. Salter*, Prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral, and Vicar of Stratton St. Margaret's. — At Framfield Church, *T. Braddell*, Esq. eldest son of *G. Braddell*, Esq. of Prospect, in the county of Wexford, to *Ann*, eldest daughter of *A. Donovan*, of Framfield Park, Sussex, Esq. — May 7. At St. George's,

Hanover Square, *W. Handley*, Esq. of Barford, near Warwick, to *Emma*, youngest daughter of the late *J. Cartwright*, Esq. of Lower Grosvenor Street. — May 10. At Totnes, Devon, *Richard Malins*, Esq. to *Susanna*, eldest daughter of the late Rev. *A. Farwell*. — May 17. At St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Hon. and Rev. *A. C. Talbot*, the Right Hon. *Robert Grosvenor*, youngest son of Earl Grosvenor, to the Hon. *Charlotte A. Wellesley*, daughter of Lord Cowley. — May 17. At Marylebone Church, *A. F. Bainbridge*, Esq. to *Lily Matilda*, eldest daughter of *R. Rickards*, Esq. of Wimpole Street. — May 10. At Muirfield, near Inverness, Capt. *J. W. Roberdean* to *Eliza Raper*, second daughter of *A. Cooper*, Esq. — May 18. At Great Wigston, Leicester, *C. H. Baddeley*, Esq. to *Anne*, youngest daughter of the late *J. Clarke*, Esq. of the former place. — At Malvern, *C. W. H. Everet*, son of *J. Everet*, Esq. of Hill House, Somerset, to *Emma*, daughter of *H. Callander*, Esq. — May 24. At Brighton, *G. Burroughs*, Esq. Royal Artillery, to *Celina*, eldest daughter of the late Colonel *Childers*, of Cantly, York, May 25. At Compton Bishop, Somerset, Mr. *Parson*, of Southampton to *Lucy Anne*, youngest daughter of *P. Fry*, Esq. of Compton House, Axbridge. — May 21. At St. James's, Westminster, *J. Power*, Esq. M. D. Leicester Place, to *Catherine*, daughter of the late *C. Brooks*, Esq. — May 21. At Poole, Major *E. M. Wood* to *Mary Ann*, youngest daughter of *J. Durant*, Esq. of the above place. — May 21. *W. H. Fryer*, Esq. to *Helena*, youngest daughter of *O. H. Amiel*, Esq.

DEATHS.

April 26. At Upper Montague Street, *G. Affleck*, Esq. — April 28. At Devonshire Street, Portland Place, Mrs. *A. Wilson*. — April 27. At Southampton Row, *James Pattison*, Esq. aged 69. — April 29. At Harley Street, Mrs. *C. Baillie*. — May 1. At Upper Montague Street, *F. W. Sanders*, Esq. — April 30. In Lower Connaught Place, Sir *S. Bentham*, K. S. G. — April 29. At his seat, Wybroke Park, Devon, the Right

Hon. *Charles Lord Clifford*. — April 30. At Ramsgate, Captain *Bayley*. — May 2. In New Street, Spring Gardens, *F. Booth*, Esq. aged 82. — May 2. At Bath, Sir *W. Johnstone Hope*, G. C. B. — May 5. Sir *J. Sydney Yorke*, K. C. B. — May 5. At Regency Square, Brighton, Lieutenant-Colonel *W. S. Pryer*. May 4. Colonel *J. Nicol*. — May 6. In Upper Stamford Street, *Julia*, the second daughter of the Rev. *J. Lupton*. — May 3. At Speenhamland, Berks, Lieutenant *R. Crouse*, R. N. aged 44. — May 9. At Bloomsbury Square, Mrs. *Turner*, aged 92. — May 5. Captain *Thomas Young*. — May 11. Miss *De Courcy Dashwood*. — May 11. At Rochester, Rev. *D. Browne*. — April 30. At Alnwick, the Rev. *A. Turnbull*, D. D. — May 6. At Althorne, Essex, the Rev. *H. Fothergill*, M. A. — May 7. At Derby, Mrs. *E. Hurt*, aged 75. May 18. Lord *Vaughan*. — May 17. At Marlborough House, *Leopold John*, eldest son of Sir *Robert Gardiner*. — May 16. At Ayrshire, youngest son of Lieutenant General *Dunlop* of Dunlop, Ayrshire. — May 16. In Cadogan Place, *T. W. Crofton*, Esq. — May 17. In Bernard Street, Russell Square, Capt. *J. Jordan*, aged 64. — May 25. *S. Walker*, Esq. of Lisson Street, St. Marylebone. — May 14. At Cheltenham, Mrs. *Hawkins*. — May 23. At Crawley, Hants, in his 40th year, the Rev. *H. Dampier*. — May 22. At Reigate, *Charlotte*, youngest daughter of the Rev. *J. Whitaker*, M. A. — May 23. At Craven Street, Strand, *J. Humphries*, Esq. — May 22. At Windmill Place, Camberwell, *Mary*, the wife of Mr. *C. Morris*. — Miss *Betsy Harris* of Stepney, aged 22, a fine young woman, died last month, in consequence of the pressure from her stays. In the morning of the day of her death, she appears to have been in perfect health. The jury, without hesitation, returned a verdict that the deceased died of apoplexy, produced by her stays being too tightly laced; and expressed a hope that the proceedings might get publicity, as they might serve to warn females against the practice, which was so decidedly injurious to their health, and in many instances the cause of death.

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END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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Up to the last moment we have anxiously awaited the arrival of our other Fashions, according to a *new* arrangement, which would have enabled us to publish something very superior, and a month, at least, before any of our contemporaries were in possession of the Newest Mode. We rely upon the indulgence of our readers, who will perhaps content themselves with the abundance of the past month, and this one plate of Fashions, in lieu of the intended *two*, the beautiful and accurate design of the far-famed watering-place of Scarborough. We will be careful to guard against *all* hazard in future, if mortal man dare say as much.

